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History of Tom
Jones. — Fielding
Vol. 2.

THE

BRITISH NOVELISTS;

WITH

AN ESSAY;

AND

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

MRS. BARBAULD.

VOL. XX.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES,

A

FOUNDLING.

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BY

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK VII.

CONTAINING THREE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

A comparison between the world and the stage.

THE world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were at first metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we confine ourselves to dramatic performances; and when trans-

actions behind the curtain are mentioned, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury lane.

It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical stage is nothing more than a representation, or, as Aristotle calls it, an imitation of what really exists; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to those who by their writings or actions have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or mistaken for, the originals.

But, in reality, we are not so fond of paying compliments to these people, whom we use as children frequently do the instruments of their amusement; and have much more pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reasons which have induced us to see this analogy between the world and the stage.

Some have considered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as personating characters no more their own, and to which in fact they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earnest thought the king or emperor whom he represents. Thus the hypocrite may be said to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the same name.

The brevity of life hath likewise given occasion to this comparison. So the immortal Shakespeare—

——Life's a poor player,
That strut and frets his hours upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe have read. It is taken from a poem called the Deity, published about nine years ago, and

long since buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad.

From Thee* all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast Theatre of Time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy Providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd,
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*the things have been!*

In all these, however, and in every other similitude of life to the theatre, the resemblance hath been always taken from the stage only. None, as I remember, have at all considered the audience at this great drama.

But as Nature often exhibits some of her best performances to a very full house, so will the behaviour of her spectators no less admit the above-mentioned comparison than that of her actors. In this vast theatre of time are seated the friend and the critic; here are claps and shouts, hisses and groans: in short, every thing which was ever seen or heard at the theatre royal.

Let us examine this in one example; for instance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that scene which Nature was pleased to exhibit in the twelfth chapter of the preceeding book, where she introduced Black George running away with the 500*l.* from his friend and benefactor.

Those who sat in the world's upper-gallery treated that incident, I am well convinced, with

* The Deity.

their usual vociferation; and every term of scurrilous reproach was most probably vented on that occasion.

If we had descended to the next order of spectators, we should have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though less of noise and scurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as usual, was no doubt divided; those who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character objected to the producing such instances of villainy, without punishing them very severely for the sake of example. Some of the author's friends cried, Look'ee, gentlemen, the man is a villain; but it is nature for all that. And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c., called it low, and fell a-groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accustomed politeness. Most of them were attending to something else. Some of those few, who regarded the scene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refused to give their opinion, till they had heard that of the best judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of nature (and no author ought to write any thing besides dictionaries and spelling-books who hath not this privilege), can censure the action, without conceiving any absolute detestation of the person whom, perhaps, Nature may not have designed to act an ill part in all her dramas; for in this instance life most exactly resembles the stage, since it is often the same person who represents the villain and the hero; and he, who engages your admiration to-day, will, probably, attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard

in tragedy to be the greatest genius the world hath ever produced, sometimes condescends to play the fool; so did Scipio the Great, and Lælius the Wise, according to Horace, many years ago; nay, Cicero reports them to have been 'incredibly childish.' These, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jest only; but several eminent characters have, in numberless instances of their lives, played the fool egregiously in earnest; so far as to render it a matter of some doubt, whether their wisdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better entitled to the applause or censure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred, of mankind.

Those persons, indeed, who have passed any time behind the scenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the several disguises which are there put on, but also with the fantastic and capricious behaviour of the Passions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to Reason, the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and seldom to exert himself), may most probably have learned to understand the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or, in the English phrase, to stare at nothing.

A single bad act no more constitutes a villain in life, than a single bad part on the stage. The passions, like the managers of a play-house, often force men upon parts, without consulting their judgment, and sometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himself acts; nay, it is common to see vice sit as awkwardly on some men, as the character of Iago would on the honest face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true understanding is never hasty to condemn,

He can censure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage against the guilty party. In a word, they are the same folly, the same childishness, the same ill-breeding, and the same ill-nature, which raise all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the stage. The worst of men generally have the words rogue and villain most in their mouths, as the lowest of all wretches are the aptest to cry out "low" in the pit.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a conversation which Mr. Jones had with himself.

Jones received his effects from Mr. Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following answer to his letter:—

"Sir,

"I am commanded by my uncle to acquaint you, that as he did not proceed to those measures he had taken with you without the greatest deliberation, and after the fullest evidence of your unworthiness, so will it be always out of your power to cause the least alteration in his resolution. He expresses great surprise at your presumption in saying you have resigned all pretensions to a young lady, to whom it is impossible you should ever have had any, her birth and fortune having made her so infinitely your superior. Lastly, I am commanded to tell you, that the only instance of your compliance with my uncle's inclinations, which he requires, is, your immediately quitting this country. I cannot conclude this without offering you my advice, as a christian, that you would seriously think of amending your life. That you may be as-

sisted with grace so to do, will be always the prayer of

Your humble servant,
W. Blifil."

Many contending passions were raised in our hero's mind by this letter; but the tender prevailed at last over the indignant and irascible, and a flood of tears came seasonably to his assistance, and possibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or bursting his heart.

He grew, however, soon ashamed of indulging this remedy; and, starting up, he cried, Well, then, I will give Mr. Allworthy the only instance he requires of my obedience; I will go this moment—but whither?—why, let Fortune direct; since there is no other who thinks it of any consequence what becomes of this wretched person, it shall be a matter of equal indifference to myself. Shall I alone regard what no other—Ha! have I not reason to think there is another?—one whose value is above that of the whole world!—I may, I must imagine my Sophia is not indifferent to what becomes of me. Shall I then leave this only friend—and such a friend? Shall I not stay with her?—Where—how can I stay with her? Have I any hopes of ever seeing her, though she was as desirous as myself, without exposing her to the wrath of her father? And to what purpose? Can I think of soliciting such a creature to consent to her own ruin? Shall I indulge any passion of mine at such a price? Shall I lurk about this country like a thief, with such intentions? No, I disdain, I detest the thought. Farewell, Sophia; farewell, most lovely, most beloved— Here passion stopped his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

And now, having taken a resolution to leave the

country, he began to debate with himself whither he should go. The world, as Milton phrases it, lay all before him; and Jones, no more than Adam, had any man to whom he might resort for comfort or assistance. All his acquaintance were the acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and he had no reason to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman had withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters should, indeed, be very cautious how they discard their dependents; for the consequences to the unhappy sufferer is being discarded by all others.

What course of life to pursue, or to what business to apply himself, was a second consideration; and here the prospect was all a melancholy void. Every profession, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worse, money; for matters are so constituted, that, 'nothing out of nothing,' is not a truer maxim in physics than in politics; and every man, who is greatly destitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At last the Ocean, that hospitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he instantly resolved to accept her kind invitation. To express myself less figuratively, he determined to go to sea.

This thought, indeed, no sooner suggested itself, than he eagerly embraced it; and having presently hired horses, he set out for Bristol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we shall resort awhile to Mr. Western's, and see what further happened to the charming Sophia.

CHAPTER III.

Containing several dialogues.

THE morning in which Mr. Jones departed, Mrs. Western summoned Sophia into her apartment; and having first acquainted her that she had obtained her liberty of her father, she proceeded to read her a long lecture on the subject of matrimony; which she treated not as a romantic scheme of happiness arising from love, as it hath been described by the poets; nor did she mention any of those purposes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as instituted by sacred authority: she considered it rather as a fund in which prudent women deposit their fortunes to the best advantage, in order to receive a larger interest for them than they could have elsewhere.

When Mrs. Western had finished, Sophia answered, That she was very incapable of arguing with a lady of her aunt's superior knowledge and experience, especially on a subject which she had so very little considered, as this of matrimony

Argue with me, child! replied the other; I do not indeed expect it. I should have seen the world to very little purpose truly, if I am to argue with one of your years. I have taken this trouble, in order to instruct you. The ancient philosophers, such as Socrates, Alcibiades, and others, did not use to argue with their scholars. You are to consider me, child, as Socrates, not asking your opinion, but only informing you of mine. From which last words the reader may possibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philosophy of Socrates, than she had of that of Alcibiades; and, indeed, we cannot resolve his curiosity as to this point.

Madam, cries Sophia, I have never presumed to

controvert any opinion of yours; and this subject, as I said, I have never yet thought of, and, perhaps, never may.

Indeed, Sophy, replied the aunt, this dissimulation with me is very foolish. The French shall as soon persuade me that they take foreign towns in defence only of their own country, as you can impose on me to believe you have never yet thought seriously of matrimony. How can you, child, affect to deny that you have considered of contracting an alliance, when you so well know I am acquainted with the party with whom you desire to contract it?—an alliance as unnatural, and contrary to your interest, as a separate league with the French would be to the interest of the Dutch! But, however, if you have not hitherto considered of this matter, I promise you it is now high time; for my brother is resolved immediately to conclude the treaty with Mr. Blifil; and, indeed, I am a sort of guarantee in the affair, and have promised your concurrence.

Indeed, madam, cries Sophia, this is the only instance in which I must disobey both yourself and my father. For this is a match which requires very little consideration in me to refuse.

If I was not as great a philosopher as Socrates himself, returned Mrs. Western, you would overcome my patience. What objection can you have to the young gentleman?

A very solid objection, in my opinion, says Sophia,—I hate him.

Will you never learn a proper use of words? answered the aunt. Indeed, child, you should consult Bailey's Dictionary. It is impossible you should hate a man from whom you have received no injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no more than dislike, which is no sufficient objection against your mar-

rying of him. I have known many couples, who have entirely disliked each other, lead very comfortable genteel lives. Believe me, child, I know these things better than you. You will allow me, I think, to have seen the world, in which I have not an acquaintance who would not rather be thought to dislike her husband than to like him. The contrary is such out-of-fashion romantic nonsense, that the very imagination of it is shocking.

Indeed, madam, replied Sophia, I shall never marry a man I dislike. If I promise my father never to consent to any marriage contrary to his inclinations, I think I may hope he will never force me into that state contrary to my own.

Inclinations! cries the aunt, with some warmth. Inclinations! I am astonished at your assurance. A young woman of your age, and unmarried, to talk of inclinations! But whatever your inclinations may be, my brother is resolved; nay since you talk of inclinations, I shall advise him to hasten the treaty. Inclinations!

Sophia then flung herself upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her shining eyes. She entreated her aunt to have mercy upon her, and not to resent so cruelly her unwillingness to make herself miserable; often urging, that she alone was concerned, and that her happiness only was at stake.

As a bailiff, when well authorised by his writ, having possessed himself of the person of some unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern; in vain the wretched captive attempts to raise compassion; in vain the tender wife bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frighted girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumstance of distress, greatly rises above all the

motives to humanity, and into the hands of the gaoler resolves to deliver his miserable prey.

Not less blind to the tears, or less deaf to every entreaty of Sophia was the politic aunt; nor less determined was she to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She answered with great impetuosity, So far, madam, from your being concerned alone, your concern is the least, or surely the least important. It is the honour of your family which is concerned in this alliance; you are only the instrument. Do you conceive, mistress, that in an intermarriage between kingdoms, as when a daughter of France is married into Spain, the princess herself is alone considered in the match? No, it is a match between two kingdoms, rather than between two persons. The same happens in great families, such as ours. The alliance between the families is the principal matter. You ought to have a greater regard for the honour of your family, than for your own person; and if the example of a princess cannot inspire you with these noble thoughts, you cannot surely complain at being used no worse than all princesses are used.

I hope, madam, cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, I shall never do any thing to dishonour my family; but as for Mr. Blifil, whatever may be the consequence, I am resolved against him, and no force shall prevail in his favour.

Western, who had been within hearing during the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhausted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent passion, crying, D—n me then if shatunt ha'un, d—n me if shatunt, that's all—that's all; d—n me if shatunt.

Mrs. Western had collected a sufficient quantity of wrath for the use of Sophia; but she now trans-

ferred it all to the squire. Brother, said she, it is astonishing that you will interfere in a matter which you had totally left to my negotiation. Regard to my family hath made me take upon myself to be the mediating power, in order to rectify those mistakes in policy which you have committed in your daughter's education. For, brother, it is you—it is your preposterous conduct, which hath eradicated all the seeds that I had formerly sown in her tender mind. It is you yourself who have taught her disobedience.—Blood! cries the squire, foaming at the mouth, you are enough to conquer the patience of the devil! Have I ever taught my daughter disobedience?—Here she stands.—Speak honestly, girl: did ever I bid you be disobedient to me? Have not I done every thing to humour and to gratify you, and to make you obedient to me? And very obedient to me she was when a little child, before you took her in hand, and spoiled her, by filling her head with a pack of court notions. Why,—why,—why,—did I not overhear you telling her she must behave like a princess? You have made a Whig of the girl; and how should her father, or any body else, expect any obedience from her?—Brother, answered Mrs. Western, with an air of great disdain, I cannot express the contempt I have for your politics of all kinds; but I will appeal likewise to the young lady herself, whether I have ever taught her any principles of disobedience. On the contrary, niece, have I not endeavoured to inspire you with a true idea of the several relations in which a human creature stands in society? Have I not taken infinite pains to show you, that the law of nature hath enjoined a duty on children to their parents? Have I not told you what Plato says on that subject?—a subject on which you was so notoriously ignorant when you

came first under my care, that I verily believe you did not know the relation between a daughter and a father.—'Tis a lie, answered Western. The girl is no such fool, as to live to eleven years old without knowing that she was her father's relation.—O! more than Gothic ignorance, answered the lady. And as for your manners, brother, I must tell you, they deserve a cane.—Why then you may gi' it me, if you think you are able, cries the squire; nay, I suppose your niece there will be ready enough to help you.—Brother, said Mrs. Western, though I despise you beyond expression, yet I shall endure your insolence no longer; so I desire my coach may be got ready immediately, for I am resolved to leave your house this very morning.—And a good riddance too, answered he: I can bear your insolence no [illegible] you come to that. Blood! it is almost enough of itself to make my daughter undervalue my sense, when she hears you telling me every minute you despise me.—It is impossible, it is impossible, cries the aunt; no one can undervalue such a boor.—Boar, answered the squire, I am no boar; no nor ass; no, nor rat neither, madam. Remember that—I am no rat. I am a true Englishman, and not of your Hanover breed, that have eat up the nation.—Thou art one of those wise men, cries she, whose nonsensical principles have undone the nation; by weakening the hands of our government at home, and by discouraging our friends, and encouraging our enemies abroad.—Ho! are you come back to your politics? cries the squire; as for those, I despise them as much as I do a f—t. Which last word he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the most proper to it. And whether it was this word, or the contempt expressed for her politics, which most affected Mrs. Western, I

will not determine: but she flew into the most violent rage, uttered phrases improper to be here related, and instantly burst out of the house. Nor did her brother or her niece think proper either to stop or to follow her; for the one was so much possessed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almost motionless.

The squire, however, sent after his sister the same holloa which attends the departure of a hare when she is first started before the hounds. He was, indeed, a great master of this kind of vociferation, and had a holloa proper for most occasions in life.

Women who, like Mrs. Western, know the world and have applied themselves to philosophy and politics, would have immediately availed themselves of the present disposition of Mr. Western's mind, by throwing in a few artful compliments to his understanding at the expence of his absent adversary; but poor Sophia was all simplicity. By which word we do not intend to insinuate to the reader, that she was silly, which is generally understood as a synonymous term with simple; for she was indeed a most sensible girl, and her understanding was of the first rate; but she wanted all that useful art which females convert to so many good purposes in life, and which, as it arises rather from the heart than from the head, is often the property of the silliest of women.

CHAPTER IV.

A picture of a country gentlewoman, taken from the life.

Mr. Western having finished his holloa, and taken a little breath, began to lament, in very pathetic terms, the unfortunate condition of men, who are, says he, always whipt in by the humours of some d—n'd b— or other. I think I was hard run enough by your mother for one man: but after giving her a dodge, here's another b— follows me upon the foil; but curse my jacket if I will be run down in this manner by any o'um.

Sophia never had a single dispute with her father till this unlucky affair of Blifil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, whom she had loved most tenderly, though she lost her in the eleventh year of her age. The squire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper-servant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour, by making what the world calls a good husband. He very seldom swore at her (perhaps not above once a week), and never beat her: she had not the least occasion for jealousy, and was perfect mistress of her time; for she was never interrupted by her husband, who was engaged all the morning in his field exercises, and all the evening with bottle companions. She scarce indeed ever saw him but at meals; where she had the pleasure of carving those dishes which he had before attended at the dressing. From these meals she retired about five minutes after the other servants, having only staid to drink 'the king over the water.' Such were, it seems, Mr. Western's orders; for it was a maxim with him, that women should come in with the first dish, and go out after the first glass.

Obedience to these orders was perhaps no difficult task; for the conversation (if it may be called so) was seldom such as could entertain a lady. It consisted chiefly of hallooing, singing, relations of sporting adventures, b——dy, and abuse of women and of the government.

These, however, were the only seasons when Mr. Western saw his wife; for when he repaired to her bed, he was generally so drunk that he could not see; and, in the sporting season, he always rose from her before it was light. Thus was she perfect mistress of her time, and had besides a coach and four usually at her command; though unhappily indeed the badness of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little use; for none who had set much value on their necks would have passed through the one, or who had set any value on their hours, would have visited the other. Now, to deal honestly with the reader, she did not make all the return expected to so much indulgence; for she had been married against her will by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her side; for the squire's estate was upwards of 3,000*l.* a year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8,000*l.* Hence, perhaps, she had contracted a little gloominess of temper; for she was rather a good servant than a good wife; nor had she always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth, with which the squire received her, even with a good-humoured smile. She would, moreover, sometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking of her husband, which in the gentlest terms she would take some of the few opportunities he gave her of remonstrating against. And once in her life she very earnestly entreated him to carry her for two months to London, which

he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the request ever after, being well assured that all the husbands in London are cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good reasons, Western at length heartily hated his wife: and, as he never concealed this hatred before her death, so he never forgot it afterwards; but when any thing in the least soured him, as a bad scenting day, or a distemper among his hounds, or any other such misfortune, he constantly vented his spleen by invectives against the deceased, saying, If my wife was alive now, she would be glad of this.

These invectives he was especially desirous of throwing forth before Sophia; for as he loved her more than he did any other, so he was really jealous that she had loved her mother better than him. And this jealousy Sophia seldom failed of heightening on these occasions; for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuse of her mother, but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all the abuse; with which desire he never could prevail upon her by any promise or threats to comply.

Hence some of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the squire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother; but I must inform them, that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them. Which sentiment being a pretty hard morsel, and bearing something of the air of a paradox, we shall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The generous behaviour of Sophia towards her aunt.

SOPHIA kept silence during the foregoing speech of her father, nor did she once answer otherwise than with a sigh; but as he understood none of the language, or as he called it, lingo, of the eyes, so he was not satisfied without some further approbation of his sentiment, which he now demanded of his daughter; telling her, in the usual way, he expected she was ready to take the part of every body against him, as she had always done that of the b— her mother. Sophia remaining still silent, he cried out, What, art dumb? Why dost unt speak? Was not thy mother a d—d b— to me? Answer me that. What, I suppose, you despise your father too, and don't think him good enough to speak to?

For Heaven's sake, sir, answered Sophia, do not give so cruel a turn to my silence. I am sure I would sooner die than be guilty of any disrespect towards you; but how can I venture to speak, when every word must either offend my dear papa, or convict me of the blackest ingratitude, as well as impiety, to the memory of the best of mothers; for such, I am certain, my mamma was always to me?

And your aunt, I suppose, is the best of sisters too! replied the squire. Will you be so kind as to allow that she is a b—? I may fairly insist upon that, I think.

Indeed, sir, says Sophia, I have great obligations to my aunt. She hath been a second mother to me.

And a second wife to me too, returned Western; so you will take her part too! You won't

confess that she hath acted the part of the vilest sister in the world?

Upon my word, sir, cries Sophia, I must belie my heart wickedly if I did. I know my aunt and you differ very much in your ways of thinking; but I have heard her a thousand times express the greatest affection for you; and I am convinced, so far from her being the worst sister in the world, there are very few who love a brother better.

The English of all which is, answered the squire, that I am in the wrong. Ay; certainly. Ay, to be sure, the woman is in the right, and the man in the wrong always.

Pardon me, sir, cries Sophia. I do not say so.

What don't you say? answered the father: you have the impudence to say she's in the right; doth it not follow then of course that I am in the wrong? And perhaps I am in the wrong to suffer such a presbyterian Hanoverian b— to come into my house. She may 'dite me of a plot for any thing I know, and give my estate to the government.

So far, sir, from injuring you or your estate, says Sophia, if my aunt had died yesterday, I am convinced she would have left you her whole fortune.

Whether Sophia intended it or no, I shall not presume to assert; but certain it is, these last words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more sensible effect than all she had said before. He received the sound with much the same action as a man receives a bullet in his head. He started, staggered, and turned pale. After which he remained silent above a minute, and then began in the following hesitating manner: Yesterday! she would have left me her estate yesterday! would she? Why yesterday, of all the days in the year? I suppose if she dies to-morrow, she will leave it to somebody else, and perhaps out of

the vamily.—My aunt, sir, cries Sophia, hath very violent passions, and I can't answer what she may do under their influence.

You can't! returned the father; and pray who hath been the occasion of putting her into those violent passions? Nay, who hath actually put her into them? Was not you and she hard at it before I came into the room? Besides, was not all our quarrel about you? I have not quarrelled with sister this many years but upon your account; and now you would throw the whole blame upon me, as thof I should be the occasion of her leaving the esteate out o' the vamily. I could have expected no better indeed: this is like the return you make to all the rest of my fondness.

I beseech you then, cries Sophia, upon my knees I beseech you, if I have been the unhappy occasion of this difference, that you will endeavour to make it up with my aunt, and not suffer her to leave your house in this violent rage of anger: she is a very good-natured woman, and a few civil words will satisfy her.—Let me entreat you, sir.

So I must go and ask pardon for your fault, must I? answered Western. You have lost the hare, and I must draw every way to find her again? Indeed, if I was certain—Here he stopped, and Sophia throwing in more entreaties, at length prevailed upon him; so that, after venting two or three bitter sarcastical expressions against his daughter, he departed as fast as he could to recover his sister, before her equipage could be gotten ready.

Sophia then returned to her chamber of mourning, where she indulged herself (if the phrase may be allowed me) in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over more than once the letter which she had received from Jones; her muff too was used on this occasion; and she bathed both these, as well as her-

self, with tears. In this situation, the friendly Mrs. Honour exerted her utmost abilities to comfort her afflicted mistress. She ran over the names of many young gentlemen; and having greatly commended their parts and persons, assured Sophia that she might take her choice of any. These methods must have certainly been used with some success in disorders of the like kind, or so skilful a practitioner as Mrs. Honour would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the college of chambermaids hold them to be as sovereign remedies as any in the female dispensary; but whether it was that Sophia's disease differed inwardly from those cases with which it agreed in external symptoms, I will not assert; but, in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at last so incensed her mistress (which was no easy matter), that with an angry voice she dismissed her from her presence.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing great variety of matter.

The squire overtook his sister just as she was stepping into the coach, and partly by force, and partly by solicitations, prevailed upon her to order her horses back into their quarters. He succeeded in this attempt without much difficulty; for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a most placable disposition, and greatly loved her brother, though she despised his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

Poor Sophia, who had first set on foot this reconciliation, was now made the sacrifice to it. They both concurred in their censures on her conduct;

jointly declared war against her, and directly proceeded to counsel, how to carry it on in the most vigorous manner. For this purpose, Mrs. Western proposed not only an immediate conclusion of the treaty with Allworthy, but as immediately to carry it into execution; saying, That there was no other way to succeed with her niece, but by violent methods, which she was convinced Sophia had not sufficient resolution to resist. By violent, says she, I mean rather hasty measures; for as to confinement or absolute force, no such things must or can be attempted. Our plan must be concerted for a surprize, and not for a storm.

These matters were resolved on, when Mr. Blifil came to pay a visit to his mistress. The squire no sooner heard of his arrival, than he stepped aside, by his sister's advice, to give his daughter orders for the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the most bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refusal.

The impetuosity of the squire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wisely foresaw, was not able to resist him. She agreed, therefore, to see Blifil, though she had scarce spirits or strength sufficient to utter her assent. Indeed, to give a peremptory denial to a father, whom she so tenderly loved, was no easy task. Had this circumstance been out of the case, much less resolution than what she was really mistress of, would, perhaps, have served her; but it is no unusual thing to ascribe those actions entirely to fear, which are in a great measure produced by love.

In pursuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory command, Sophia now admitted Mr. Blifil's visit. Scenes like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have observed, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we shall strictly ad-

here to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to pass over all those matters which they despair of placing in a shining light;—a rule, we conceive, of excellent use, as well to the historian as to the poet; and which, if followed, must at least have this good effect, that many a great evil (for so all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a small one.

It is possible the great art used by Blifil at this interview would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumstances her confident, and to have revealed the whole secret of her heart to him; but she had contracted so ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that she was resolved to place no confidence in him; for simplicity, when set on its guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed such as is generally prescribed to virgins upon the second formal visit from one who is appointed for their husband.

But though Blifil declared himself to the squire perfectly satisfied with his reception, yet that gentleman, who, in company with his sister, had overheard all, was not so well pleased. He resolved, in pursuance of the advice of the sage lady, to push matters as forward as possible; and addressing himself to his intended son-in-law in the hunting phrase, he cried, after a loud holloa, Follow her, boy, follow her; run in, run in; that's it, honeys. Dead, dead, dead. Never be bashful, nor stand shall I, shall I? Allworthy and I can finish all matters between us this afternoon, and let us ha' the wedding to-morrow.

Blifil having conveyed the utmost satisfaction into his countenance, answered, As there is nothing, sir, in this world which I so eagerly desire as an alliance with your family, except my union

with the most amiable and deserving Sophia, you may easily imagine how impatient I must be to see myself in possession of my two highest wishes. If I have not therefore importuned you on this head, you will impute it only to my fear of offending the lady, by endeavouring to hurry on so blessed an event, faster than a strict compliance with all the rules of decency and decorum will permit. But if, by your interest, sir, she might be induced to dispense with any formalities———

Formalities! with a pox! answered the squire, Pooh, all stuff and nonsense. I tell thee, she shall ha' thee to-morrow: you will know the world better hereafter, when you come to my age. Women never gi' their consent, man, if they can help it, 'tis not the fashion. If I had staid for her mother's consent, I might have been a bachelor to this day. ——To her, to her, to her, that's it, you jolly dog. I tell thee shat ha' her to-morrow morning.

Blifil suffered himself to be overpowered by the forcible rhetoric of the squire; and it being agreed that Western should close with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having first earnestly begged that no violence might be offered to the lady by this haste, in the same manner as a popish inquisitor begs the lay power to do no violence to the heretic delivered over to it, and against whom the church hath passed sentence.

And, to say the truth, Blifil had passed sentence against Sophia; for however pleased he had declared himself to Western with his reception, he was by no means satisfied, unless it was that he was convinced of the hatred and scorn of his mistress; and this had produced no less reciprocal hatred and scorn in him. It may, perhaps, be asked, Why

then did he not put an immediate end to all further courtship? I answer, for that very reason, as well as for several others equally good, which we shall now proceed to open to the reader.

Though Mr. Blifil was not of the complexion of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he saw, yet he was far from being destitute of that appetite which is said to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewise that distinguishing taste, which serves to direct men in their choice of the object or food of their several appetites; and this taught him to consider Sophia as a most delicious morsel; indeed, to regard her with the same desires which an ortolan inspires into the soul of an epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia, rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightness to her eyes, and her breasts rose higher with her sighs. Indeed, no one hath seen beauty in its highest lustre, who hath never seen it in distress. Blifil therefore looked on this human ortolan with greater desire than when he viewed her last; nor was his desire at all lessened by the aversion which he discovered in her to himself. On the contrary, this served rather to heighten the pleasure he proposed in rifling her charms, as it added triumph to lust; nay, he had some further views, from obtaining the absolute possession of her person, which we detest too much even to mention; and revenge itself was not without its share in the gratifications which he promised himself. The rivalling poor Jones, and supplanting him in her affections, added another spur to his pursuit, and promised another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

Besides all these views, which to some scrupulous persons may seem to savour too much of malevolence, he had one prospect, which few readers will

regard with any great abhorrence. And this was, the estate of Mr. Western; which was all to be settled on his daughter and her issue; for so extravagant was the affection of that fond parent, that, provided his child would but consent to be miserable with the husband he chose, he cared not at what price he purchased him.

For these reasons Mr. Blifil was so desirous of the match, that he intended to deceive Sophia, by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himself of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end proposed was religious (as surely matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the means. As to other occasions, he used to apply the philosophy of Square, which taught, that the end was immaterial, so that the means were fair, and consistent with moral rectitude. To say truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantage from the precepts of one or other of those great masters.

Little deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr. Western; who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little consequence as Blifil himself conceived them to be; but as the sentiments of Mr. Allworthy were of a very different kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, Blifil was so well assisted by Western, that he succeeded without difficulty; for as Mr. Allworthy had been assured by her father, that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had suspected concerning Jones was entirely false, Blifil had nothing more to do than to confirm these assertions; which he did with such equivocations, that he preserved a salvo for his conscience; and had the satisfaction of conveying a lie

to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia by Allworthy, who said, He would on no account be accessary to forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own will; he answered, That the real sentiments of young ladies were very difficult to be understood; that her behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it; and that, if he could believe her father, she had all the affection for him which any lover could desire. As for Jones, said he, whom I am loth to call villain, though his behaviour to you, sir, sufficiently justifies the appellation, his own vanity, or perhaps some wicked views, might make him boast of a falsehood; for if there had been any reality in Miss Western's love for him, the greatness of her fortune would never have suffered him to desert her, as you are well informed he hath. Lastly, sir, I promise you I would not myself, for any consideration, no, not for the whole world, consent to marry this young lady, if I was not persuaded she had all the passion for me which I desire she should have.

This excellent method of conveying a falsehood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and imposture, hath quieted the conscience of many a notable deceiver; and yet, when we consider that it is Omniscience on which these endeavour to impose, it may possibly seem capable of affording only a very superficial comfort; and that this artful and refined distinction between communicating a lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it costs them.

Allworthy was pretty well satisfied with what Mr. Western and Mr. Blifil told him; and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded.

Nothing then remained previous to the office of the priest, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up so much time, that Western offered to bind himself by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happiness of the young couple. Indeed, he was so very earnest and pressing, that an indifferent person might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was: but this eagerness was natural to him on all occasions; and he conducted every scheme he undertook in such a manner, as if the success of that alone was sufficient to constitute the whole happiness of his life.

The joint importunities of both father and son-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happiness to others, had not Sophia herself prevented it, and taken measures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of those taxes, which these wise bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human species in a lawful manner. Of which in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

A strange resolution of Sophia, and a more strange stratagem of Mrs. Honour.

Though Mrs. Honour was principally attached to her own interest, she was not without some little attachment to Sophia. To say truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She no sooner, therefore, heard a piece of news, which she imagined to be of great importance to her mistress, than, quite forgetting the

anger which she had conceived two days before, at her unpleasant dismission from Sophia's presence, she ran hastily to inform her of the news.

The beginning of her discourse was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. O dear ma'am! says she, what doth your la'ship think? To be sure I am frightened out of my wits; and yet I thought it my duty to tell your la'ship, though perhaps it may make you angry; for we servants don't always know what will make our ladies angry; for, to be sure, every thing is always laid to the charge of a servant. When our ladies are out of humour, to be sure, we must be scolded; and to be sure I should not wonder if your la'ship should be out of humour; nay, it must surprise you certainly, ay, and shock you too.—Good Honour, let me know it without any longer preface, says Sophia; there are few things, I promise you, which will surprise, and fewer which will shock me.—Dear ma'am, answered Honour, to be sure, I overheard my master talking to Parson Supple about getting a licence this very afternoon; and to be sure I heard him say, your la'ship should be married to-morrow morning. Sophia turned pale at these words, and repeated eagerly, To-morrow morning!—Yes, ma'am, replied the trusty waiting-woman, I will take my oath I heard my master say so.—Honour, says Sophia, you have both surprised and shocked me to such a degree, that I have scarce any breath or spirits left. What is to be done in my dreadful situation?—I wish I was able to advise your la'ship, says she. Do advise me, cries Sophia, pray, dear Honour, advise me. Think what you would attempt if it was your own case.—Indeed ma'am, cries Honour, I wish your la'ship and I could change situations; that is, I mean, without hurting your la'ship; for to be sure I don't wish you so bad as to be a servant; but because that if so be it was my case,

I should find no manner of difficulty in it; for, in my poor opinion, young Squire Blifil is a charming sweet, handsome man.—Don't mention such stuff, tries Sophia.—Such stuff, repeated Honour; why there. Well, to be sure, what's one man's meat is another man's poison, and the same is altogether as true of women.—Honour, says Sophia, rather than submit to be the wife of that contemptible wretch, I would plunge a dagger into my heart.—O lud, ma'am! answered the other, I am sure you frighten me out of my wits now. Let me beseech your la'ship not to suffer such wicked thoughts to come into your head. O lud! to be sure I tremble every inch of me. Dear ma'am, consider, that to be denied christian burial, and to have your corpse buried in the highway, and a stake drove through you, as Farmer Halfpenny was served at Ox Cross; and, to be sure, his ghost hath walked there ever since, for several people have seen him. To be sure it can be nothing but the devil which can put such wicked thoughts into the head of any body; for certainly it is less wicked to hurt all the world than one's own dear self, and so I have heard said by more parsons than one. If your la'ship hath such a violent aversion, and hates the young gentleman so very bad, that you can't bear to think of going into bed to him; for to be sure there may be such antipathies in nature, and one had lieverer touch a toad than the flesh of some people.

Sophia had been too much wrapt in contemplation to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent discourse of her maid; interrupting her therefore, without making any answer to it, she said, Honour, I am come to a resolution. I am determined to leave my father's house this very night; and if you have the friendship for me which you have often professed, you will keep me

company.—That I will, ma'am, to the world's end, answered Honour; but I beg your la'ship to consider the consequence, before you undertake any rash action. Where can your la'ship possibly go?—There is, replied Sophia, a lady of quality in London, a relation of mine, who spent several months with my aunt in the country; during all which time she treated me with great kindness, and expressed so much pleasure in my company, that she earnestly desired my aunt to suffer me to go with her to London. As she is a woman of very great note, I shall easily find her out, and I make no doubt of being very well and kindly received by her.—I would not have your la'ship too confident of that, cries Honour; for the first lady I lived with used to invite people very earnestly to her house; but if she heard afterwards they were coming, she used to get out of the way. Besides, though this lady would be very glad to see your la'ship, as to be sure any body would be glad to see your la'ship; yet when she hears your la'ship is run away from my master—You are mistaken, Honour, says Sophia; she looks upon the authority of a father in a much lower light than I do; for she pressed me violently to go to London with her, and when I refused to go without my father's consent, she laughed me to scorn, called me silly country girl, and said, I should make a pure loving wife, since I could be so dutiful a daughter. So I have no doubt but she will both receive me, and protect me too, till my father, finding me out of his power, can be brought to some reason.

Well but ma'am, answered Honour, how doth your la'ship think of making your escape? Where will you get any horses or conveyance? For as for your own horse, as all the servants know a little how matters stand between my master and

your la'ship, Robin will be hanged before he will suffer it to go out of the stable without my master's express orders.—I intend to escape, said Sophia, by walking out of the doors when they are open. I thank Heaven my legs are very able to carry me. They have supported me many a long evening after a fiddle, with no very agreeable partner; and surely they will assist me in running from so detestable a partner for life.—O Heaven, ma'am! doth your la'ship know what you are saying? cries Honour: would you think of walking about the country by night and alone?—Not alone, answered the lady: you have promised to bear me company.—Yes, to be sure, cries Honour, I will follow your la'ship through the world; but your la'ship had almost as good be alone; for I shall not be able to defend you, if any robbers, or other villains, should meet with you. Nay, I should be in as horrible a fright as your la'ship; for to be certain, they would ravish us both. Besides, ma'am, consider how cold the nights are now: we shall be frozen to death.—A good brisk pace, answered Sophia, will preserve us from the cold; and if you cannot defend me from a villain, Honour, I will defend you; for I will take a pistol with me. There are two always charged in the hall.—Dear ma'am, you frighten me more and more, cries Honour: sure your la'ship would not venture to fire it off! I had rather run any chance, than your la'ship should do that.—Why so? says Sophia, smiling: would not you, Honour, fire a pistol at any one who should attack your virtue?—To be sure, ma'am, cries Honour, one's virtue is a dear thing, especially to us poor servants; for it is our livelihood, as a body may say: yet I mortally hate fire-arms; for so many accidents happen by them.—Well, well, says Sophia, I believe I may insure your virtue at

a very cheap rate, without carrying any arms with us; for I intend to take horses at the very first town we come to, and we shall hardly be attacked in our way thither. Look'ee, Honour, I am resolved to go; and if you will attend me, I promise you I will reward you to the very utmost of my power.

This last argument had a stronger effect on Honour than all the preceding. And since she saw her mistress so determined, she desisted from any further dissuasions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very stubborn difficulty occurred, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more easily got over by the mistress than by the maid: for when a lady hath once taken a resolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obstacles are considered as trifles. But Honour was inspired by no such motive: she had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to shun; and besides the real value of her clothes, in which consisted a great part of her fortune, she had a capricious fondness for several gowns, and other things; either because they became her, or because they were given her by such a particular person; because she had bought them lately, or because she had had them long; or for some other reason equally good; so that she could not endure the thought of leaving the poor things behind her, exposed to the mercy of Western, who, she doubted not, would in his rage make them suffer martyrdom.

The ingenious Mrs. Honour having applied all her oratory to dissuade her mistress from her purpose, when she found her positively determined, at last started the following expedient to remove her clothes, viz. to get herself turned out of doors.

that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. Oh! ma'am, cries Honour, your la'ship may trust that to me: we servants very well know how to obtain this favour of our masters and mistresses; though sometimes, indeed, where they owe us more wages than they can readily pay, they will put up with all our affronts, and will hardly take any warning we can give them: but the squire is none of those: and since your la'ship is resolved upon setting out to-night, I warrant I get discharged this afternoon. It was then resolved that she should pack up some linen and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorse than the sailor feels when he throws over the goods of others, in order to save his own life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing scenes of altercation, of no very uncommon kind.

Mrs. Honour had scarce sooner parted from her young lady, than something (for I would not, like the old woman in Quivedo, injure the devil by any false accusation, and possibly he might have no hand in it), but something, I say, suggested itself to her, that by sacrificing Sophia and all her secrets to Mr. Western, she might probably make her fortune. Many considerations urged this discovery. The fair prospect of a handsome reward for so great and acceptable a service to the squire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterprise she had undertaken; the uncertainty of its success;

night, cold, robbers, ravishers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all these operate upon her, that she was almost determined to go directly to the squire, and to lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge to decree on one side, before she had heard the other. And here, first, a journey to London appeared very strongly in support of Sophia. She eagerly longed to see a place in which she fancied charms short only of those which a raptured saint imagines in Heaven. In the next place, as she knew Sophia to have much more generosity than her master, so her fidelity promised her a greater reward than she could gain by treachery. She then cross-examined all the articles which had raised her fears, on the other side, and found, on fairly sifting the matter, that there was very little in them. And now both scales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her mistress being thrown into the scale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumstance struck upon her imagination, which might have had a dangerous effect, had its whole weight been fairly put into the other scale. This was the length of time which must intervene before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promises; for though she was entitled to her mother's fortune at the death of her father, and to the sum of 3000*l.* left her by an uncle when she came of age; yet these were distant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generosity of the young lady; whereas the rewards she might expect from Mr. Western were immediate. But while she was pursuing this thought, the good genius of Sophia, or that which presided over the integrity of Mrs. Honour, or perhaps mere chance, sent an accident in her way, which at once preserved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended business.

Mrs. Western's maid claimed great superiority over Mrs. Honour on several accounts. First, her birth was higher; for her great grandmother by the mother's side was a cousin, not far removed, to an Irish peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And, lastly, she had been at London, and had of consequence seen more of the world. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. Honour with that reserve, and had always exacted of her those marks of distinction, which every order of females preserves and requires in conversation with those of an inferior order. Now as Honour did not at all times agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the respect which the other demanded, Mrs. Western's maid was not at all pleased with her company; indeed, she earnestly longed to return home to the house of her mistress, where she domineered at will over all the other servants. She had been greatly, therefore, disappointed in the morning, when Mrs. Western had changed her mind on the very point of departure; and had been in what is vulgarly called a glouting humour ever since.

In this humour, which was none of the sweetest, she came into the room where Honour was debating with herself in the manner we have above related. Honour no sooner saw her, than she addressed her in the following obliging phrase: Soh! madam, I find we are to have the pleasure of your company longer, which I was afraid the quarrel between my master and your lady would have robbed us of.—I don't know, madam, answered the other, what you mean by we and us. I assure you I do not look on any of the servants in this house to be proper company for me. I am company, I hope, for their betters every day in the week. I do not speak on your account, Mrs. Honour; for

you are a civilized young woman; and when you have seen a little more of the world, I should not be ashamed to walk with you in St. James's Park. —Hoity toity! cries Honour; madam is in her airs, I protest. Mrs. Honour, forsooth! sure, madam, you might call me by my sirname; for though my lady calls me Honour, I have a sirname as well as other folks. Ashamed to walk with me, quotha! marry, as good as yourself, I hope.—Since you make such a return to my civility, said the other, I must acquaint you, Mrs. Honour, that you are not so good as me. In the country, indeed, one is obliged to take up with all kind of trumpery; but in town I visit none but the women of women of quality. Indeed, Mrs. Honour, there is some difference, I hope, between you and me.—I hope so too, answered Honour: there is some difference in our ages, and, I think, in our persons. Upon speaking which last words, she strutted by Mrs. Western's maid with the most provoking air of contempt; turning up her nose, tossing her head, and violently brushing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put on one of her most malicious sneers, and said, Creature! you are below my anger; and it is beneath me to give ill words to such an audacious saucy trollop; but, hussy, I must tell you, your breeding shows the meanness of your birth, as well as of your education; and both very properly qualify you to be the mean serving-woman of a country girl.—Don't abuse my lady, cries Honour: I won't take that of you: she's as much better than yours as she is younger, and ten thousand times more handsomer.

Here ill luck, or rather good luck, sent Mrs. Western to see her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach; and of which being asked the reason by her mistress, she pre-

sently acquainted her that her tears were occasioned by the rude treatment of that creature there—meaning Honour. And, madam, continued she, I could have despised all she said to me; but she hath had the audacity to affront your ladyship, and to call you ugly—Yes, madam, she called you ugly old cat, to my face. I could not bear to hear your ladyship called ugly.—Why do you repeat her impudence so often? said Mrs. Western. And then turning to Mrs. Honour, she asked her, How she had the assurance to mention her name with disrespect?—Disrespect, madam! answered Honour; I never mentioned your name at all: I said somebody was not as handsome as my mistress, and to be sure you know that as well as I.—Hussey, replied the lady, I will make such a saucy trollop as yourself know that I am not a proper subject of your discourse. And if my brother doth not discharge you this moment, I will never sleep in his house again. I will find him out, and have you discharged this moment.—Discharged! cries Honour; and suppose I am: there are more places in the world than one. Thank Heaven, good servants need not want places; and if you turn away all who do not think you handsome, you will want servants very soon, let me tell you that.

Mrs. Western spoke, or rather thundered, in answer; but as she was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words; we shall, therefore, omit inserting a speech which at best would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in search of her brother, with a countenance so full of rage, that she resembled one of the furies, rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a second bout at altercation, which soon pro-

duced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank, but not without some loss of blood, of hair, and of lawn and muslin.

CHAPTER IX.

The wise demeanour of Mr. Western in the character of a magistrate. A hint to justices of peace, concerning the necessary qualifications of a clerk; with extraordinary instances of paternal tenderness, and filial affection.

LOGICIANS sometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often overreach themselves in a scheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. Honour, who, instead of recovering the rest of her clothes, had like to have stopped even those she had on her back from escaping; for the squire no sooner heard of her having abused his sister, than he swore twenty oaths he would send her to Bridewell.

Mrs. Western was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the trespass of a stage-coachman, who had overturned her post-chaise into a ditch; nay, she had even broken the law, in refusing to prosecute a highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a sum of money, but of her ear-rings; at the same time d—ning her, and saying, Such handsome b—s as you don't want jewels to set them off, and be d—ned to you. But now, so uncertain are our tempers, and so much do we at different times differ from ourselves, she would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for

her own servant, prevail with her to desist from earnestly desiring her brother to execute justiceship (for it was, indeed, a syllable more than justice) on the wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a justice of peace ought ever to be without, namely, some understanding in the law of this realm. He, therefore, whispered in the ear of the justice, that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace; for I am afraid, sir, says he, you cannot legally commit any one to Bridewell only for ill-breeding.

In matters of high importance, particularly in cases relating to the game, the justice was not always attentive to these admonitions of his clerk; for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many justices of peace suppose they have a large discretionary power, by virtue of which, under the notion of searching for and taking away engines for the destruction of the game, they often commit trespasses, and sometimes felony, at their pleasure.

But this offence was not of quite so high a nature, nor so dangerous to society. Here, therefore, the justice behaved with some attention to the advice of his clerk; for, in fact, he had already had two informations exhibited against him in the King's-bench, and had no curiosity to try a third.

The squire, therefore, putting on a most wise and significant countenance, after a preface of several hums and hahs, told his sister, that, upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion, that as there was no breaking up of the peace, such as the law, says he, calls breaking open a door, or breaking a hedge, or breaking a head, or any such sort of

breaking; the matter did not amount to a felonious kind of a thing, nor trespasses, nor damages; and, therefore, there was no punishment in the law for it.

Mrs. Western said, she knew the law much better; that she had known servants very severely punished for affronting their masters; and then named a certain justice of the peace in London, who, she said, would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time when a master or mistress desired it.

Like enough, cries the squire; it may be so in London; but the law is different in the country. Here followed a very learned dispute between the brother and sister concerning the law, which we would insert, if we imagined many of our readers could understand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magistrate; and Mrs. Western was, in the end, obliged to content herself with the satisfaction of having Honour turned away; to which Sophia herself very readily and cheerfully consented.

Thus Fortune, after having diverted herself, according to custom, with two or three frolics, at last disposed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who indeed succeeded admirably well in her deceit, considering it was the first she had ever practised. And, to say the truth, I have often concluded, that the honest part of mankind would be much too hard for the knavish, if they could bring themselves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

Honour acted her part to the utmost perfection. She no sooner saw herself secure from all danger of Bridewell, a word which had caused most horrible ideas in her mind, than she resumed those airs

which her terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her place, with as much affectation of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practised at the resignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleases, therefore, we choose rather to say she resigned—which hath, indeed, been always held a synonymous expression with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. Western ordered her to be very expeditious in packing; for his sister declared she would not sleep another night under the same roof with so impudent a slut. To work therefore she went, and that so earnestly, that every thing was ready early in the evening; when having received her wages, away packed she, bag and baggage, to the great satisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the house, exactly at the dreadful and ghostly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But first she was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In these Mrs. Western herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory style than before: but her father treated her in so violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will; which so highly pleased the good squire, that he changed his frowns into smiles, and his menaces into promises: he vowed his whole soul was wrapped in hers; that her consent (for so he construed the words—You know, sir, I must not, nor can, refuse to obey any absolute command of yours) had made him the happiest of mankind. He then gave her a large bank-bill to dispose of in any trinkets she pleased, and kissed and embraced her in the fondest manner, while tears of joy trickled from those eyes, which

a few moments before had darted fire and rage against the dear object of all his affection.

Instances of this behaviour in parents are so common, that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little astonished at the whole conduct of Mr. Western. If he should, I own I am not able to account for it; since that he loved his daughter most tenderly, is, I think, beyond dispute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children most completely miserable by the same conduct; which, though it is almost universal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable of all the absurdities which ever entered into the brain of "that strange prodigious creature man."

The latter part of Mr. Western's behaviour had so strong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it suggested a thought to her, which not all the sophistry of her politic aunt, nor all the menaces of her father, had ever once brought into her head. She reverenced her father so piously, and loved him so passionately, that she had scarce ever felt more pleasing sensations, than what arose from the share she frequently had of contributing to his amusement, and sometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications, for he never could contain the delight of hearing her commended, which he had the satisfaction of hearing almost every day of her life. The idea, therefore, of the immense happiness she should convey to her father by her consent to this match, made a strong impression on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of such an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as she had a very deep sense of religion. Lastly, when she reflected how much she herself was to suffer, being indeed to become little less than a sacrifice, or a martyr, to filial love and duty, she felt an agreeable tickling in a certain

little passion, which though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often so kind as to lend great assistance in executing the purposes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of so heroic an action, and began to compliment herself with much premature flattery, when Cupid, who lay hid in her muff, suddenly crept out, and, like Punchinello in a puppet-show, kicked all out before him. In truth (for we scorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine by ascribing her actions to supernatural impulse), the thoughts of her beloved Jones, and some hopes (however distant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately destroyed all which filial love, piety, and pride, had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we must now look back to Mr. Jones.

CHAPTER X.

Containing several matters, natural enough perhaps, but LOW.

THE reader will be pleased to remember, that we left Mr. Jones, in the beginning of this book, on his road to Bristol; being determined to seek his fortune at sea, or rather, indeed, to fly away from his fortune on shore.

It happened (a thing not very unusual), that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; so that having missed his right track, and being ashamed to ask information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and it began to

grow dark. Jones, suspecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehensions; but he insisted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very strange if he should not know the road to Bristol; though, in reality, it would have been much stranger if he had known it, having never passed through it in his life before.

Jones had not such implicit faith in his guide, but that, on their arrival at a village, he inquired of the first fellow he saw, whether they were in the road to Bristol. Whence did you come? cries the fellow. No matter, says Jones, a little hastily; I want to know if this be the road to Bristol.—The road to Bristol! cries the fellow, scratching his head: Why, measter, I believe you will hardly get to Bristol this way to night.—Prithee, friend, then, answered Jones, do tell us which is the way.—Why, measter, cries the fellow, you must be come out of your road the Lord knows whither; for thick way goeth to Gloucester.—Well, and which way goes to Bristol? said Jones. Why, you be going away from Bristol, answered the fellow. Then, said Jones, we must go back again.—Ay, you must, said the fellow. Well, and when we come back to the top of the hill, which way must we take?—Why, you must keep the straight road.—But I remember there are two roads, one to the right and the other to the left.—Why, you must keep the right-hand road, and then go straight vorwards; only remember to turn you to your right, and then to your left again, and then to your right, and that brings you to the squire's; and then you must keep straight vorwards, and turn to the left.

Another fellow now came up, and asked which way the gentlemen were going; of which being

informed by Jones, he first scratched his head, and then, leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, that he must keep the right-hand road for about a mile, or a mile and a half, or such a matter, and then he must turn short to the left, which would bring him round by Measter Jin Bearnes's.—But which is Mr. John Bearnes's? says Jones. O Lord! cries the fellow, why, don't you know Measter Jin Bearnes? Whence then did you come?

These two fellows had almost conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well-looking man (who was, indeed, a quaker) accosted him thus: Friend, I perceive thou hast lost thy way; and, if thou wilt take my advice, thou wilt not attempt to find it to-night. It is almost dark, and the road is difficult to hit; besides, there have been several robberies commited lately between this and Bristol. Here is a very creditable good house just by, where thou mayst find good entertainment for thyself and thy cattle till morning. Jones, after a little persuasion, agreed to stay in this place till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the public-house.

The landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told Jones, he hoped he would excuse the badness of his accommodation; for that his wife was gone from home, and had locked up almost every thing, and carried the keys along with her. Indeed, the fact was, that a favourite daughter of hers was just married, and had gone that morning home with her husband; and that she and her mother together had almost stripped the poor man of all his goods, as well as money; for though he had several children, this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her consideration: and to the humour of this one child she would with pleasure

have sacrificed all the rest, and her husband in to the bargain.

Though Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone, yet he could not resist the importunities of the honest quaker; who was the more desirous of sitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour; and which the poor quaker thought his conversation might in some measure relieve.

After they had passed sometime together, in such a manner that my honest friend might have thought himself at one of his silent meetings, the quaker began to be moved by some spirit or other, probably that of curiosity, and said, Friend, I perceive some sad disaster hath befallen thee; but pray be of comfort. Perhaps thou hast lost a friend. If so, thou must consider we are all mortal. And why shouldest thou grieve, when thou knowest thy grief will do thy friend no good? We are all born to affliction. I myself have my sorrows as well as thee, and most probably greater sorrows. Though I have a clear estate of 100*l.* a year, which is as much as I want, and I have a conscience, I thank the Lord, void of offence; my constitution is sound and strong, and there is no man can demand a debt of me, nor accuse me of an injury; yet, friend, I should be concerned to think thee as miserable as myself.

Here the quaker ended with a deep sigh; and Jones presently answered, I am very sorry, sir, for your unhappiness, whatever is the occasion of it.—Ah! friend, replied the quaker, one only daughter is the occasion. One who was my greatest delight upon earth, and who within this week is run away from me, and is married against my consent. I had provided her a proper match, a sober man, and one

of substance; but she, forsooth, would choose for herself, and away she is gone with a young fellow not worth a groat. If she had been dead, as I suppose thy friend is, I should have been happy.—That is very strange, sir, said Jones.—Why, would it not be better for her to be dead, than to be a beggar? replied the quaker: for, as I told you, the fellow is not worth a groat; and surely she cannot expect that I shall ever give her a shilling. No, as she hath married for love, let her live on love if she can; let her carry her love to market, and see whether any one will change it into silver, or even into halfpence.—You know your own concerns best, sir, said Jones. It must have been, continued the quaker, a long premeditated scheme to cheat me; for they have known one another from their infancy; and I always preached to her against love, and told her a thousand times over it was all folly and wickedness. Nay, the cunning slut pretended to hearken to me, and to despise all wantonness of the flesh; and yet at last broke out at a window two pair of stairs: for I began, indeed, a little to suspect her, and had locked her up carefully, intending the very next morning to have married her up to my liking. But she disappointed me within a few hours; and escaped away to the lover of her own choosing, who lost no time, for they were married and bedded and all within an hour.

But it shall be the worst hour's work for them both that they ever did; for they may starve, or beg, or steal together, for me. I will never give either of them a farthing.—Here Jones starting up, cried, I really must be excused; I wish you would leave me.—Come, come, friend, said the quaker, don't give way to concern. You see there are other people miserable besides yourself.—I see there are madmen, and fools, and villains in the world, cries

Jones. But let me give you a piece of advice: send for your daughter and son-in-law home, and don't be yourself the only cause of misery, to one you pretend to love.—Send for her and her husband home! cries the quaker loudly; I would sooner send for the two greatest enemies I have in the world!—Well, go home yourself, or where you please, said Jones, for I will sit no longer in such company.—Nay, friend, answered the quaker, I scorn to impose my company on any one. He then offered to pull money from his pocket, but Jones pushed him with some violence out of the room.

The subject of the quaker's discourse had so deeply affected Jones, that he stared very wildly all the time he was speaking. This the quaker had observed, and this, added to the rest of his behaviour, inspired honest Broadbrim with a conviction that his companion was in reality out of his senses. Instead of resenting the affront, therefore, the quaker was moved with compassion for his unhappy circumstances; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he desired him to take great care of his guest, and to treat him with the highest civility.

Indeed, says the landlord, I shall use no such civility towards him; for it seems, for all his laced waistcoat there, he is no more a gentleman than myself, but a poor parish bastard, bred up at a great squire's about thirty miles off, and now turned out of doors (not for any good to be sure). I shall get him out of my house as soon as possible. If I do lose my reckoning, the first loss is always the best. It is not above a year ago that I lost a silver spoon.

What dost thou talk of a parish bastard, Robin? answered the quaker. Thou must certainly be mistaken in thy man.

Not at all, replied Robin; the guide, who knows

him very well, told it me.—For, indeed, the guide had no sooner taken his place at the kitchen fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all he knew or had ever heard concerning Jones.

The quaker was no sooner assured by this fellow of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all compassion for him vanished; and the honest plain man went home fired with no less indignation than a duke would have felt at receiving an affront from such a person.

The landlord himself conceived an equal disdain for his guest; so that when Jones rung the bell in order to retire to bed, he was acquainted that he could have no bed there. Besides disdain of the mean condition of his guest, Robin entertained violent suspicions of his intentions, which were, he supposed, to watch some favourable opportunity of robbing the house. In reality, he might have been very well eased of these apprehensions, by the prudent precautions of his wife and daughter, who had already removed every thing which was not fixed to the freehold; but he was by nature suspicious, and had been more particularly so since the loss of his spoon. In short, the dread of being robbed totally absorbed the comfortable consideration that he had nothing to lose.

Jones being assured that he could have no bed, very contentedly betook himself to a great chair made with rushes; when sleep, which had lately shunned his company in much better apartments, generously paid him a visit in his humble cell.

As for the landlord, he was prevented by his fears from retiring to rest. He returned, therefore, to the kitchen fire, whence he could survey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather hole, where Jones was seated; and as for

the window to that room, it was impossible for any creature larger than a cat to have made his escape through it.

CHAPTER XI.

The adventure of a company of soldiers.

The landlord having taken his seat directly opposite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, though they neither knew his suspicions, nor had any of their own. The true cause of their watching did, indeed, at length put an end to it; for this was no other than the strength and goodness of the beer, of which having tippled a very large quantity, they grew at first very noisy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both asleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compose the fears of Robin. He continued still waking in his chair, with his eyes fixed stedfastly on the door which led into the apartment of Mr. Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his seat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no sooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all rushed upon him in as tumultuous a manner, as if they intended to take his little castle by storm.

The landlord was now forced from his post to furnish his numerous guests with beer, which they called for with great eagerness; and upon his second or third return from the cellar, he saw Mr. Jones standing before the fire in the midst of the soldiers; for it may easily be believed, that the arrival of so much good company should put an end to any sleep, un-

less that from which we are to be awakened only by the last trumpet.

The company having now pretty well satisfied their thirst, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning, a circumstance often productive of much mischief and discontent among the inferior rank of gentry, who are apt to find great difficulty in assessing the sum, with exact regard to distributive justice, which directs that every man shall pay according to the quantity which he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the present occasion; and it was the greater, as some gentlemen had, in their extreme hurry, marched off after their first draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the said reckoning.

A violent dispute now arose, in which every word may be said to have been deposed upon oath; for the oaths were at least equal to all the other words spoken. In this controversy, the whole company spoke together, and every man seemed wholly bent to extenuate the sum which fell to his share; so that the most probable conclusion which could be foreseen was, that a large portion of the reckoning would fall to the landlord's share to pay, or (what is much the same thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Mr. Jones was engaged in conversation with the serjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the present dispute, being privileged by immemorial custom from all contribution.

The dispute now grew so very warm, that it seemed to draw towards a military decision, when Jones stepping forward, silenced all their clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three shillings and four-pence.

This declaration procured Jones the thanks and

applause of the whole company. The terms honourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, resounded through the room; nay, my landlord himself began to have a better opinion of him, and almost to disbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The serjeant had informed Mr. Jones, that they were marching against the rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious duke of Cumberland. By which the reader may perceive (a circumstance which we have not thought necessary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the highest; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt pushing forward to the metropolis.

Jones had some heroic ingredients in his composition, and was a hearty well-wisher to the glorious cause of liberty, and of the protestant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumstances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild undertaking, it should occur to him to serve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had said all in his power to encourage and promote this good disposition, from the first moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble resolution aloud, which was received with great pleasure by the whole company, who all cried out, God bless king George, and your honour; and then added, with many oaths, We will stand by you both to the last drops of our blood.

The gentleman who had been all night tippling at the alehouse, was prevailed on by some arguments which a corporal had put into his hand, to undertake the same expedition. And now the postman

teau belonging to Mr. Jones being put up in the baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide, stepping up to Jones, said, Sir, I hope you will consider that the horses have been kept out all night, and we have travelled a great ways out of our way. Jones was surprised at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the soldiers with the merits of his cause, who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some said, he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deserved to run the gantlope; and the serjeant shook his cane at him, and wished he had him under his command, swearing heartily he would make an example of him.

Jones contented himself, however, with a negative punishment, and walked off with his new comrades, leaving the guide to the poor revenge of cursing and reviling him; in which latter the landlord joined, saying, Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you. A pretty gentleman, indeed, to go for a soldier. He shall wear a laced waistcoat, truly. It is an old proverb and a true one, All is not gold that glisters. I am glad my house is well rid of him.

All that day the serjeant and the young soldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining stories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the service, and had, by his own dexterity, so well ingratiated himself with his officers, that he had promoted himself to a halberd; chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was most excellently well skilled.

Much mirth and festivity passed among the soldiers during their march. In which the many oc-

currences that had passed at their last quarters were remembered, and every one, with great freedom, made what jokes he pleased on his officers, some of which were of the coarser kind, and very near bordering on scandal. This brought to our hero's mind the custom which he had read of among the Greeks and Romans, of indulging, on certain festivals and solemn occasions, the liberty to slaves, of using an uncontrolled freedom of speech towards their masters.

Our little army, which consisted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The serjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had picked up two fellows in that day's march; one of which, he said, was as fine a man as ever he saw (meaning the tippler), for that he was near six feet, well-proportioned, and strongly limbed; and the other (meaning Jones) would do well enough for the rear rank.

The new soldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the six-foot man, he being first produced, came next to survey Jones: at the first sight of whom, the lieutenant could not help showing some surprise; for, besides that he was very well dressed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely seen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inseparably annexed to the features of their superiors.

Sir, said the lieutenant, my serjeant informs me that you are desirous of enlisting in the company I have at present under my command; if so, sir, we shall very gladly receive a gentleman who promises to do much honour to the company, by bearing arms in it.

Jones answered: That he had not mentioned

any thing of enlisting himself; that he was most zealously attached to the glorious cause for which they were going to fight, and was very desirous of serving as a volunteer; concluding with some compliments to the lieutenant, and expressing the great satisfaction he should have in being under his command.

The lieutenant returned his civility, commended his resolution, shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers.

CHAPTER XII.

The adventure of a company of officers.

The lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near sixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had served in the capacity of an ensign at the battle of Tannieres: here he had received two wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the duke of Marlborough advanced to be a lieutenant immediately after that battle.

In this commission he had continued ever since, viz. near forty years; during which time he had seen vast numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whose fathers were at nurse when he first entered into the service.

Nor was this ill success in his profession solely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his colonel, who for many years continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe

the implacable ill-will which this man bore him to any neglect or deficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himself; but solely to the indiscretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, though she was remarkably fond of her husband, would not purchase his preferment at the expence of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

The poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew nor suspected, that he really bore him any; for he could not suspect an ill-will for which he was not conscious of giving any cause; and his wife, fearing what her husband's nice regard to his honour might have occasioned, contented herself with preserving her virtue, without enjoying the triumphs of her conquest.

This unfortunate officer (for so I think he may be called) had many good qualities, besides his merit in his profession; for he was a religious, honest, good-natured man; and had behaved so well in his command, that he was highly esteemed and beloved, not only by the soldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

The other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours, so that he really spoke no language at all, and could barely make himself understood on the most ordinary occasions. There were likewise two ensigns, both very young fellows; one of whom had been bred under an attorney, and the other was son to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As soon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company of the merriment which had passed

among the soldiers upon their march; and yet, says he, notwithstanding all their vociferation, I dare swear they will behave more like Grecians than Trojans when they come to the enemy.—Grecians and Trojans! says one of the ensigns, who the devil are they? I have heard of all the troops in Europe, but never of any such as these.

Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, Mr. Northerton, said the worthy lieutenant. I suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though perhaps you never read Pope's Homer; who, I remember, now the gentleman mentions it, compares the march of the Trojans to the cackling of geese, and greatly commends the silence of the Grecians. And upon my honour there is great justice in the cadet's observation.

Begar, me remember dem ver well, said the French lieutenant: me have read them at school in dans Madam Daciere, des Greek, des Trojan, dey fight for von woman,—ouy, ouy, me ave read all dat.

D—n Homo, with all my heart, says Northerton: I have the marks of him in my a— yet. There's Thomas, of our regiment, always carries a Homo in his pocket; d—n me, if ever I come at it, if I don't burn it. And there's Corderius, another d—n'd son of a whore, that hath got me many a flogging.

Then you have been at school, Mr. Northerton? said the lieutenant.

Ay, d—n me, have I, answered he; the devil take my father for sending me thither. The old put wanted to make a parson of me, but d—n me, thinks I to myself, I'll nick you there, old cull; the devil a smack of your nonsense shall you ever get into me. There's Jemmy Oliver, of our regi-

ment, he narrowly escaped being a pimp too, and that would have been a thousand pities; for d—n me if he is not one of the prettiest fellows in the whole world; but he went farther than I with the old cull, for Jemmy can neither write nor read.

You give your friend a very good character, said the lieutenant, and a very deserved one, I dare say. But prithee, Northerton, leave off that foolish, as well as wicked, custom of swearing; for you are deceived, I promise you, if you think there is wit or politeness in it. I wish, too, you would take my advice, and desist from abusing the clergy. Scandalous names, and reflections cast on any body of men, must be always unjustifiable; but especially so, when thrown on so sacred a function: for to abuse the body is to abuse the function itself; and I leave you to judge how inconsistent such behaviour is in men who are going to fight in defence of the protestant religion.

Mr. Adderly, which was the name of the other ensign, had sat hitherto kicking his heels and humming a tune, without seeming to listen to the discourse: he now answered, *O monsieur, on ne parle pas de la religion dans la guerre.*—Well said, Jack, cries Northerton: if la religion was the only matter, the parsons should fight their own battles for me.

I don't know, gentlemen, says Jones, what may be your opinion; but I think no man can engage in a nobler cause than that of his religion; and I have observed, in the little I have read of history, that no soldiers have fought so bravely, as those who have been inspired with a religious zeal: for my own part, though I love my king and country, I hope, as well as any man in it; yet the protestant interest is no small

motive to my becoming a volunteer in the cause.

Northerton now winked on Adderly, and whispered to him slily, Smoke the prig, Adderly, smoke him. Then turning to Jones, said to him, I am very glad, sir, you have chosen our regiment to be a volunteer in; for if our parson should at any time take a cup too much, I find you can supply his place. I presume, sir, you have been at the university; may I crave the favour to know what college?

Sir, answered Jones, so far from having been at the university, I have even had the advantage of yourself; for I was never at school.

I presumed, cries the ensign, only upon the information of your great learning.—Oh! sir, answered Jones, it is as possible for a man to know something without having been at school, as it is to have been at school and to know nothing.

Well said, young volunteer, cries the lieutenant. Upon my word, Northerton, you had better let him alone; for he will be too hard for you.

Northerton did not very well relish the sarcasm of Jones; but he thought the provocation was scarce sufficient to justify a blow, or a rascal, or scoundrel, which were the only repartees that suggested themselves. He was, therefore, silent at present; but resolved to take the first opportunity of returning the jest by abuse.

It now came to the turn of Mr. Jones to give a toast, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impossible that any one present should guess the person he meant.

But the lieutenant, who was the toast-master, was not contented with Sophia only. He said, he must have her sirname; upon which Jones hesitated a

little, and presently after named Miss Sophia Western. Ensign Northerton declared he would not drink her health in the same round with his own toast, unless somebody would vouch for her. I knew one Sophy Western, says he, that was lain with by half the young fellows at Bath; and perhaps this is the same woman. Jones very solemnly assured him of the contrary; asserting that the young lady he named was one of great fashion and fortune. Ay, ay, says the ensign, and so she is; d—n me, it is the same woman; and I'll hold half a dozen of Burgundy, Tom French of our regiment brings her into company with us at any tavern in Bridges-street. He then proceeded to describe her person exactly (for he had seen her with her aunt), and concluded with saying, that her father had a great estate in Somersetshire.

The tenderness of lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the names of their mistresses. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero too in his disposition, did not resent these slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the truth, having seen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really mistaken his charmer for some other. But now turning to the ensign with a stern aspect, he said, Pray, sir, choose some other subject for your wit; for I promise you I will bear no jesting with this lady's character.—Jesting! cries the other; d—n me if ever I was more in earnest in my life. Tom French of our regiment had both her and her aunt at Bath.—Then I must tell you in earnest, cries Jones, that you are one of the most impudent rascals upon earth.

He had no sooner spoken these words, than the ensign, together with a volley of curses, discharged

a bottle full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him instantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionless before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honour was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interposed, by stepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty; urging the ill consequences of his stay; asking him, what he could have done less? Zounds! says he, I was but in jest with the fellow. I never heard any harm of Miss Western in my life.—Have not you? said the lieutenant; then you richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon. You are my prisoner, sir; nor shall you stir from hence, till a proper guard comes to secure you.

Such an ascendant had our lieutenant over this ensign, that all that fervency of courage which had levelled our poor hero with the floor, would scarce have animated the said ensign to have drawn his sword against the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his side: but all the swords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, secured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final issue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the desire of their commanding officer, had raised up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) sign of life in him, they again let him fall. Adderly damning him for having blooded his waistcoat; and the Frenchman declaring, Begar me

no tush de Engliseman de mort: me ave heard the Englise lay, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tush him last.

When the good lieutenant applied himself to the door, he applied himself likewise to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a file of musqueteers and a surgeon. These commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the soldiers, but presently drew up the landlord of the house, his wife, and servants, and indeed, every one else, who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To describe every particular, and to relate the whole conversation of the ensuing scene, is not within my power, unless I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now spoke. The reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first thing done was securing the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the custody of six men, with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the truth, so whimsical are the desires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to some corner of the world, where the fame of it should never have reached his ears.

It surprises us, and so, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, should have applied his chief care, rather to secure the offender, than to preserve the life of the

wounded person. We mention this observation, not with any view of pretending to account for so odd a behaviour, but lest some critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering it. We would have these gentlemen know we can see what is odd in characters as well as themselves, but it is our business to relate facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the part of the learned and sagacious reader to consult that original book of nature, whence every passage in our work is transcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different disposition. They suspended their curiosity concerning the person of the ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At present, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, soon began to discover some symptoms of life and motion. These were no sooner perceived by the company (for Jones was at first generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him: for as none of the physical order was present, every one there took that office upon him.

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand; every one then cried, Call the barber; but none stirred a step. Several cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of strong beer with a toast, which he said was the best cordial in England.

The person principally assistant on this occasion, indeed the only one who did any service, or seemed likely to do any, was the landlady:

she cut off some of her hair, and applied it to the wound to stop the blood; she fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expressed great contempt for her husband's prescription of beer, she dispatched one of her maids to her own closet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed on Jones, who was just returned to his senses, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the surgeon, who having viewed the wound, having shaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient instantly to bed: in which place we think proper to leave him some time to his repose, and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Containing the great address of the landlady, the great learning of a surgeon, and the solid skill in casuistry of the worthy lieutenant.

When the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned, the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer: I am afraid, sir, said she, this young man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your honours; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had but his desarts: to be sure, when gentlemen admit inferior *parsons* into their company, they oft to keep their distance; but, as my first husband used to say, few of 'em know how to do it. For my own part, I am sure I should not have suffered any fellows to *include* themselves into gentlemen's

company; but I thoft he had been an officer himself, till the serjeant told me he was but a recruit.

Landlady, answered the lieutenant, you mistake the whole matter: The young man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young fellow dies, the man who struck him will have most reason to be sorry for it; for the regiment will get rid of a very troublesome fellow who is a scandal to the army; and if he escapes from the hands of justice, blame me, madam, that's all.

Ay! ay! good lack-a-day! said the landlady; who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your honour will see justice done; and to be sure it oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor folks without answering for it. A poor man hath a soul to be saved, as well as his betters.

Indeed, madam, said the lieutenant, you do the volunteer wrong: I dare swear he is more of a gentleman than the officer.

Ay! cried the landlady; why look you there now: well, my first husband was a wise man; he used to say, you can't always know the inside by the outside. Nay, 'that might have been well enough too; for I never *saw'd* him till he was all over blood. Who would have thoft it; mayhap, some young gentleman crossed in love. Good lack-a-day, if he should die, what a concern it will be to his parents; why sure the devil must possess the wicked wretch to do such an act. To be sure, he is a scandal to the army, as your honour says: for most of the gentlemen of the army that ever I saw, are quite different sort of people, and look as if they would scorn to spill any christian blood as much as any men; I mean, that is, in a civil way,

as my first husband used to say. To be sure, when they come into the wars, there must be bloodshed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better; and I wish, with all my heart, they could kill every mother's son of them.

O fie, madam! said the lieutenant, smiling; *all* is rather too bloody-minded a wish.

Not at all, sir, answered she; I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies; and there is no harm in that. To be sure it is natural for us to wish our enemies dead, that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes be lowered; for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do: Why, now, there is above forty shillings for window-lights, and yet we have stopped up all we could; we have almost blinded the house, I am sure. Says I to the exciseman, says I, I think you oft to favour us; I am sure we are very good friends to the government; and so we are for sartain, for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myself the government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us, than to those that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world.

She was proceeding in this manner, when the surgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did. But he resolved him only by saying, Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time, if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps, it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner.—I hope, sir, said the lieutenant, the skull is not fractured.—Hum, cries the surgeon: fractures are not always the most dangerous symptoms. Contusions and lacerations are often attended with worse phænomena, and with more fatal consequences, than fractures. People, who know nothing of the matter,

conclude, if the skull is not fractured, all is well; whereas, I had rather see a man's skull broke all to pieces, than some contusions I have met with.—I hope, says the lieutenant, there are no such symptoms here.—Symptoms, answered the surgeon, are not always regular nor constant. I have known very unfavourable symptoms in the morning change to favourable ones at noon, and return to unfavourable again at night. Of wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a patient who had received a violent contusion in his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse sanguinary discharge; and the interior membranes were so divellicated, that the os or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the vuinus or wound. Some febrile symptoms intervening at the same time (for the pulse was exuberant, and indicated much phlebotomy), I apprehended an immediate mortification. To prevent which, I presently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to have found extremely sizy and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints; but, to my surprise, it appeared rosy and florid, and its consistency differed little from the blood of those in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly answered the intention; and, after three or four times dressing, the wound began to discharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the cohesion———But perhaps I do not make myself perfectly well understood? No, really, answered the lieutenant, I cannot say I understand a syllable.—Well, sir, said the surgeon, then I shall not tire your patience; in short, within six weeks my patient was able to walk upon his legs as perfectly as he could have done before he received

the contusion.—I wish, sir, said the lieutenant, you would be so kind only to inform me, whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive, is likely to prove mortal.—Sir, answered the surgeon, to say whether a wound will prove mortal or not, at first dressing, would be very weak and foolish presumption: we are all mortal, and symptoms often occur in a cure which the greatest of our profession could never foresee.—But do you think him in danger? says the other.—In danger! ay, surely, cries the doctor: who is there among us, who, in the most perfect health, can be said not to be in danger? Can a man, therefore, with so bad a wound as this be said to be out of danger? All I can say at present is, that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the morning; and in the mean time, let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water-gruel.—Won't you allow him sack-whey? said the landlady. Ay, ay, sack-whey, cries the doctor, if you will, provided it be very small.—And a little chicken broth too? added she. Yes, yes, chicken broth, said the doctor, is very good.—Mayn't I make him some jellies too? said the landlady. Ay, ay, answered the doctor, jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion. And, indeed, it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied, rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The doctor was no sooner gone, than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favourable an opinion of his physical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighbourhood, entertained (and perhaps very rightly); for though I am afraid the doctor was a

little of a coxcomb, he might be, nevertheless, very much of a surgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned discourse of the surgeon that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict guard, designing in the morning to attend him to a justice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Gloucester to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor speak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening, our commander sent a message to Mr. Jones, that, if a visit would not be troublesome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his friend, that if he had not received express orders to the contrary from the surgeon, he should have got up long ago; for he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme soreness on that side of his head.

I should be very glad, quoth the lieutenant, if you was as well as you fancy yourself; for then you would be able to do yourself justice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in a case of a blow, the sooner you take him out the better; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you.

I'll try, however, answered Jones, if you please, and will be so kind to lend me a sword, for I have none here of my own.

My sword is heartily at your service, my dear boy, cries the lieutenant, kissing him; you are a brave lad, and I love your spirit; but I fear your

strength; for such a blow, and so much loss of blood, must have very much weakened you; and though you feel no want of strength in your bed, yet you most probably would after a thrust or two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days' march advance; and I give you my honour you shall have satisfaction, or the man who hath injured you shan't stay in our regiment.

I wish, said Jones, it was possible to decide this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me, I shall not be able to rest.

Oh, never think of it, returned the other: a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honour are not like those in your body: they suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether as well for you to receive satisfaction a week hence as now.

But suppose, says Jones, I should grow worse, and die of the consequences of my present wound.

Then your honour, answered the lieutenant, will require no reparation at all. I myself will do justice to your character, and testify to the world your intention to have acted properly, if you had recovered.

Still, replied Jones, I am concerned at the delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a soldier; but, though I have been a very wild young fellow, still, in my most serious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a christian.

So am I too, I assure you, said the officer; and so zealous a one, that I was pleased with you at dinner for taking up the cause of your religion; and I am a little offended with you now, young gentleman, that you should express a fear of declaring your faith before any one.

But how terrible must it be, cries Jones, to any one, who is really a christian, to cherish malice in

his breast, in opposition to the command of him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick-bed? Or how shall I make up my account, with such an article as this in my bosom against me?

Why, I believe there is such a command, cries the lieutenant; but a man of honour can't keep it. And you must be a man of honour, if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the case to our chaplain, over a bowl of punch, and he confessed there was much difficulty in it; but he said, he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance; and to be sure it is our duty to hope so; for who would bear to live without his honour? No, no, my dear boy, be a good christian as long as you live; but be a man of honour too, and never put up with an affront; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honour more. There must be some mistake in the wording of the text, or in the translation, or in the understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risk, for he must preserve his honour. So compose yourself to-night, and, I promise you, you shall have an opportunity of doing yourself justice. Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones, therefore, having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

A most dreadful chapter indeed; and which few readers ought to venture upon in an evening, especially when alone.

JONES swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the serjeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily, that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud, that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the serjeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the serjeant with his design; though he might have done it with great safety, for the halberdier was himself a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would, therefore, have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not these virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the serjeant, that, as he was now entered into the army, he was

ashamed of being without what was, perhaps, the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely, a sword; adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him, if he could procure one. For which, says he, I will give you any reasonable price: nor do I insist upon its being silver-hilted; only a good blade, and such as may become a soldier's thigh.

The serjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now, as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humour in the sick man. Sir, says he, I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-hilted, which as you say, doth not become a soldier; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe. It is a blade that—a blade that—In short, I will fetch it you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. I am glad to see your honour so well with all my heart.

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the serjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The serjeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said (nay he swore very heartily), that the blade was taken from a French officer, of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myself, says he, from his side, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one, That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are some of them, an't please your honour, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade.

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The serjeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid, lest he should injure his family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

Twenty guineas! says Jones, in the utmost surprise: sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavour to impose upon me. Here, take the sword—No, now I think on't, I will keep it myself, and show it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it.

The serjeant, as we have said, had always his wit *(in sensu prædicto)* about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprise as the other had shown, and said, I am certain, sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider, it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risk of my officer's displeasure, by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty shillings was so much out of the way.

Twenty shillings! cries Jones; why you just now asked me twenty guineas.—How! cries the serjeant; sure your honour must have mistaken me; or else I mistook myself—and indeed I am but half awake. Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder your honour flew into such a passion. I say twenty guineas too! No, no, I mean twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honour comes to consider every thing, I hope you will not think that so

extravagant a price. It is indeed true, you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But—

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, I will be so far from making any words with you, that I will give you a shilling more than your demand. He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The serjeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandise, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the serjeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its colour was white, showed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his new-purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. Very well, said he; and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honour. And who is this human being? A rascal, who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by Heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of Heaven? Shall I incur the divine displeasure rather than be called—ha—coward—scoundrel?—I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him.

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one

in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right-hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones, seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found—an empty quart pot, standing on the ta-

ble, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but, upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name; but no one answered: nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer. He now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors, who are hereafter to represent a man frighted out of his wits, had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures, for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed; whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman, who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door of his chamber, the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise

him, and some concluded him dead: but they presently saw their mistake; for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and spectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself: but when they asked him what was the matter? he answered, I am a dead man, that's all; I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him.—What hast thou seen, Jack? says one of the soldiers. Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday. He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women presently believed it firmly, and prayed Heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a serjeant, who was present, answered very coolly: Young man, you will hear more of this, for going to sleep and dreaming on your post.

The soldier replied, You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux.

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last-mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occasion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the serjeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

CHAPTER XV.

The conclusion of the foregoing adventure.

Besides the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harboured another and worse doubt against the poor sentinel, and this was, that of treachery; for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impose upon him, and that the fellow had in reality been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in several actions, having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and a valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton, then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had, perhaps, seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate, that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close winter-quarters in the castle of Gloucester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he moreover free from some uneasy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think,

rather ought to honour than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *quomodo*, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was extremely strong and well made. His face too was accounted handsome by the generality of women; for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down; for which she would give him an opportunity, by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular, which might possibly have some little share in this action.

The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had entrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would better appear and answer to the charge against him: but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that she had the money, and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect, from the compassionate temper of this good woman, that when she saw the poor sentinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but, far from being an advocate for the prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have had any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet, and most of the company returned again to their beds, but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rung at least twenty times without any effect: for my landlady was in such high mirth with her

company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen (for neither durst he sit up, nor she lie in bed alone), the more they heard the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and as it were nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. Joe, says the mistress, don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up?—It is not my business, answered the drawer, to wait upon the chambers,—it is Betty Chambermaid's—If you come to that, answered the maid, it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do again, since you make your preambles about it. The bell still ringing violently, their mistress fell into a passion, and swore, if the drawer did not go immediately, she would turn him away that very morning. If you do, madam, says he, I can't help it. I won't do another servant's business. She then applied herself to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain: Betty was as inflexible as Joe. Both insisted it was not their business, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, Come, I will put an end to this contention; and then turning to the servants, commended them for their resolution in not giving up the point; but added, he was sure, if one would consent to go, the other would. To which proposal they both agreed in an instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeased the wrath of the landlady, by satis-

fying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress, that the sick gentleman was so far from being dead, that he spoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his service to the captain, and should be very glad of the favour of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bed-side, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this Jones related to him the whole truth; and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, who, I am confident, says he, is as innocent of the ensign's escape, as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavouring to impose on you.

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered: Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other; because he was not the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have? and, to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself; but remember the christian doctrine of patience, and I warrant, you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honourable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you. The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compose himself to rest.

BOOK VIII.

CONTAINING ABOVE TWO DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory chapters.

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the course of our history will oblige us to relate some matters of a more strange and surprising kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiss, in the prolegomenous, or introductory chapter, to say something of that species of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we shall, as well for the sake of ourselves, as of others, endeavour to set some certain bounds; and, indeed, nothing can be more necessary, as critics* of different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while some are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the same thing which is impossible, may yet be probable, † others have so little historic or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either possible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own observation.

First, then, I think it may very reasonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the

* By this word, here, and in most other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

† It is happy for M. Dacier that he was not an Irishman.

bounds of possibility; and still remembers that what it is not possible for man to perform, it is scarce possible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction, perhaps, gave birth to many stories of the ancient Heathen deities (for most of them are of poetical original). The poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and consequently they could not be shocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is perhaps a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, because Ulysses told a set of foolish lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but because the poet himself wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I must confess, so compassionate is my temper, I wish Polypheme had confined himself to his milk diet, and preserved his eye; nor could Ulysses be much more concerned than myself, when his companions were turned into swine by Circe, who showed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's flesh, to be supposed capable of converting it into bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all title to respect, but to become the objects of scorn and derision. A conduct which must have shocked the credulity of a pious and sagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glo-

rious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burlesque the superstitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have rested too long on a doctrine which can be of no use to a christian writer; for as he cannot introduce in his works any of that heavenly host which make a part of his creed, so is it horrid puerility to search the heathen theology for any of those deities who have been long since dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shaftesbury observes, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muse by a modern: he might have added, that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may, with much more elegance, invoke a ballad, as some have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale, with the author of Hudibras: which latter may, perhaps, have inspired much more poetry, as well as prose, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts; but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are, indeed, like arsenic, and other dangerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution; nor would I advise the introduction of them at all in those works, or by those authors, to which, or to whom, a horse-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other such mummery, I purposely omit the mention of them, as, I should be very unwilling to confine within any bounds those surprising imaginations, for whose vast capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whose works are to be considered as a new creation; and who have consequently just right to do what they will with their own.

Man, therefore, is the highest subject (unless on very extraordinary occasions indeed) which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet; and, in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we describe.

Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us; we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle; or, if not, it is the opinion of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty when it is as old, That it is no excuse for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is matter of fact. This may, perhaps, be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the historian; for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them, though they may be of so extraordinary a nature as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them. Such was the successless armament of Xerxes, described by Herodotus, or the successful expedition of Alexander, related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt, obtained by Harry the Fifth; or that of Narva, won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the story, nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential part of it, the historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened, but indeed would be unpardonable should he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of such consequence nor so necessary, which, though ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to oblivion, in complaisance to the scepticism of a reader. Such is that memorable story of the ghost

of George Villers, which might with more propriety have been made a present of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghost of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his Discourse upon Death, than have been introduced into so solemn a work as the History of the Rebellion.

To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though ever so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder and surprise of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction, therefore, that we generally offend against this rule, of deserting probability, which the historian seldom, if ever, quits, till he forsakes his character, and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, those historians, who relate public transactions, have the advantage of us who confine ourselves to scenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety supported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent testimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of posterity; and no one doubts but that men so very good, and so very bad, were once the masters of mankind.

But we, who deal in private character, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of possibility, but of probability too; and this more especially in paint-

ing what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the history of Fisher; who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet in order to possess himself of what remained in his friend's scrutoire, concealed himself in a public office of the Temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections arose to restrain his purpose; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking-place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber, discharged a pistol-ball into his head. This may be believed when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited, that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the person, cry out, Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby were now present! Manifesting in this a more seared and callous conscience than even Nero himself; of whom we are told by Suetonius, that the consciousness of his guilt, after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued; nor could all the congratulations of the soldiers, of the senate, and the people, allay the horrors of his conscience.

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my reader, that I had known a man whose penetrating genius had enabled him to raise a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him; that he had done this with the most perfect preservation of his integrity, and not only without the least injustice or injury to any one individual person, but with the highest advantage to trade, and a vast increase of the public revenue; that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in discovering a taste superior to most, by works where the highest dignity was united with the purest simplicity, and another part in displaying a degree of goodness superior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whose only recommendations were their merits, or their wants; that he was most industrious in searching after merit in distress, most eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done; that his house, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hospitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without tinsel, or external ostentation; that he filled every relation in life with the most adequate virtue; that he was most piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign; a most tender husband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a cheerful companion, indulgent to his servants, hospitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to these the epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might surely say,

—Quis credet? nemo Hercule! nemo;
Vel duo, vel nemo;

And yet I know a man who is all I have here described. But a single instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the person, nor of any thing like him. Such *raræ aves* should be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to some poet, who may condescend to hitch him in a distich, or to slide him into a rhyme with an air of carelessness and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the last place, the actions should be such as may not only be within the compass of human agency, and which human agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very actors and characters themselves to have performed; for what may be only wonderful and surprising in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last requisite is what the dramatic critics call conservation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a most exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself, than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current. I will venture to say, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the best parts of the story of M. Antoninus be ascribed to Nero, or should the worst incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more shocking to belief than either instance; whereas both these, being related of their proper agent, constitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen al-

most universally into the error here hinted at: their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the first four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter women of virtue and discretion; nor is the writer often so kind as to give himself the least trouble to reconcile or account for this monstrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reason to be assigned for it, than because the play is drawing to a conclusion; as if it was no less natural in a rogue to repent in the last act of a play, than in the last of his life; which we perceive to be generally the case at Tyburn, a place which might indeed close the scene of some comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within these few restrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can surprise the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the highest rank observes in his fifth chapter of the Bathos, The great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction; in order to join the credible with the surprising.

For though every good author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters, or his incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a newspaper. Nor must he be inhibited from showing many persons and things, which may possibly have

never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer strictly observes the rules above mentioned, he hath discharged his part; and is then entitled to some faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he disbelieves him. For want of a portion of such faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large assembly of clerks and apprentices; though it had the previous suffrages of many ladies of the first rank; one of whom, very eminent for her understanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

In which the landlady pays a visit to Mr. Jones.

When Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to close his eyes, but all in vain; his spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented, himself with the thoughts of his Sophia till it was open daylight, he called for some tea; upon which occasion my landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a visit.

This was indeed the first time she had seen him, or at least had taken any notice of him; but as the lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young gentleman of fashion, she now determined to shew him all the respect in her power; for, to speak truly, this was one of those houses where gentlemen, to use the language of advertisements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no sooner begun to make his tea, than she

likewise began to discourse. La! sir, said she, I think it is great pity that such a pretty young gentleman should undervalue himself so, as to go about with these soldier fellows. They call themselves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my first husband used to say, they should remember it is we that pay them. And to be sure it is very hard upon us to be obliged to pay 'um and to keep 'um too, as we publicans are. I had twenty of 'um last night besides officers, nay, for matter o' that, I had rather have the soldiers than officers: for nothing is ever good enough for those sparks; and, I am sure, if you was to see the bills; la! sir, it is nothing. I have had less trouble, I warrant you, with a good squire's family, where we take forty or fifty shillings of a night, besides horses. And yet I warrants me, there is narrow a one of all those officer fellows, but looks upon himself to be as good as arrow a squire of 500*l.* a year. To be sure it doth me good to hear their men run about after 'um, crying, your honour, and your honour. Marry come up with such honour, and an ordinary at a shilling a head. Then there's such swearing among 'um, to be sure, it frightens me out o' my wits: I thinks nothing can ever prosper with such wicked people. And here one of 'um has used you in so barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how well the rest would secure him: they all hang together; for if you had been in danger of death, which I am glad to see you are not, it would have been all as one to such wicked people. They would have let the murderer go. Laud have mercy upon 'um! I would not have such a sin to answer for, for the whole world. But though you are likely, with the blessing of God, to recover, there is laa for him yet; and if you will employ lawyer Small, I darest be sworn he'll make the fellow fly the country for him; though perhaps he'll have fled the country be-

fore; for it is here to-day and gone to-morrow with such chaps. I hope, however, you will learn more wit for the future, and return back to your friends: I warrant they are all miserable for your loss: and if they was but to know what had happened—La, my seeming! I would not for the world they should. Come, come, we know very well what all the matter is; but if one won't another will; so pretty a gentleman need never want a lady. I am sure, if I was as you, I would see the finest she that ever wore a head hanged, before I would go for a soldier for her. —Nay, don't blush so! (for indeed he did to a violent degree). Why you thought, sir, I knew nothing of the matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia.—How, says Jones, starting up, do you know my Sophia?—Do I! ay marry, cries the landlady: many's the time hath she lain in this house.—With her aunt, I suppose, says Jones.—Why there's a now, cries the landlady. Ay, ay, a, I know the old lady very well. And a sweet young creature is Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't.—A sweet creature! cries Jones; O Heavens!

> Angels are painted fair to look like her.
> There 's in her all that we believe of Heav'n
> Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
> Eternal joy and everlasting love.

And could I ever have imagined that you had known my Sophia!—I wish, says the landlady, you knew half so much of her. What would you have given to have sat by her bedside? What a delicious neck she hath! Her lovely limbs have stretched themselves in that very bed you now lie in! cries Jones: hath Sophia ever lain here?—Ay, ay, here; there, in that very bed, says the landlady; where I wish you had her this moment; and she may wish so too, for any thing I know to the contrary; for she hath mentioned your name to me

Ha! cries he; did she ever mention her poor Jones? You flatter me now: I can never believe so much. —Why, then, answered she, as I hope to be saved, and may the devil fetch me if I speak a syllable more than the truth, I have heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil and modest way, I confess; yet I could perceive she thought a great deal more than she said. —O my dear woman! cries Jones, her thoughts of me I shall never be worthy of. Oh, she is all gentleness, kindness, goodness! Why was such a rascal as I born, ever to give her soft bosom a moment's uneasiness? Why am I cursed? I, who would undergo all the plagues and miseries which any dæmon ever invented for mankind to procure her any good; nay, torture itself could not be misery to me, did I but know that she was happy. —Why, look you there now, says the landlady: I told her you was a constant lovier.—But pray, madam, tell me when or where you knew any thing of me; for I never was here before, nor do I remember ever to have seen you.—Nor is it possible you should, answered she; for you was a little thing when I had you in my lap at the squire's.—How, the squire's? says Jones: what, do you know the great and good Mr. Allworthy then?—Yes, marry do I, says she: who in the country doth not?—The fame of his goodness, indeed, answered Jones, must have extended further than this; but Heaven only can know him, can know that benevolence which it copied from itself, and sent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are as ignorant of such divine goodness, as they are unworthy of it; but none so unworthy of it as myself. I, who was raised by him to such a height, taken in, as you must well know, a poor base born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own son, to dare by my follies to disoblige him, to draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it all;

for I will never be so ungrateful as ever to think he hath done an act of injustice by me. No, I deserve to be turned out of doors, as I am. And now, madam, says he, I believe you will not blame me for turning soldier, especially with such a fortune as this in my pocket. At which words he shook a purse which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the landlady to have less.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phrase) struck all of a heap by this relation. She answered coldly, That to be sure people were the best judges what was most proper for their circumstances. But hark, says she, I think I hear somebody call. Coming! coming! the devil's in all our volk; nobody hath any ears. I must go down stairs; if you want any more breakfast, the maid will come up. Coming! At which words, without taking any leave, she flung out of the room; for the lower sort of people are very tenacious of respect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to persons of quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own order without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

CHAPTER III

In which the surgeon makes his second appearance.

Before we proceed any further, that the reader may not be mistaken in imagining the landlady knew more than she did, nor surprised that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occasion of the quarrel; and, as for the rest of her knowledge, the sagacious reader will observe how she came by it in

the preceding scene. Great curiosity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her house, without inquiring as much as possible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no sooner gone than Jones, instead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the same bed which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not consider that such kind of lovers will make a very inconsiderable part of our readers. In this situation the surgeon found him, when he came to dress his wound. The doctor perceiving, upon examination, that his pulse was disordered; and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great danger; for he apprehended a fever was coming on, which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not submit, declaring he would lose no more blood; and, doctor, says he, if you will be so kind only to dress my head, I have no doubt of being well in a day or two.

I wish, answered the surgeon, I could assure your being well in a month or two. Well, indeed! No, no, people are not so soon well of such contusions; but, sir, I am not at this time of day to be instructed in my operations by a patient, and I insist on making a revulsion before I dress you.

Jones persisted obstinately in his refusal, and the doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same time that he would not be answerable for the ill consequence, and hoped he would do him the justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promised he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, ad-

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dressing himself to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

It is an eating fever then, says the landlady; for he hath devoured two swingeing buttered toasts this morning for breakfast.

Very likely, says the doctor: I have known people eat in a fever; and it is very easily accounted for; because the acidity occasioned by the febrile matter may stimulate the nerves of the diaphragm, and thereby occasion a craving which will not be easily distinguishable from a natural appetite; but the aliment will not be concreted, nor assimilated into chyle, and so will corrode the circular orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrile symptoms. Indeed, I think the gentleman in a very dangerous way, and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid will die.

Every man must die some time or other, answered the good woman; it is no business of mine. I hope, doctor, you would not have me hold him while you bleed him.—But, harkee, a word in your ear; I would advise you, before you proceed too far, to take care who is to be your paymaster.

Paymaster! said the doctor, staring; why I've a gentleman under my hands, have I not?

I imagined so as well as you, said the landlady; but as my first husband used to say, every thing is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant scrub, I assure you. However, take no notice that I mentioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think people in business oft always to let one another know such things.

And have I suffered such a fellow as this, cries the doctor, in a passion, to instruct me? Shall I

hear my practice insulted by one who will not pay me! I am glad I have made this discovery in time. I will see now whether he will be blooded or no. He then immediately went up stairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very sound nap, into which he was fallen, and, what was still worse, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

Will you be blooded or no? cries the doctor, in a rage. I have told you my resolution already, answered Jones, and I wish with my heart you had taken my answer; for you have awaked me out of the sweetest sleep which I ever had in my life.

Ay, ay, cries the doctor; many a man hath dozed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no more than food; but remember, I demand of you for the last time, will you be blooded?—I answer you for the last time, said Jones, I will not.—Then I wash my hands of you, cries the doctor; and I desire you to pay me for the trouble I have had already. Two journeys at 5*s*. each, two dressings at 5*s*. more, and half a crown for phlebotomy.—I hope, said Jones, you don't intend to leave me in this condition.—Indeed but I shall, said the other.—Then, said Jones, you have used me rascally, and I will not pay you a farthing.—Very well, cries the doctor; the first loss is the best. What a pox did my landlady mean by sending for me to such vagabonds! At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himself about soon recovered his sleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAPTER IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleasantest barbers that was ever recorded in history, the barber of Bagdad, or he in Don Quixote, not excepted.

THE clock had now struck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of seven hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect health and spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself; for which purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean linen, and a suit of clothes; but first he slipped on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to bespeak something that might pacify certain tumults he found rising within his stomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accosted her with great civility, and asked, What he could have for dinner?—For dinner! says she; it is an odd time of day to think about dinner. There is nothing dressed in the house, and the fire is almost out.—Well but, says he, I must have something to eat, and it is indifferent to me what; for, to tell you the truth, I was never more hungry in my life.—Then says she, I believe there is a piece of cold buttock and carrot, which will fit you.—Nothing better, answered Jones; but I should be obliged to you, if you would let it be fried. To which the landlady consented, and said, smiling, She was glad to see him so well recovered; for the sweetness of our hero's temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom, but she loved money so much, that she hated every thing which had the semblance of poverty.

Jones now returned, in order to dress himself, while his dinner was preparing, and was according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little

Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into small inconveniences, such as slaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a jest; and those who do are often displeased with being themselves the subjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the least respect of persons, time, or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I shall not mention, as the reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary person.

Jones being impatient to be dressed, for a reason which may easily be imagined, thought the shaver was very tedious in preparing his suds, and begged him to make haste; to which the other answered with much gravity, for he never discomposed his muscles on any account, *Festina lentè* is a proverb which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor.—I find, friend, you are a scholar, replied Jones. A poor one, said the barber, *non omnia possumus omnes.*—Again! said Jones; I fancy you are good at capping verses.—Excuse me, sir, said the barber, *non tanto me dignor honore.* And then proceeding to his operation, Sir, said he, since I have dealt in suds, I could never discover more than two reasons for shaving, the one is to get a beard, and the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, sir, it may not be long since you shaved, from the former of these motives. Upon my word, you have had good success; for one may say of your beard, that it is *tondenti gravior.*—I conjecture, says Jones, that thou art a very comical fellow.—You

mistake me widely, said the barber, I am too much addicted to the study of philosophy; *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, sir; that's my misfortune. Too much learning hath been my ruin.—Indeed, says Jones, I confess, friend, you have more learning than generally belongs to your trade; but I can't see how it can have injured you.—Alas! answered the shaver, my father disinherited me for it. He was a dancing-master; and because I could read before I could dance, he took an aversion to me, and left every farthing among his children.—Will you please to have your temples—O lud! I ask your pardon, I fancy there is *hiatus in manuscriptis*, I heard you was going to the play; but I find it was a mistake.—Why do you conclude so? says Jones. Sure sir, answered the barber, you are too wise a man to carry a broken head thither! for that would be carrying coals to Newcastle.

Upon my word, cries Jones, thou art a very odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely: I shall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after dinner, and drink a glass with me; I long to be better acquainted with thee.

O dear sir! said the barber, I can do you twenty times as great a favour, if you will accept of it.—What is that, my friend, cries Jones. Why, I will drink a bottle with you, if you please, for I dearly love good-nature; and as you have found me out to be a comical fellow, so I have no skill in physiognomy, if you are not one of the best-natured gentlemen in the universe. Jones now walked down stairs neatly dressed, and perhaps the fair Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did not resemble Venus at all in her person, so neither did she in her taste. Happy had it been for Nanny, the chambermaid, if she had seen with the

eyes of her mistress; for that poor girl fell so violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her passion afterwards cost her many a sigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for she had refused a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occasion it should, his dinner remaining in *statu quo*, as did the fire which was to dress it. This disappointment might have put many a philosophical temper into a passion; but it had no such effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, saying, Since it was so difficult to get it heated, he would eat the beef cold. But now the good woman, whether moved by compassion, or by shame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, first gave her servants a round scold for disobeying the orders which she had never given; and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, she set about the matter in good earnest, and soon accomplished it.

This Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucus a non lucendo;* for it was an apartment into which the sun had scarce ever looked. It was indeed the worst room in the house; and happy was it for Jones that it was so. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once satisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expressed some resentment at having been shown into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after some time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his company, had he not been listening in the

kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that she had gathered round her with the history of poor Jones, part of which she had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious composition: for she said he was a poor parish boy, taken into the house of Squire Allworthy, where he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned out of doors for his misdeeds, particularly for making love to his young mistress, and probably for robbing the house; for how else should he come by the little money he hath; and this, says she, is your gentleman, forsooth.—A servant of Squire Allworthy! says the barber; what's his name?—Why he told me his name was Jones, says she: perhaps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, and he told me too, that the squire had maintained him as his own son, thof he had quarrelled with him now.—And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth, said the barber; for I have relations who live in that country; nay, and some people say he is his son.—Why doth he not go by the name of his father?—I can't tell that, said the barber; many people's sons don't go by the name of their father.—Nay, said the landlady, if I thought he was a gentleman's son, thof he was a bye-blow, I should behave to him in another-guess manner; for many of these bye-blows come to be great men; and, as my poor first husband used to say, never affront any customer that's a gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.

THIS conversation passed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as soon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit down. Jones then filling out a glass of wine, drank his health by the appellation of *doctissime tonsorum. Ago tibi gratias, domine,* said the barber; and then looking very stedfastly at Jones, he said, with great gravity, and with a seeming surprise, as if he had recollected a face he had seen before, Sir, may I crave the favour to know if your name is not Jones? To which the other answered, That it was.—*Proh Deum atque hominum fidem!* says the barber; how strangely things come to pass! Mr. Jones, I am your most obedient servant. I find you do not know me, which indeed is no wonder, since you never saw me but once, and then you was very young. Pray, sir, how doth the good squire Allworthy; how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus?*—I find, said Jones, you do indeed know me; but I have not the like happiness of recollecting you.—I do not wonder at that, cries Benjamin; but I am surprised I did not know you sooner, for you are not in the least altered. And pray, sir, may I without offence inquire whither you are travelling this way?—Fill the glass, Mr. Barber, said Jones, and ask no more questions.—Nay, sir, answered Benjamin, I would not be troublesome; and I hope you don't think me a man of an impertinent curiosity, for that is a vice which nobody can lay to my charge; but I ask pardon; for when a gentleman of your figure travels without his servants, we

may suppose him to be, as we say, *in casu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have mentioned your name.—I own, says Jones, I did not expect to have been so well known in this country as I find I am; yet, for particular reasons, I shall be obliged to you if you will not mention my name to any other person, till I am gone from hence.—*Pauca verba*, answered the barber; and I wish no other here knew you but myself; for some people have tongues; but I promise you I can keep a secret. My enemies will allow me that virtue.—And yet that is not the characteristic of your profession, Mr. Barber, answered Jones. Alas! sir, replied Benjamin, *Non si male nunc et olim sic erit.* I was not born nor bred a barber, I assure you. I have spent most of my time among gentlemen, and though I say it, I understand something of gentility. And if you had thought me as worthy of your confidence as you have some other people, I should have shown you I could have kept a secret better. I should not have degraded your name in a public kitchen; for indeed, sir, some people have not used you well; for besides making a public proclamation of what you told them of a quarrel between yourself and Squire Allworthy, they added lies of their own, things which I knew to be lies.—You surprise me greatly, cries Jones. Upon my word, sir, answered Benjamin, I tell the truth, and I need not tell you my landlady was the person. I am sure it moved me to hear the story, and I hope it is all false; for I have a great respect for you, I do assure you I have, and have had, ever since the good-nature you showed to Black George, which was talked of all over the country, and I received more than one letter about it. Indeed, it made you beloved by every body. You will pardon me, therefore; for it was real concern at what I heard made me ask

many questions; for I have no impertinent curiosity about me; but I love good-nature, and thence became *amoris abundantia erga te.*

Every profession of friendship easily gains credit with the miserable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who, besides his being miserable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the professions of Benjamin, and received him into his bosom. The scraps of Latin, some of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not savour of profound literature, seemed yet to indicate something superior to a common barber; and so indeed his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had said, as to his original and education; and at length, after much entreaty, he said, Since you have heard, my friend, so much of my affairs, and seem so desirous to know the truth, if you will have patience to hear it, I will inform you of the whole.—Patience, cries Benjamin, that I will, if the chapter was never so long, and I am very much obliged to you for the honour you do me.

Jones now began, and related the whole history, forgetting only a circumstance or two, namely, every thing which passed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum; and ended with his resolution to go to sea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpose, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help observing, that there must be surely something more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy against him, or so good a man would never have dismissed one he had loved so tenderly in such a manner. To which Jones answered, He doubted not but such villainous arts had been made use of to destroy him.

And surely it was scarce possible for any one to have avoided making the same remark with the barber, who had not, indeed, heard from Jones one single circumstance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in those injurious lights in which they had been misrepresented to Allworthy; nor could he mention those many false accusations which had been from time to time preferred against him to Allworthy; for with none of these he was himself acquainted. He had likewise, as we have observed, omitted many material facts in his present relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in such favourable colours to Jones, that malice itself would have found it no easy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones desired to conceal or to disguise the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have suffered any censure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for punishing him, than on his own actions for deserving it; but, in reality, so it happened, and so it always will happen; for let a man be never so honest, the account of his own conduct will, in spite of himself, be so very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well strained, will leave all their foulness behind. For though the facts themselves may appear, yet so different will be the motives, circumstances, and consequences, when a man tells his own story, and when his enemy tells it, that we can scarce recognise the facts to be one and the same.

Though the barber had drank down this story with greedy ears, he was not yet satisfied. There was a circumstance behind, which his curiosity, cold as it was, most eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiously concealed the name of the young lady. The barber, therefore, after

some hesitation, and many hums and hahs, at last begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cause of all this mischief. Jones paused a moment, and then said, Since I have trusted you with so much, and since, I am afraid, her name is become too public already on this occasion, I will not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia Western.

Proh Deum atque hominum fidem! Squire Western hath a daughter grown a woman!—Ay, and such a woman, cries Jones, that the world cannot match. No eye ever saw any thing so beautiful; but that is her least excellence. Such sense! such goodness! Oh, I could praise her for ever, and yet should omit half her virtues!—Mr. Western a daughter grown up! cries the barber: I remember the father a boy; well, *tempus edax rerum.*

The wine being now at an end, the barber pressed very eagerly to be his bottle: but Jones absolutely refused, saying, He had already drank more than he ought; and that he now chose to retire to his room, where he wished he could procure himself a book.—A book! cries Benjamin; what book would you have? Latin or English? I have some curious books in both languages; such as *Erasmi Colloquia, Ovid de Tristibus, Gradus ad Parnassum;* and in English I have several of the best books, though some of them are a little torn; but I have a great part of Stowe's Chronicle; the sixth volume of Pope's Homer; the third volume of the Spectator; the second volume of Echard's Roman History; the Craftsman; Robinson Crusoe; Thomas a Kempis; and two volumes of Tom Brown's Works.

Those last, cries Jones, are books I never saw, so if you please lend me one of those volumes. The barber assured him he would be highly enter-

tained; for he looked upon the author to have been one of the greatest wits that ever the nation produced. He then stepped to his house, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which the barber having received very strict injunctions of secrecy from Jones, and having sworn inviolably to maintain it, they separated; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

CHAPTER VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary person was.

In the morning Jones grew a little uneasy at the desertion of his surgeon, as he apprehended some inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not dressing his wound: he inquired therefore of the drawer, what other surgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood. The drawer told him, there was one not far off: but he had known him often refuse to be concerned after another had been sent for before him; but, sir, says he, if you will take my advice, there is not a man in the kingdom can do your business better than the barber who was with you last night. We look upon him to be one of the ablest men at a cut in all this neighbourhood. For though he hath not been here above three months, he hath done several great cures.

The drawer was presently dispatched for Little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himself accordingly, and attended; but with so different an air and aspect from that which he wore when his basin was under

his arm, that he could scarce be known to be the same person.

So, tonsor, says Jones, I find you have more trades than one: how came you not to inform me of this last night?—A surgeon, answered Benjamin, with great gravity, is a profession, not a trade. The reason why I did not acquaint you last night that I professed this art, was that I then concluded you was under the hands of another gentleman, and I never love to interfere with my brethren in their business. *Ars omnibus communis.* But now, sir, if you please, I will inspect your head, and when I see into your skull, I will give my opinion of your case.

Jones had no great faith in this new professor; however he suffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound; which, as soon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and shake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peevish manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. Shall I answer you as a surgeon, or a friend? said Benjamin. As a friend, and seriously, said Jones. Why then upon my soul, cries Benjamin, it would require a great deal of art to keep you from being well after a very few dressings; and if you will suffer me to apply some salve of mine, I will answer for the success. Jones gave his consent, and the plaster was applied accordingly.

There, sir, cries Benjamin: now I will, if you please, resume my former self; but a man is obliged to keep up some dignity in his countenance whilst he is performing these operations, or the world will not submit to be handled by him. You can't imagine, sir, of how much consequence a grave aspect is to a grave character. A barber may

make you laugh, but a surgeon ought rather to make you cry.

Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-surgeon, said Jones.——O dear sir! answered Benjamin, interrupting him, *Infandum, regina, jubis renovare dolorem.* You recal to my mind that cruel separation of the united fraternities, so much to the prejudice of both bodies, as all separations must be, according to the old adage, *Vis unita fortior;* which to be sure there are not wanting some of one or of the other fraternity who are able to construe. What a blow was this to me, who unite both in my own person.—Well, by whatever name you please to be called, continued Jones, you certainly are one of the oddest, most comical fellows I ever met with, and must have something very surprising in your story, which you must confess I have a right to hear.—I do confess it, answered Benjamin, and will very readily acquaint you with it when you have sufficient leisure, for I promise you, it will require a good deal of time. Jones told him, he could never be more at leisure than at present. Well then, said Benjamin, I will obey you; but first I will fasten the door, that none may interrupt us. He did so, and then advancing with a solemn air to Jones, said, I must begin by telling you, sir, that you yourself have been the greatest enemy I ever had. Jones was a little startled at this sudden declaration. I your enemy, sir! says he, with much amazement, and some sternness in his look. Nay, be not angry, said Benjamin, for I promise you I am not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any wrong; for you was then an infant: but I shall, I believe, unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. Did you never hear, sir, of one Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed your father, and the misfortune of

being ruined by that honour?—I have, indeed, heard of that Partridge, says Jones, and have always believed myself to be his son.—Well, sir, answered Benjamin, I am that Partridge; but I here absolve you from all filial duty, for I do assure you, you are no son of mine.—How! replied Jones, and is it possible that a false suspicion should have drawn all the ill consequences upon you, with which I am too well acquainted?—It is possible, cries Benjamin, for it is so: but though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different temper. I have loved you ever since I heard of your behaviour to Black George, as I told you; and I am convinced, from this extraordinary meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have suffered on that account. Besides, I dreamed, the night before I saw you, that I stumbled over a stool without hurting myself; which plainly showed me something good was towards me; and last night I dreamed again that I rode behind you on a milk-white mare, which is a very excellent dream, and betokens much good fortune, which I am resolved to pursue, unless you have the cruelty to deny me.

I should be very glad, Mr. Partridge, answered Jones, to have it in my power to make you amends for your sufferings on my account, though at present I see no likelihood of it; however, I assure you I will deny you nothing which is in my power to grant.

It is in your power sure enough, replied Benjamin; for I desire nothing more than leave to attend you in this expedition. Nay, I have so entirely set my heart upon it, that if you should refuse me, you will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath.

Jones answered, smiling, that he should be very

sorry to be the occasion of so much mischief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reasons in order to dissuade Benjamin (whom we shall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpose; but all in vain. Partridge relied strongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. Besides, sir, says he, I promise you I have as good an inclination to the cause as any man can possibly have; and go I will, whether you admit me to go in your company or not.

Jones, who was as much pleased with Partridge as Partridge could be with him, and who had not consulted his own inclination, but the good of the other, in desiring him to stay behind, when he found his friend so resolute, at last gave his consent; but then recollecting himself, he said, Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, you think I shall be able to support you, but I really am not; and then taking out his purse he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge answered, That his dependance was only on his future favour; for he was thoroughly convinced he would shortly have enough in his power. At present, sir, said he, I believe I am rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is at your service and at your disposal. I insist upon your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your servant; *Nil desperandum est Teucro duce et auspice Teucro;* but to this generous proposal concerning the money, Jones would by no means submit.

It was resolved to set out the next morning; when a difficulty arose concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horse.

If I may presume to give my advice, says Partridge, this portmanteau, with every thing in it except a few shirts, should be left behind. Those I shall be easily able to carry for you, and the rest of

your clothes will remain very safely locked up in my house.

This method was no sooner proposed than agreed to; and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing better reasons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakness of Jones; and some further anecdotes concerning my landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the most superstitious of men, he would hardly perhaps have desired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the jointstool and white mare, if his prospect had been no better than to have shared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himself that Mr. Allworthy should turn his son (for so he most firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reason which he had heard assigned. He concluded, therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often, from his correspondents, heard the wildest character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father, he should by that means render a service to Allworthy which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had sacrificed him to his own reputation. And this suspicion, indeed, he well accounted for, from the tender behaviour of that excel-

lent man to the foundling child; from his great severity to Partridge, who, knowing himself to be innocent, could not conceive that any other should think him guilty; lastly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him, and which he looked upon as a kind of smart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injustice; for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to ascribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can possibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, persuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he should again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and should be again restored to his native country; a restoration which Ulysses himself never wished more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones, he was well satisfied with the truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him and zeal for the cause;—a blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of censure. To say the truth, there are but two ways by which men become possessed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which last I presume, is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are masters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive; for a man who hath been imposed on by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest; whereas he who receives certain necessary admonitions from within, that this is impossible, must have very little understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this

gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wisdom which is to be acquired this way, we seldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reason why some old men are apt to despise the understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

Jones spent most part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the house, or rather the husband of the landlady. He had but lately made his descent down stairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which distemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the rest, he walked about the house, smoked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himself in the least with any kind of business. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman; that is, bred up to do nothing; and had spent a very small fortune, which he inherited from an industrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horse-racing, and cock-fighting; and had been married by my landlady for certain purposes, which he had long since desisted from answering; for which she hated him heartily. But as he was a surly kind of fellow, so she contented herself with frequently upbraiding him by disadvantageous comparisons with her first husband, whose praise she had eternally in her mouth; and as she was for the most part mistress of the profit, so she was satisfied to take upon herself the care and government of the family, and, after a long and successful struggle, to suffer her husband to be master of himself.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a small dispute arose between this fond couple concerning him:—What, says the wife, you have

been tippling with the gentleman, I see!—Yes, answered the husband, we have cracked a bottle together, and a very gentlemanlike man he is, and hath a very pretty notion of horse-flesh. Indeed, he is young, and hath not seen much of the world; for I believe he hath been at a very few horse-races.—O ho! he is one of your order, is he? replies the landlady: he must be a gentleman, to be sure, if he is a horse-racer. The devil fetch such gentry: I am sure I wish I had never seen any of them. I have reason to love horse-racers, truly!—That you have, says the husband; for I was one, you know.—Yes, answered she, you are a pure one indeed. As my first husband used to say, I may put all the good I have ever got by you in my eyes, and see never the worse.—D—n your first husband, cries he. Don't d—n a better man than yourself, answered the wife: if he had been alive, you durst not have done it.—Then you think, says he, I have not so much courage as yourself; for you have d—n'd him often in my hearing.—If I did, said she, I have repented of it many's the good time and oft: and if he was so good to forgive me a word spoken in haste or so, it doth not become such a one as you to twitter me. He was a husband to me, he was; and if ever I did make use of an ill word or so in a passion, I never called him rascal; I should have told a lie, if I had called him rascal. Much more she said, but not in his hearing; for having lighted his pipe, he staggered off as fast as he could. We shall therefore transcribe no more of her speech, as it approached still nearer and nearer to a subject too indelicate to find any place in this history.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bed-side of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with his knapsack at his back. This was his own

workmanship; for, besides his other trades, he was no indifferent tailor. He had already put up his whole stock of linen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own house, but was stopped in his way by the landlady, who refused to suffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have said, absolute governess in these regions; it was therefore necessary to comply with her rules; so the bill was presently writ out, which amounted to a much larger sum than might have been expected, from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to disclose some maxims, which publicans hold to be the grand mysteries of their trade. The first is, if they have any thing good in their house (which indeed very seldom happens), to produce it only to persons who travel with great equipages. Secondly, to charge the same for the very worst provisions, as if they were the best. And, lastly, if any of their guests call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have; so that the amount by the head may be much the same.

The bill being made and discharged, Jones set forward with Partridge, carrying his knapsack; nor did the landlady condescend to wish him a good journey; for this was, it seems, an inn frequented by people of fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their livelihood by people of fashion, contract as much insolence to the rest of mankind, as if they really belonged to that rank themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell: the character of that house, and of a pettifogger whom he there meets with.

Mr. Jones and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six feet high), having left their last quarters in the manner before described, travelled on to Gloucester, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their house of entertainment the sign of the Bell, an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very honest plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any disturbance either in church or state. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and is still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but though she must be conscious of this and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to, that state of life to which she is called; and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wisdom of her temper; for she is at present as free from any methodistical notions as her husband: I say at present; for she freely confesses that her brother's documents made at first some impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the expense of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the Spirit; but having

found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotion, she says, worth a farthing, she very wisely laid by her hood, and abandoned the sect.

To be concise, she is a very friendly good-natured woman; and so industrious to oblige, that the guests must be of a very morose disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her house.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her sagacity soon discovered in the air of our hero something which distinguished him from the vulgar. She ordered her servants, therefore, immediately to show him into a room, and presently afterwards invited him to dinner with herself; which invitation he very thankfully accepted; for indeed much less agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worse entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome, after so long fasting, and so long a walk.

Besides Mr. Jones and the good governess of the mansion, there sat down at table an attorney of Salisbury, indeed the very same who had brought the news of Mr. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whose name, which I think we did not before mention, was Dowling: there was likewise present another person, who styled himself a lawyer, and who lived somewhere near Linlinch, in Somersetshire. This fellow, I say, styled himself a lawyer, but was indeed a most vile pettifogger, without sense or knowledge of any kind; one of those who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a sort of supernumeraries in the profession, who are the hackneys of attorneys, and will ride more miles for half a crown than a postboy.

During the time of dinner, the Somersetshire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he

had seen at Mr. Allworthy's; for he had often visited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occasion to inquire after the good family there with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the honour of speaking to any person in that family higher than the butler. Jones answered all his questions with much civility, though he never remembered to have seen the pettifogger before; and though he concluded, from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he usurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means entitled.

As the conversation of fellows of this kind is of all others the most detestable to men of any sense, the cloth was no sooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taste, lament, as the severest lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their guests.

Jones had no sooner quitted the room, than the pettifogger, in a whispering tone, asked Mrs. Whitefield, If she knew who that fine spark was? She answered, She had never seen the gentleman before.—The gentleman, indeed! replied the pettifogger; a pretty gentleman, truly! Why, he's the bastard of a fellow who was hanged for horse-stealing. He was dropped at Squire Allworthy's door, where one of the servants found him in a box so full of rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned, had he not been reserved for another fate.—Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I protest; we understand what that fate is very

well, cries Dowling, with a most facetious grin.—Well continued the other, the squire ordered him to be taken in; for he is a timbersome man every body knows, and was afraid of drawing himself into a scrape; and there the bastard was bred up, and fed, and clothified all to the world like any gentleman; and there he got one of the servant-maids with child, and persuaded her to swear it to the squire himself; and afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. Thwackum, a clergyman, only because he reprimanded him for following whores; and afterwards he snapt a pistol at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and once, when Squire Allworthy was sick, he got a drum, and beat it all over the house, to prevent him from sleeping; and twenty other pranks he hath played, for all which, about four or five days ago, just before I left the country, the squire stripped him stark naked, and turned him out of doors.

And very justly, too, I protest, cries Dowling; I would turn my own son out of doors, if he was guilty of half as much. And pray what is the name of this pretty gentleman?

The name o'un? answered Pettifogger; why, he is called Thomas Jones.

Jones! answered Dowling a little eagerly; what Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's! was that the gentleman that dined with us?—The very same, said the other. I have heard of the gentleman, cries Dowling, often; but I never heard any ill character of him.—And I am sure, says Mrs. Whitefield, if half what this gentleman hath said be true, Mr. Jones hath the most deceitful countenance I ever saw; for sure his looks promise something very different; and I must say, for the little I have seen of him, he is as civil a well-bred man as you would wish to converse with.

Pettifogger calling to mind that he had not been sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with so many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady's ears were shocked, and she put a stop to his swearing, by assuring him of her belief. Upon which he said, I hope, madam, you imagine I would scorn to tell such things of any man, unless I knew them to be true. What interest have I in taking away the reputation of a man who never injured me? I promise you every syllable of what I have said is fact, and the whole country knows it.

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reason to suspect that the pettifogger had any motive or temptation to abuse Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he so confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her skill in physiognomy, and henceforward conceived so ill an opinion of her guest, that she heartily wished him out of her house.

This dislike was now farther increased by a report which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company, That though he carried the knapsack, and contented himself with staying among servants, while Tom Jones (as he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his servant, but only a friend and companion, and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himself.

Dowling sat all this while silent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his lips, and protested that the gentleman looked like another sort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmost haste, declared he must be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The pettifogger now likewise departed, and then Jones desired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but she refused, and with a manner so different from that with which she had received him at dinner, that it a little surprised him. And now he soon perceived her behaviour totally changed; for instead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained severity on her countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he resolved, however late, to quit the house that evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden change; for, besides some hard and unjust surmises concerning female fickleness and mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horses; a sort of animals which as they dirty no sheets, are thought in inns to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her justice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, she looked on our hero as a sorry scoundrel, and therefore treated him as such; for which not even Jones himself, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the disrespect shown towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating circumstance which attends depriving men unjustly of their reputation; for a man who is conscious of having an ill character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his conversation, unless where a perfect

intimacy must have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the case of Jones; for as he was a perfect stranger to the truth, so he was with good reason offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly against the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonstrated much against it to no purpose, at last condescended to take up his knapsack, and to attend his friend.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing several dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow escape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal discovery to his friend.

The shadows began now to descend larger from the high mountains; the feathered creation had betaken themselves to their rest. Now the highest order of mortals were sitting down to their dinners, and the lowest order to their suppers. In a word, the clock struck five just as Mr. Jones took his leave of Gloucester; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of Night would have drawn her sable curtain over the universe, had not the moon forbid her, who now with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day, in order to sit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and,

turning to his companion, asked him if he had ever beheld so delicious an evening? Partridge making no ready answer to his question, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated some passages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his description of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the story from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleasing themselves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same object at the same time. Those lovers, added he, must have had souls truly capable of feeling all the tenderness of the sublimest of all human passions.—Very probably, cries Partridge; but I envy them more if they had bodies incapable of feeling cold; for I am almost frozen to death, and am very much afraid I shall lose a piece of my nose before we get to another house of entertainment. Nay, truly, we may well expect some judgment should happen to us for our folly in running away so by night from one of the most excellent inns I ever set my foot into. I am sure I never saw more good things in my life, and the greatest lord in the land cannot live better in his own house than he may there. And to forsake such a house, and go a rambling about the country, the Lord knows whither, *per devia rura viarum.* I say nothing for my part; but some people might not have charity enough to conclude we were in our sober senses.—Fie upon it, Mr. Partridge, says Jones, have a better heart; consider you are going to face an enemy; and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wish, indeed, we had a guide to advise which of these roads we

should take.—May I be so bold, says Partridge, to offer my advice? *Interdum stultus opportuna loquitur.* —Why, which of them, cries Jones, would you recommend?—Truly neither of them, answered Partridge. The only road we can be certain of finding is the road we came. A good hearty pace will bring us back to Gloucester in an hour; but if we go forward, the Lord Harry knows when we shall arrive at any place; for I see at least fifty miles before me, and no house in all the way, —You see, indeed, a very fair prospect, says Jones, which receives great additional beauty from the extreme lustre of the moon. However, I will keep the left-hand track, as that seems to lead directly to those hills, which we were informed lie not far from Worcester. And, here, if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and return back again; but, for my part, I am resolved to go forward.

It is unkind in you, sir, says Partridge, to suspect me of any such intention. What I have advised hath been as much on your account as on my own: but since you are determined to go on, I am as much determined to follow. *I præ, sequar te.*

They now travelled some miles without speaking to each other, during which suspense of discourse Jones often sighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, though from a very different reason. At length Jones made a full stop, and turning about, cries, Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes now fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant!—Very likely, sir, answered Partridge; and if my eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast beef, the devil might take the moon and her horns into the bargain.—Did ever Tramontane make such an

answer? cries Jones. Prithee, Partridge, wast thou ever susceptible of love in thy life, or hath time worn away all the traces of it from thy memory?—Alack-a-day, cries Partridge, well would it have been for me if I had never known what love was. *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.* I am sure I have tasted all the tenderness, and sublimities, and bitternesses of the passion.—Was your mistress unkind then? says Jones.—Very unkind, indeed, sir, answered Partridge; for she married me, and made one of the most confounded wives in the world. However, Heaven be praised, she's gone; and if I believed she was in the moon, according to a book I once read, which teaches that to be the receptacle of departed spirits, I would never look at it for fear of seeing her; but I wish, sir, that the moon was a looking-glass for your sake, and that Miss Sophia Western was now placed before it.—My dear Partridge, cries Jones, what a thought was there! A thought which I am certain could never have entered into any mind but that of a lover. O Partridge! could I hope once again to see that face! but, alas! all those golden dreams are vanished for ever, and my only refuge from future misery is to forget the object of all my former happiness.—And do you really despair of ever seeing Miss Western again? answered Partridge; if you will follow my advice, I will engage you shall not only see her, but have her in your arms.—Ha! do not awaken a thought of that nature, cries Jones: I have struggled sufficiently to conquer all such wishes already.—Nay, answered Partridge, if you do not wish to have your mistress in your arms, you are a most extraordinary lover indeed.—Well, well, says Jones, let us avoid this subject; but pray what is your advice?—To give it you in the military phrase then, says Partridge, as we are sol-

diers, To the right about: Let us return the way we came: we may yet reach Gloucester to-night, though late; whereas, if we proceed, we are likely, for aught I see, to ramble about for ever without coming either to house or home.—I have already told you my resolution is to go on, answered Jones; but I would have you go back. I am obliged to you for your company hither; and I beg you to accept a guinea as a small instance of my gratitude. Nay, it would be cruel in me to suffer you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly with you, my chief end and desire is a glorious death in the service of my king and country.—As for your money, replied Partridge, I beg, sir, you will put it up; I will receive none of you at this time; for at present I am, I believe, the richer man of the two. And as your resolution is to go on, so mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now my presence appears absolutely necessary to take care of you, since your intentions are so desperate; for I promise you my views are much more prudent; as you are resolved to fall in battle if you can, so I am resolved as firmly to come to no hurt if I can help it. And, indeed, I have the comfort to think there will be but little danger; for a popish priest told me the other day, the business would soon be over, and he believed without a battle.—A popish priest, cries Jones, I have heard is not always to be believed when he speaks in behalf of his religion.—Yes, but so far, answered the other, from speaking in behalf of his religion, he assured me the catholics did not expect to be any gainers by the change; for that Prince Charles was as good a protestant as any in England; and that nothing but regard to right made him and the rest of the popish party to be Jacobites.—I believe him to be as much a protestant as I believe he hath any right, says Jones; and I make no doubt of

our success, but not without a battle. So that I am not so sanguine as your friend the popish priest.—Nay, to be sure, sir, answered Partridge, all the prophecies I have ever read, speak of a great deal of blood to be spilt in the quarrel; and the miller with three thumbs, who is now alive, is to hold the horses of three kings, up to his knees in blood. Lord have mercy upon us all, and send better times!—With what stuff and nonsense hast thou filled thy head! answered Jones: This too, I suppose, comes from the popish priest. Monsters and prodigies are the proper arguments to support monstrous and absurd doctrines. The cause of king George is the cause of liberty and true religion. In other words, it is the cause of common sense, my boy, and I warrant you will succeed, though Briareus himself was to rise again with his hundred thumbs, and to turn miller. Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed cast into the utmost confusion by this declaration of Jones. For to inform the reader of a secret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the same party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation. For the tall long-sided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monster of Virgil, had related the story of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her usual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cause for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and most firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almost discovered to him before he

found out his own mistake. And at this the reader will be the less inclined to wonder, if he pleases to recollect the doubtful phrase in which Jones first communicated his resolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been less ambiguous, Partridge might very well have construed them as he did; being persuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the same inclination in their hearts: nor did it stagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of soldiers; for he had the same opinion of the army which he had of the rest of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was still much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reason he no sooner discovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up, his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, since he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be so desperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a constant correspondence with some of his neighbours since he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man, who, as Partridge had been instructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his son.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promised great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young gentleman; and if he could by any means be instrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already observed, that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he hath himself declared the violent attachment he had to the person and character of Jones; but possibly the views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have some little share in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at least in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered that his master and himself, like some prudent fathers and sons, though they travelled together in great friendship, had embraced opposite parties. I am led into this conjecture. by having remarked, that though love, friendship, esteem, and such like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; interest however is an ingredient seldom omitted by wise men, when they would work others to their own purposes. This is indeed a most excellent medicine, and, like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired effect.

CHAPTER X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

Just as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very steep hill. Here Jones stopped short, and directing his eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his companion, and said, Partridge, I wish I was at the top of this hill; it must certainly afford a most

charming prospect, especially by this light; for the solemn gloom which the moon casts on all objects is beyond expression beautiful, especially to an imagination which is desirous of cultivating melancholy ideas.—Very probably, answered Partridge; but if the top of the hill be properest to produce melancholy thoughts, I suppose the bottom is the likeliest to produce merry ones, and these I take to be much the better of the two. I protest you have made my blood run cold with the very mentioning the top of that mountain; which seems to me to be one of the highest in the world. No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a place under ground, to screen ourselves from the frost.—Do so, said Jones; let it be but within hearing of this place, and I will halloo to you at my return back.—Surely, sir, you are not mad, said Partridge. Indeed I am, answered Jones, if ascending this hill be madness; but as you complain so much of the cold already, I would have you stay below. I will certainly return to you within an hour.—Pardon me, sir, cries Partridge; I have determined to follow you wherever you go. Indeed he was now afraid to stay behind; for though he was coward enough in all respects, yet his chief fear was that of ghosts, with which the present time of night, and the wildness of the place, extremely well suited.

At this instant Partridge espied a glimmering light through some trees, which seemed very near to them. He immediately cried out in a rapture, Oh! sir, Heaven hath at last heard my prayers, and hath brought us to a house: perhaps it may be an inn. Let me beseech you, sir, if you have any compassion either for me or yourself, do not despise the goodness of Providence, but let us go directly to yon light. Whether it be a public-house or no, I am sure, if they be christians that dwell there, they will

not refuse a little house-room to persons in our miserable condition. Jones at length yielded to the earnest supplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light issued.

They soon arrived at the door of this house, or cottage, for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked several times, without receiving any answer from within; at which Partridge, whose head was full of nothing but ghosts, devils, witches, and such like, began to tremble, crying, Lord have mercy upon us! sure the people must be all dead. I can see no light neither now, and yet I am certain I saw a candle burning but a moment before.—Well! I have heard of such things.—What hast thou heard of? said Jones. The people are either fast asleep, or probably, as this is a lonely place, are afraid to open their door. He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old woman, opening an upper casement, asked, Who they were, and what they wanted? Jones answered, They were travellers, who had lost their way, and, having seen a light in the window, had been led thither in hopes of finding some fire to warm themselves. Whoever you are, cries the woman, you have no business here; nor shall I open the door to any body at this time of night. Partridge, whom the sound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the most earnest supplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, saying he was almost dead with the cold; to which fear had contributed equally with the frost. He assured her, that the gentleman who spoke to her was one of the greatest squires in the country; and made use of every argument, save one, which Jones afterwards effectually added; and this was, the promise of half-a-crown;—a bribe too great to

be resisted by such a person, especially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly discovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely subdued those apprehensions of thieves which she had at first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last, to let them in; where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no sooner warmed himself, than those thoughts which were always uppermost in his mind, began a little to disturb his brain. There was no article of his creed in which he had a stronger faith than he had in witchcraft; nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inspire this idea, than the old woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the First, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almost without any evidence.

Many circumstances likewise conspired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herself in so lonely a place; and in a house, the outside of which seemed much too good for her; but its inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant manner. To say the truth, Jones himself was not a little surprised at what he saw; for, besides the extraordinary neatness of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nick-nacks and curiosities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso.

While Jones was admiring these things, and Partridge sat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the house of a witch, the old woman said, I hope gentlemen, you will make what haste you can; for I expect my master presently, and I would not for double the money he should find you here.—Then

you have a master, cried Jones. Indeed, you will excuse me, good woman, but I was surprised to see all those fine things in your house. Ah, sir, said she, if the twentieth part of these things were mine, I should think myself a rich woman. But pray, sir, do not stay much longer, for I look for him in every minute.—Why sure he would not be angry with you, said Jones, for doing a common act of charity? —Alack-a-day, sir, said she, he is a strange man, not at all like other people. He keeps no company with any body, and seldom walks out but by night, for he doth not care to be seen; and all the country people are as much afraid of meeting him; for his dress is enough to frighten those who are not used to it. They call him, The Man of the Hill (for there he walks by night), and the country people are not, I believe, more afraid of the devil himself. He would be terribly angry if he found you here.—Pray, sir, says Partridge, don't let us offend the gentleman; I am ready to walk, and was never warmer in my life. Do, pray sir, let us go. Here are pistols over the chimney: who knows whether they be charged or no, or what he may do with them.—Fear nothing, Partridge, cries Jones; I will secure thee from danger.—Nay, for matter o' that, he never doth any mischief, said the woman; but to be sure it is necessary he should keep some arms for his own safety; for his house hath been beset more than once; and it is not many nights ago that we thought we heard thieves about it: for my own part, I have often wondered that he is not murdered by some villain or other, as he walks out by himself at such hours; but then, as I said, the people are afraid of him; and besides they think I suppose, he hath nothing about him worth taking.—I should imagine, by this collection of rarities, cries Jones, that your master had been a traveller.—Yes, sir, answered she, he hath

been a very great one: there be few gentlemen that know more of all matters than he. I fancy he hath been crossed in love, or whatever it is I know not; but I have lived with him above these thirty years, and in all that time he hath hardly spoke to six living people. She then again solicited their departure, in which she was backed by Partridge; but Jones purposely protracted the time, for his curiosity was greatly raised to see this extraordinary person. Though the old woman, therefore, concluded every one of her answers with desiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded so far as to pull him by the sleeve, he still continued to invent new questions, till the old woman, with an affrighted countenance, declared she heard her master's signal; and, at the same instant more than one voice was heard, without the door, crying, D—n your blood, show us your money this instant. Your money you villain, or we will blow your brains about your ears.

Oh, good Heaven! cries the old woman, some villains, to be sure, have attacked my master. O la! what shall I do? what shall I do?—How! cries Jones, how!—Are these pistols loaded?—Oh, good sir, there is nothing in them, indeed. O pray, don't murder us, gentlemen! (for, in reality, she now had the same opinion of those within as she had of those without.) Jones made her no answer; but, snatching an old broad sword which hung in the room, he instantly sallied out, where he found the old gentleman struggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones asked no questions, but fell so briskly to work with his broad-sword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and without offering to attack our hero, betook themselves to their heels, and made their escape; for he did not attempt to pursue them.

being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and, indeed, he concluded he had pretty well done their business, for both of them, as they ran off, cried out, with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones presently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the scuffle, expressing, at the same time, great concern, lest he should have received any harm from the villains. The old man stared a moment at Jones, and then cried, No sir, no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord have mercy upon me.—I see, sir, said Jones, you are not free from apprehensions even of those who have had the happiness to be your deliverers; nor can I blame any suspicions which you may have; but indeed you have no real occasion for any; here are none but your friends present. Having missed our way, this cold night, we took the liberty of warming ourselves at your fire, whence we were just departing, when we heard you call for assistance, which, I must say, Providence alone seems to have sent you.—Providence indeed, cries the old gentleman, if it be so.—So it is, I assure you, cries Jones. Here is your own sword, sir; I have used it in your defence, and I now return it into your own hand. The old man having received the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, looked stedfastly at Jones during some moments, and then, with a sigh, cried out, You will pardon me, young gentleman: I was not always of a suspicious temper, nor am I a friend to ingratitude.—Be thankful then, cries Jones, to that Providence to which you owe your deliverance: as to my part, I have only discharged the common duties of humanity, and what I would have done for any fellow-creature in your situation.—Let me look at you a little longer, cries the old gentleman.

You are a human creature then? Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk into my little hut. You have been my deliverer indeed.

The old woman was distracted between the fears which she had of her master, and for him; and Partridge was, if possible, in a greater fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her master speak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself; but Partridge no sooner saw the gentleman, than the strangeness of his dress infused greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt, either from the strange description which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To say the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more constant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This person was of the tallest size, with a long beard as white as snow. His body was clothed with the skin of an ass, made something into the form of a coat. He wore, likewise, boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both composed of the skin of some other animals.

As soon as the old gentleman came into his house, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy escape from the ruffians. Yes, cried he, I have escaped indeed, thanks to my preserver.—O the blessing on him! answered she: he is a good gentleman, I warrant him. I was afraid your worship would have been angry with me for letting him in; and to be certain I should not have done it, had not I seen by the moonlight, that he was a gentleman, and almost frozen to death. And to be certain it must have been some good angel that sent him hither, and tempted me to do it.

I am afraid, sir, said the old gentleman to Jones,

that I have nothing in this house which you can either eat or drink, unless you will accept a dram of brandy; of which I can give you some most excellent, and which I have had by me these thirty years. Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper speech, and then the other asked him, Whither he was travelling when he missed his way? saying, I must own myself surprised to see such a person as you appear to be, journeying on foot at this time of night. I suppose, sir, you are a gentleman of these parts; for you do not look like one who is used to travel without horses.

Appearances, cried Jones, are often deceitful; men sometimes look like what they are not. I assure you I am not of this country; and whither I am travelling, in reality I scarce know myself.

Whoever you are, or whithersoever you are going, answered the old man; I have obligations to you which I can never return.

I once more, replied Jones, affirm, that you have none; for there can be no merit in having hazarded that in your service on which I set no value. And nothing is so contemptible in my eyes as life.

I am sorry, young gentleman, answered the stranger, that you have any reason to be so unhappy at your years.

Indeed I am, sir, answered Jones, the most unhappy of mankind.—Perhaps you have had a friend, or a mistress, replied the other. How could you, cries Jones, mention two words sufficient to drive me to distraction!—Either of them is enough to drive any man to distraction, answered the old man: I inquire no farther, sir; perhaps my curiosity hath led me too far already.

Indeed, sir, cries Jones, I cannot censure a passion which I feel at this instant in the highest de-

gree. You will pardon me when I assure you, that every thing which I have seen or heard since I first entered this house hath conspired to raise the greatest curiosity in me. Something very extraordinary must have determined you to this course of life, and I have reason to fear your own history is not without misfortunes.

Here the old gentleman again sighed, and remained silent for some minutes: at last, looking earnestly on Jones, he said, I have read, that a good countenance is a letter of recommendation; if so, none ever can be more strongly recommended than yourself. If I did not feel some yearnings towards you from another consideration, I must be the most ungrateful monster upon earth; and I am really concerned it is no otherwise in my power than by words, to convince you of my gratitude.

Jones, after a moment's hesitation, answered, That it was in his power by words, to gratify him extremely. I have confessed a curiosity, said he, sir; need I say how much obliged I should be to you, if you will condescend to gratify it? Will you suffer me therefore to beg, unless any consideration restrains you, that you would be pleased to acquaint me what motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the society of mankind, and to betake yourself to a course of life to which it sufficiently appears you were not born.

I scarce think myself at liberty to refuse you any thing, after what hath happened, replied the old man. If you desire therefore to hear the story of an unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly something extraordinary in the fortunes of those who fly from society; for however it may seem a paradox, or even a con-

tradiction, certain it is, that great philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and detest mankind; not on account so much of their private and selfish vices, but for those of a relative kind; such as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every other species of malevolence. These are the vices which true philanthropy abhors, and which, rather than see and converse with, she avoids society itself. However, without a compliment to you, you do not appear to me one of those whom I should shun or detest; nay, I must say, in what little hath dropped from you, there appears some parity in our fortunes: I hope, however, yours will conclude more successfully.

Here some compliments passed between our hero and his host, and then the latter was going to begin his history, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehensions had now pretty well left him, but some effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was presently brought, and Partridge swallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his history.

I WAS born in a village of Somersetshire, called Mark, in the year 1657. My father was one of those whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little estate of about 300*l.* a year of his own, and rented another estate of near the same value. He

was prudent and industrious, and so good a husbandman, that he might have led a very easy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife soured his domestic quiet. But though this circumstance, perhaps, made him miserable, it did not make him poor; for he confined her almost entirely at home, and rather chose to bear eternal upbraidings in his own house, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagancies she desired abroad.

By this Xantippe, [so was the wife of Socrates called, said Partridge] By this Xantippe he had two sons, of which I was the younger. He designed to give us both good education; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; insomuch that, after having been five or six years at school with little or no improvement, my father, being told by his master that it would be to no purpose to keep him longer there, at last complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as she called his master; though indeed he gave the lad much less correction than his idleness deserved; but much more, it seems, than the young gentleman liked, who constantly complained to his mother of his severe treatment, and she as constantly gave him a hearing.

Yes, yes, cries Partridge, I have seen such mothers: I have been abused myself by them, and very unjustly; such parents deserve correction as much as their children.

Jones chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and then the stranger proceeded.

My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bade adieu to all learning, and to every thing else but to his dog and gun; with which latter he became so expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incre-

dible, he could not only hit a standing mark with great certainty, but hath actually shot a crow as it was flying in the air. He was likewise excellent at finding a hare sitting, and was soon reputed one of the best sportsmen in the country. A reputation which both he and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the finest scholar.

The situation of my brother made me at first think my lot the harder, in being continued at school; but I soon changed my opinion; for, as I advanced pretty fast in learning, my labours became easy, and my exercise so delightful, that holidays were my most unpleasant time: for my mother, who never loved me, now apprehending that I had the greatest share of my father's affection, and finding, or at least thinking, that I was more taken notice of by some gentlemen of learning, and particularly by the parson of the parish, than my brother, she now hated my sight, and made home so disagreeable to me, that what is called by school-boys Black Monday, was to me the whitest in the whole year.

Having at length gone through the school at Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the end of which an accident took me off entirely from my studies; and hence I may truly date the rise of all which happened to me afterwards in life.

There was at the same college with myself one Sir George Gresham, a young fellow who was intitled to a very considerable fortune, which he was not, by the will of his father, to come into full possession of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-five. However, the liberality of his guardians gave him little cause to regret the abundant caution of his father; for they allowed him five hundred pounds a

year while he remained at the university, where he kept his horses and his whore, and lived as wicked and as profligate a life, as he could have done had he been never so entirely master of his fortune; for besides the five hundred a year, which he received from his guardians, he found means to spend a thousand more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleased.

This young fellow, among many other tolerably bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a great delight in destroying and ruining the youth of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences which they could not afford so well as himself; and the better, and worthier, and soberer, any young man was, the greater pleasure and triumph had he in his destruction. Thus acting the character which is recorded of the devil, and going about seeking whom he might devour.

It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of diligence in my studies made me a desirable object of his mischievous intention; and my own inclination made it sufficiently easy for him to effect his purpose; for though I had applied myself with much industry to books, in which I took great delight, there were other pleasures in which I was capable of taking much greater; for I was high-mettled, had a violent flow of animal spirits, was a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir George, before I became a partaker of all his pleasures; and when I was once entered on that scene, neither my inclination nor my spirit would suffer me to play an under-part. I was

second to none of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I soon distinguished myself so notably in all riots and disorders, that my name generally stood first in the roll of delinquents; and, instead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now accused as the person who had misled and debauched that hopeful young gentleman; for though he was the ringleader and promoter of all the mischief, he was never so considered. I fell at last under the censure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly escaped expulsion.

You will easily believe, sir, that such a life as I am now describing must be incompatible with my further progress in learning; and that in proportion as I addicted myself more and more to loose pleasures, I must grow more and more remiss in application to my studies. This was truly the consequence; but this was not all. My expenses now greatly exceeded not only my former income, but those additions which I extorted from my poor generous father, on pretences of sums being necessary for preparing for my approaching degree of bachelor of arts. These demands, however, grew at last so frequent and exorbitant, that my father by slow degrees opened his ears to the accounts which he received from many quarters of my present behaviour, and which my mother failed not to echo very faithfully and loudly; adding, Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the scholar who doth so much honour to his family, and is to be the making of it. I thought what all this learning would come to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after his elder brother hath been denied necessaries for his sake, to perfect his education forsooth, for which he was to pay us such interest: I thought what the interest would come

to, with much more of the same kind; but I have, I believe, satisfied you with this taste.

My father, therefore, began now to return remonstrances instead of money to my demands, which brought my affairs perhaps a little sooner to a crisis; but had he remitted me his whole income, you will imagine it could have sufficed a very short time to support one who kept pace with the expences of Sir George Gresham.

It is more than possible, that the distress I was now in for money, and the impracticability of going on in this manner, might have restored me at once to my senses and to my studies, had I opened my eyes before I became involved in debts from which I saw no hopes of ever extricating myself. This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and by which he accomplished the ruin of many, whom he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs, for vying, as he called it, with a man of his fortune. To bring this about, he would now and then advance a little money himself, in order to support the credit of the unfortunate youth with other people; till, by means of that very credit, he was irretrievably undone.

My mind being by these means grown as desperate as my fortune, there was scarce a wickedness which I did not meditate, in order for my relief. Self-murder itself became the subject of my serious deliberation; and I had certainly resolved on it, had not a more shameful, though perhaps less sinful, thought expelled it from my head.—Here he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, I protest, so many years have not washed away the shame of this act, and I shall blush while I relate it. Jones desired him to pass over any thing that might give him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried out,

Oh, pray, sir, let us hear this; I had rather hear this than all the rest: as I hope to be saved, I will never mention a word of it. Jones was going to rebuke him, but the stranger prevented it by proceeding thus: I had a chum, a very prudent, frugal, young lad, who, though he had no very large allowance, had by his parsimony heaped up upwards of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his escrutoire. I took therefore an opportunity of purloining his key from his breeches pocket while he was asleep, and thus made myself master of all his riches: after which I again conveyed his key into his pocket, and counterfeiting sleep, though I never once closed my eyes, lay in bed till after he arose and went to prayers, an exercise to which I had long been unaccustomed.

Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often subject themselves to discoveries, which those of a bolder kind escape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his escrutoire, I had, perhaps, escaped even his suspicion; but as it was plain that the person who had robbed him had possessed himself of his key, he had no doubt, when he first missed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief. Now as he was of a fearful disposition, and much my inferior in strength, and I believe in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worse bodily consequences which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon swearing to the robbery, and to the circumstances of it, very easily obtained a warrant against one who had now so bad a character through the whole university.

Luckily for me, I laid out of the college the next evening; for that day I attended a young

lady in a chaise to Whitney, where we staid all night; and in our return, the next morning, to Oxford, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient news concerning myself to make me turn my horse another way.

Pray, sir, did he mention any thing of the warrant? said Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed, without regarding any impertinent questions; which he did as follows:—

Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itself was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my female companion, who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the country into the great Cirencester road, and made such haste, that we spent the next evening, save one, in London.

When you consider the place where I now was, and the company with whom I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a very short time brought me to an end of that sum of which I had so iniquitously possessed myself.

I was now reduced to a much higher degree of distress than before: the necessaries of life began to be numbered among my wants; and what made my case still the more grievous was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, shared the same distresses with myself. To see a woman you love in distress, to be unable to relieve her, and at the same time to reflect that you have brought her into this situation, is perhaps a curse of which no imagination can represent the horrors to those who have not felt it.—I believe it from my soul, cries Jones: and I pity you from the bottom of my heart: he then took two or three

disorderly turns about the room, and at last begged pardon, and flung himself into his chair, crying, I thank Heaven, I have escaped that.

This circumstance, continued the gentleman, so severely aggravated the horrors of my present situation, that they became absolutely intolerable. I could with less pain endure the raging of my own natural unsatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirst, than I could submit to leave ungratified the most whimsical desires of a woman, on whom I so extravagantly doated, that, though I knew she had been the mistress of half my acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good creature was unwilling to consent to an action which the world might think so much to my disadvantage. And as, possibly, she compassionated the daily anxieties which she must have perceived me to suffer on her account, she resolved to put an end to my distress. She soon, indeed, found means to relieve me from my troublesome and perplexed situation; for while I was distracted with various inventions to supply her with pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whose care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

Here I first began seriously to reflect on the miscarriages of my former life; on the errors I had been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought on myself; and on the grief which I must have occasioned to one of the best of fathers. When I added to all these the perfidy of my mistress, such was the horror of my mind, that life, instead of being longer desirable, grew the object of my abhorrence; and I could have gladly embraced death as my dearest friend, if it had offered itself to my choice unattended by shame.

The time of the assizes soon came, and I was

removed by *habeas corpus* to Oxford, where I expected certain conviction and condemnation; but, to my great surprise, none appeared against me, and I was, at the end of the sessions, discharged for want of prosecution. In short, my chum had left Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from what other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concerning himself any further in the affair.

Perhaps, cries Partridge, he did not care to have your blood upon his hands; and he was in the right on't. If any person was to be hanged upon my evidence, I should never be able to lie alone afterwards, for fear of seeing his ghost.

I shall shortly doubt, Partridge, says Jones, whether thou art more brave or wise.—You may laugh at me if you please, answered Partridge; but if you will hear a very short story which I can tell, and which is most certainly true, perhaps you may change your opinion. In the parish where I was born——Here Jones would have silenced him; but the stranger interceded that he might be permitted to tell his story, and in the mean time promised to recollect the remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus: In the parish where I was born, there lived a farmer whose name was Bridle, and he had a son named Francis, a good hopeful young fellow: I was at the grammar school with him, where I remember he was got into Ovid's Epistles, and he could construe you three lines together sometimes without looking into a dictionary. Besides all this, he was a very good lad, never missed church o' Sundays, and was reckoned one of the best psalm-singers in the whole parish. He would indeed now and then take a cup too much, and that was the only fault he had.—Well, but come to the ghost, cries Jones.

Never fear, sir; I shall come to him soon enough, answered Partridge. You must know, then, that Farmer Bridle lost a mare, a sorrel one, to the best of my remembrance; and so it fell out, that this young Francis shortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon, and as I think it was on—— I can't remember the day; and being as he was, what should he happen to meet but a man upon his father's mare. Frank called out presently, stop thief! and it being in the middle of the fair, it was impossible, you know, for the man to make his escape. So they apprehended him, and carried him before the justice: I remember it was Justice Willoughby, of Noyle, a very worthy good gentleman; and he committed him to prison, and bound Frank in a recognizance, I think they call it,—a hard word compounded of *re* and *cognosco*; but it differs in its meaning from the use of the simple, as many other compounds do. Well, at last, down came my lord justice Page to hold the assizes; and so the fellow was had up, and Frank was had up for a witness. To be sure, I shall never forget the face of the judge, when he began to ask him what he had to say against the prisoner. He made poor Frank tremble and shake in his shoes. Well, you fellow, says my lord, what have you to say? Don't stand humming and hawing, but speak out. But, however, he soon turned altogether as civil to Frank, and began to thunder at the fellow; and when he asked him, if he had any thing to say for himself? the fellow said, He had found the horse. Ay! answered the judge; thou art a lucky fellow: I have travelled the circuit these forty years, and never found a horse in my life: but I'll tell thee what, friend, thou wast more lucky than thou didst know of; for thou didst not only find a horse, but a halter too, I promise thee. To be sure, I shall

never forget the word. Upon which every body fell a laughing, as how could they help it? Nay, and twenty other jests he made, which I can't remember now. There was something about his skill in horse-flesh, which made all the folks laugh. To be certain, the judge must have been a very brave man, as well as a man of much learning. It is indeed charming sport to hear trials upon life and death. One thing, I own, I thought a little hard, that the prisoner's counsel was not suffered to speak for him, though he desired only to be heard one very short word; but my lord would not hearken to him; though he suffered a counsellor to talk against him for above half an hour. I thought it hard, I own, that there should be so many of them; my lord, and the court, and the jury, and the counsellors, and the witnesses, all upon one poor man, and he too in chains. Well, the fellow was hanged, as to be sure it could be no otherwise, and poor Frank could never be easy about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he fancied he saw the fellow's spirit.—Well, and is this thy story? cries Jones. No, no, answered Partridge. O Lord have mercy upon me! I am just now coming to the matter; for one night, coming from the alehouse, in a long, narrow, dark lane, there he ran directly up against him; and the spirit was all in white, and fell upon Frank; and Frank, who is a sturdy lad, fell upon the spirit again, and there they had a tussel together, and poor Frank was dreadfully beat: indeed he made a shift at last to crawl home; but what with the beating, and what with the fright, he lay ill above a fortnight; and all this is most certainly true, and the whole parish will bear witness to it.

The stranger smiled at this story, and Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter; upon which Par-

tridge cried, Ay, you may laugh, sir; and so did some others, particularly a squire, who is thought to be no better than an atheist; who, forsooth, because there was a calf with a white face found dead in the same lane the next morning, would fain have it that the battle was between Frank and that; as if a calf would set upon a man. Besides, Frank told me he knew it to be a spirit, and could swear to him in any court in Christendom; and he had not drank above a quart or two, or such a matter, of liquor at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood, I say!

Well, sir, said Jones to the stranger, Mr. Partridge hath finished his story, and I hope will give you no future interruption, if you will be so kind to proceed. He then resumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think proper to give it to our reader, and shall therefore put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his history.

I HAD now regained my liberty, said the stranger; but I had lost my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the case of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of justice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conscious of my guilt, and ashamed to look any one in the face; so resolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the daylight discovered me to the eyes of any beholders.

When I had got clear of the city, it first entered

into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness; but as I had no reason to doubt his knowledge of all which had passed, and as I was well assured of his great aversion to all acts of dishonesty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, especially since I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother: nay had my father's pardon been as sure as I conceived his resentment to be, I yet question whether I could have had the assurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have submitted to live and converse with those, who, I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of so base an action.

I hastened therefore back to London, the best retirement of either grief or shame, unless for persons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since you may be alone and in company at the same time; and while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry, and a constant succession of objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the spirits from preying on themselves, or rather on grief or shame, which are the most unwholsome diet in the world; and on which (though there are many who never taste either but in public) there are some who can feed very plentifully and very fatally when alone.

But as there is scarce any human good without its concomitant evil, so there are people who find an inconvenience in this unobserving temper of mankind,—I mean persons who have no money; for as you are not put out of countenance, so neither are you clothed or fed by those who do not know you. And a man may be as easily starved in Leadenhall-market as in the deserts of Arabia.

It was at present my fortune to be destitute of

that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by several writers, who I suppose were overburthened with it, namely, money.—With submission, sir, said Partridge, I do not remember any writers who have called it *malorum*; but, *irritamenta malorum*. *Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.*—Well, sir, continued the stranger, whether it be an evil, or only the cause of evil, I was entirely void of it, and at the same time of friends, and, as I thought, of acquaintance; when one evening, as I was passing through the Inner Temple, very hungry and very miserable, I heard a voice on a sudden hailing me with great familiarity by my christian name; and upon my turning about, I presently recollected the person who so saluted me to have been my fellow-collegiate; one who had left the university above a year, and long before any of my misfortunes had befallen me. This gentleman, whose name was Watson, shook me heartily by the hand; and expressing great joy at meeting me, proposed our immediately drinking a bottle together. I first declined the proposal, and pretended business; but as he was very earnest and pressing, hunger at last overcome my pride, and I fairly confessed to him I had no money in my pocket; yet not without framing a lie for an excuse, and imputing it to my having changed my breeches that morning. Mr. Watson answered, I thought, Jack, you and I had been too old acquaintance for you to mention such a matter. He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me along; but I gave him very little trouble, for my own inclinations pulled me much stronger than he could do.

We then went into the Friars, which you know is the scene of all mirth and jollity. Here, when we arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watson applied himself to the drawer only, without taking the least notice of the cook; for he had no suspicion but that I had

dined long since. However, as the case was really otherwise, I forged another falsehood, and told my companion I had been at the further end of the city on business of consequence, and had snapt up a mutton-chop in haste; so that I was again hungry, and wished he would add a beef-steak to his bottle.—Some people, cries Partridge, ought to have good memories; or did you find just money enough in your breeches to pay for the mutton-chop?—Your observation is right, answered the stranger, and I believe such blunders are inseparable from all dealing in untruth. But to proceed—I began now to feel myself extremely happy. The meat and wine soon revived my spirits to a high pitch, and I enjoyed much pleasure in the conversation of my old acquaintance, the rather as I thought him entirely ignorant of what had happened at the university since his leaving it.

But he did not suffer me to remain long in this agreeable delusion; for taking a bumper in one hand, and holding me by the other, Here my boy, cries he, here's wishing you joy of your being so honourably acquitted of that affair laid to your charge. I was thunderstruck with confusion at those words, which Watson observing, proceeded thus: Nay, never be ashamed, man; thou hast been acquitted, and no one now dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who am thy friend—I hope thou didst really rob him; for rat me if it was not a meritorious action to strip such a sneaking pitiful rascal; and instead of the two hundred guineas, I wish you had taken as many thousands. Come, come, my boy, don't be shy of confessing to me: you are not now brought before one of the pimps. D—n me, if I don't honour you for it; for, as I hope for salvation, I would have made no manner of scruple of doing the same thing.

This declaration a little relieved my abashment

and, as wine had now somewhat opened my heart, I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but acquainted him that he had been misinformed as to the sum taken, which was little more than a fifth part of what he had mentioned.

I am sorry for it with all my heart, quoth he, and I wish thee better success another time. Though, if you will take my advice, you shall have no occasion to run any such risk. Here, said he, taking some dice out of his pocket, heere's the stuff. Here are the implements; here are the little doctors which cure the distempers of the purse. Follow but my counsel, and I will show you a way to empty the pocket of a queer cull, without any danger of the nubbing cheat.

Nubbing cheat! cries Partridge; Pray, sir, what is that?

Why that, sir, says the stranger, is a cant phrase for the gallows; for as gamesters differ little from highwaymen in their morals, so do they very much resemble them in their language.

We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr. Watson said, the board was sitting, and that he must attend, earnestly pressing me, at the same time, to go with him, and try my fortune. I answered, he knew that was at present out of my power, as I had informed him of the emptiness of my pocket. To say the truth, I doubted not, from his many strong expressions of friendship, but that he would offer to lend me a small sum for that purpose; but he answered, Never mind that, man, e'en boldly run a levant, [Partridge was going to inquire the meaning of that word, but Jones stopped his mouth]: but be circumspect as to the man. I will tip you the proper person, which may be necessary, as you do not know the town, nor can distinguish a rum cull from a queer one.

The bill was now brought, when Watson paid his share, and was departing. I reminded him, not without blushing, of my having no money. He answered, That signifies nothing; score it behind the door, or make a bold brush, and take no notice. —Or—stay, says he; I will go down stairs first, and then do you take up my money, and score the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for you at the corner. I expressed some dislike at this, and hinted my expectations that he would have deposited the whole; but he swore he had not another sixpence in his pocket.

He then went down, and I was prevailed on to take up the money and follow him, which I did close enough to hear him tell the drawer the reckoning was upon the table. The drawer passed by me up stairs; but I made such haste into the street, that I heard nothing of his disappointment, nor did I mention a syllable at the bar, according to my instructions.

We now went directly to the gaming-table, where Mr. Watson, to my surprise, pulled out a large sum of money, and placed it before him, as did many others; all of them, no doubt, considering their own heaps as so many decoy birds, which were to entice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks which Fortune, or rather the dice, played in this her temple. Mountains of gold were, in a few moments, reduced to nothing at one part of the table, and rose as suddenly in another. The rich grew in a moment poor, and the poor as suddenly became rich; so that it seemed a philosopher could no where have so well instructed his pupils in the contempt of riches, at least he could no

where have better inculcated the uncertainty of their duration.

For my own part, after having considerably improved my small estate, I at last entirely demolished it. Mr. Watson too, after much variety of luck, rose from the table in some heat, and declared he had lost a cool hundred, and would play no longer. Then coming up to me, he asked me to return with him to the tavern; but I positively refused, saying, I would not bring myself a second time into such a dilemma, and especially as he had lost all his money, and was now in my own condition. Pooh, says he, I have just borrowed a couple of guineas of a friend, and one of them is at your service. He immediately put one of them into my hand, and I no longer resisted his inclination.

I was at first a little shocked at returning to the same house whence we had departed in so unhandsome a manner; but when the drawer, with very civil address, told us, he believed we had forgot to pay our reckoning, I became perfectly easy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay himself, and acquiesced in the unjust charge which had been laid on my memory.

Mr. Watson now bespoke the most extravagant supper he could well think of; and though he had contented himself with simple claret before, nothing now but the most precious Burgundy would serve his purpose.

Our company was soon increased by the addition of several gentlemen from the gaming-table; most of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the tavern to drink, but in the way of business; for the true gamesters pretended to be ill, and refused their glass, while they plied

heartily two young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the good fortune to be a sharer, though I was not yet let into the secret.

There was one remarkable accident attended this tavern play; for the money by degrees totally disappeared; so that though at the beginning the table was half covered with gold, yet, before the play ended, which it did not till the next day, being Sunday, at noon, there was scarce a single guinea to be seen on the table; and this was the stranger, as every person present, except myself, declared he had lost; and what was become of the money, unless the devil himself carried it away, is difficult to determine.

Most certainly he did, says Partridge, for evil spirits can carry away any thing without being seen, though there were never so many folk in the room; and I should not have been surprised if he had carried away all the company of a set of wicked wretches, who were at play in sermon-time. And I could tell you a true story, if I would, where the devil took a man out of bed from another man's wife, and carried him away through the key-hole of the door. I have seen the very house where it was done, and no body hath lived in it these thirty years.

Though Jones was a little offended by the impertinence of Partridge, he could not, however, avoid smiling at his simplicity. The stranger did the same, and then proceeded with his story, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which the foregoing story is farther continued.

My fellow-collegiate had now entered me in a new scene of life. I soon became acquainted with the whole fraternity of sharpers, and was let into their secrets; I mean, into the knowledge of those gross cheats which are proper to impose upon the raw and unexperienced; for there are some tricks of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of the gang, who are at the head of their profession;—a degree of honour beyond my expectation; for drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and the natural warmth of my passions, prevented me from arriving at any great success in an art which requires as much coolness as the most austere school of philosophy.

Mr. Watson, with whom I now lived in the closest amity, had unluckily the former failing to a very great excess; so that, instead of making a fortune by his profession, as some others did, he was alternately rich and poor, and was often obliged to surrender to his cooler friends, over a bottle which they never tasted, that plunder that he had taken from culls at the public table.

However, we both made a shift to pick up an uncomfortable livelihood; and, for two years I continued of the calling: during which time I tasted all the varieties of fortune, sometimes flourishing in affluence, and at others being obliged to struggle with almost incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in luxury, and to-morrow reduced to the coarsest and most homely fare. My fine clothes being often on my back in the evening, and at the pawn-shop the next morning.

One night, as I was returning pennyless from the

gaming-table, I observed a very great disturbance, and a large mob gathered together in the street. As I was in no danger from pickpockets, I ventured into the crowd, where, upon inquiry, I found that a man had been robbed, and very ill-used, by some ruffians. The wounded man appeared very bloody, and seemed scarce able to support himself on his legs. As I had not, therefore, been deprived of my humanity by my present life and conversation, though they had left me very little of either honesty or shame, I immediately offered my assistance to the unhappy person, who thankfully accepted it, and, putting himself under my conduct, begged me to convey him to some tavern, where he might send for a surgeon, being, as he said, faint with loss of blood. He seemed, indeed, highly pleased at finding one who appeared in the dress of a gentleman; for as to all the rest of the company present, their outside was such that he could not wisely place any confidence in them.

I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as it happened to be the nearest at hand. A surgeon happening luckily to be in the house, immediately attended, and applied himself to dressing his wounds, which I had the pleasure to hear were not likely to be mortal.

The surgeon, having very expeditiously and dexterously finished his business, began to inquire in what part of the town the wounded man lodged; who answered, That he was come to town that very morning; that his horse was at an inn in Piccadilly, and that he had no other lodging, and very little or no acquaintance in town.

This surgeon, whose name I have forgot, though I remember it began with an R, had the first character in his profession, and was serjeant-surgeon to

[illegible] had, moreover, many good qualities, [illegible] ry generous good-natured man, and [illegible] any service to his fellow-creatures. He [illegible] atient the use of his chariot to carry [illegible] and, at the same time, whispered in [illegible] he wanted any money, he would [illegible]

[illegible] man [illegible] as not now capable of returning [illegible] this gen[illegible] offer; for having had his [illegible] some time [illegible] on me, he threw him[illegible] in his chair, cry[illegible], Oh, my son! my son! [illegible] fainted away.

[illegible] of the people prese[illegible] imagined this [illegible] had happened through h[illegible] loss of blood; but [illegible] at the same time began to recollect the fea[illegible] of my father, was now confirmed in my suspi[illegible]on, and satisfied that it was he himself who up[illegible]eared before me. I presently ran to him, raised him in my arms, and kissed his cold lips with the utmost eagerness. Here I must draw a curtain over a scene which I cannot describe; for though I did not lose my being, as my father for a while did, my senses were, however, so overpowered with affright and surprise, that I am a stranger to what passed during some minutes, and, indeed, till my father had again recovered from his swoon, and I found myself in his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while the tears trickled apace down the cheeks of each of us.

Most of those present seemed affected by this scene, which we, who might be considered as the actors in it, were desirous of removing from the eyes of all spectators as fast as we could; my father, therefore, accepted the kind offer of the surgeon's chariot, and I attended him in it to his hut.

When we were alone together, he gently up-

braided me with having neglected [illegible] disturbance, during so long a time, but entirely in the sweet mention of that crime which had [illegible] He then informed me of my mother's [illegible] found that sisted on my returning home w[illegible] him, [illegible] he had [illegible] suffered the gr[illegible] bloody, account; that he knew not [illegible] on his feared my death, or wishe[illegible] he [illegible] of my more dreadful apprehe[illegible] me. [illegible] said, a neighbouring [illegible] who [illegible] covered a son from [illegible] place infor[illegible] where I [illegible] and [illegible] reclaim me [illegible] it, course of [illegible] cause of his journey [illegible] Lord [illegible] He th[illegible] heaven he had succeeded [illegible] by means of an accident [illegible] which had [illegible] proved fatal to him; and had [illegible] to think he partly owed her presery[illegible] my humanity, with which he [illegible] to be more delighted, than [illegible] have been with my filial piety, if I had [illegible] the object of all my care was my own father.

Vice had not so depraved my heart as to excite in it an insensibility of so much paternal affection, though so unworthily bestowed. I presently promised to obey his commands, in my return home with him, as soon as he was able to travel, which indeed he was in a very few days, by the assistance of that excellent surgeon who had undertaken his care.

The day preceding my father's journey (before which time I scarce ever left him), I went to take my leave of some of my most intimate acquaintance, particularly of Mr. Watson, who dissuaded me from burying myself, as he called it, out of a simple compliance with the fond desires of a foolish old fellow. Such [illegible], however,

had no effect, and I once more saw my own home. My father now greatly solicited me to think of marriage; but my inclinations were utterly averse to any such thoughts. I had tasted of love already; and perhaps you know the extravagant excesses of that most tender and most violent passion.—Here the old gentleman paused, and looked earnestly at Jones; whose countenance, within a minute's space, displayed the extremities of both red and white. Upon which the old man, without making any observations, resumed his narrative.

Being now provided with all the necessaries of life, I betook myself to study, and that with a more inordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books now employed my time solely were those of ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy—a word which is, by many, thought to be applied only of farce and ridicule. I now read the works of Aristotle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures which ancient Greece has bequeathed to the world.

These authors, though they instructed me in no science by which men may propose to themselves to acquire the least riches or worldly power, taught me, however, the art of despising the highest acquisitions of both. They elevate the mind, and steel and harden it against the capricious invasions of fortune. They not only instruct in the knowledge of wisdom, but confirm men in her habits, and demonstrate plainly, that this must be our guide, if we propose ever to arrive at the greatest worldly happiness, or to defend ourselves with any tolerable security against the misery which every where surrounds and overwhelms us.

To this I added another study, compared to which, all the philosophy taught by the wisest

heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to represent it. This is that divine wisdom which is alone to be found in the holy scriptures; for they impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things much more worthy our attention than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which Heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us; and to the smallest knowledge of which the highest human wit, unassisted, could never ascend. I began now to think all the time I had spent with the best heathen writers was little more than labour lost! for, however pleasant and delightful their lessons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only; yet, when compared with the glory revealed in scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence, as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and sweets the mind; christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us in the world, but this an eternal, happiness.—But I am afraid I tire you with my rhapsody.

Not at all, cries Partridge; Lud forbid we should be tired with good things!

I had spent, continued the stranger, about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so sincerely loved, that my grief—my loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melan-

choly and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief. —Ay, ay, *Tempus edax rerum*, said Partridge.—I then, continued the stranger, betook myself again to my former studies, which, I may say, perfected my cure; for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise; for they strengthen and confirm the mind, till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
*In quem manca ruit semper fortuna**

Here Jones smiled at some conceit which intruded itself into his imagination; but the stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus:

My circumstances were now greatly altered by the death of that best of men; for my brother, who was now become master of the house, differed so widely from me in his inclinations, and our pursuits in life had been so very various, that we were the worst of company to each other: but what made our living together still more disagreeable, was the little harmony which could subsist between the few who resorted to me, and the numerous train of sportsmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table; for such fellows, besides the noise and nonsense with which they persecute the ears of sober men, endeavour always to attack them with affronts and

* Firm in himself, who on himself relies,
Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortunes with superior force.
Mr. Francis.

This was so much the case, that neither
nor my friends, could ever sit down to a
them without being treated with deri-
se we were unacquainted with the
ortsmen. For men of true learning,
universal knowledge, always com-
he ignorance of others ; but fellows
n some little, low, contemptible art,
ertain to despise those who are unac-
n that art.

we soon separated, and I went, by
f a physician, to drink the Bath wa-
violent affliction, added to a seden-
thrown me into a kind of paralytic
which those waters are accounted
ertain cure. The second day after
as I was walking by the river, the
intensely hot (though it was early in
at I retired to the shelter of some wil-
at down by the river-side. Here I
n seated long before I heard a person
side the willows sighing and bemoan-
bitterly. On a sudden, having uttered
ious oath, he cried, I am resolved to
onger, and directly threw himself into
I immediately started, and ran towards
alling at the same time as loudly as I
sistance. An angler happened luckily
ing a little below me, though some
dge had hid him from my sight. He
came up, and both of us together, not
e hazard of our lives, drew the body to
At first we perceived no sign of life re-
but having held the body up by the
we soon had assistance enough), it dis-
ast quantity of water at the mouth, and

at length began to discover some symptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its hands and its legs.

An apothecary, who happened to be present among others, advised that the body, which seemed now to have pretty well emptied itself of water, and which began to have many convulsive motions, should be directly taken up, and carried into a warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the apothecary and myself attending.

As we were going towards an inn, for we knew not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, who, after some violent screaming, told us, that the gentleman lodged at her house.

When I had seen the man safely deposited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary; who, I suppose, used all the right methods with him; for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his senses.

I then went to visit him, intending to search out, as well as I could, the cause of his having attempted so desperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked intentions for the future. I was no sooner admitted into his chamber, than we both instantly knew each other; for who should this person be, but my good friend Mr. Watson! Here I will not trouble you with what passed at our first interview: for I would avoid prolixity as much as possible.—Pray let us hear all, cries Partridge; I want mightily to know what brought him to Bath.

You shall hear every thing material, answered the stranger; and then proceeded to relate what we shall proceed to write, after we have given a short breathing time to both ourselves and the reader.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his history.

Mr. Watson, continued the stranger, very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy situation of his circumstances, occasioned by a tide of ill luck, had in a manner forced him to a resolution of destroying himself.

I now began to argue very seriously with him, in opposition to this heathenish, or indeed diabolical principle of the lawfulness of self-murder; and said every thing which occurred to me on the subject; but, to my great concern, it seemed to have very little effect on him. He seemed not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave me reason to fear he would soon make a second attempt of the like horrible kind.

When I had finished my discourse, instead of endeavouring to answer my arguments, he looked me stedfastly in the face, and with a smile said, You are strangely altered, my good friend, since I remember you. I question whether any of our bishops could make a better argument against suicide than you have entertained me with; but unless you can find somebody, who will lend me a cool hundred, I must either hang or drown, or starve; and, in my opinion, the last death is the most terrible of the three.

I answered him very gravely, that I was indeed altered since I had seen him last. That I had found leisure to look into my follies, and to repent of them. I then advised him to pursue the same steps; and at last concluded with an assurance, that I myself would lend him a hundred pounds, if it would be of any service to his affairs, and he

would not put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

Mr. Watson, who seemed almost composed in slumber by the former part of my discourse, was roused by the latter. He seized my hand eagerly, gave me a thousand thanks, and declared I was a friend indeed; adding, that he hoped I had a better opinion of him than to imagine he had profited so little by experience, as to put any confidence in those damned dice, which had so often deceived him. No, no, cries he: let me but once handsomely be set up again, and if ever Fortune makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her.

I very well understood the language of setting up, and broken merchant. I therefore said to him, with a very grave face, Mr. Watson, you must endeavour to find out some business or employment by which you may procure yourself a livelihood; and I promise you, could I see any probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger sum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; but as to gaming, besides the baseness and wickedness of making it a profession, you are really, to my own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain ruin.

Why now, that's strange, answered he; neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I believe, I am as good a hand at every game as any of you all; and I heartily wish I was to play with you only for your whole fortune: I should desire no better sport, and I would let you name your game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have you the hundred in your pocket.

I answered I had only a bill for 50*l.* which I de-

livered him, and promised to bring him the rest the next morning; and, after giving him a little more advice, took my leave.

I was indeed better than my word; for I returned to him that very afternoon. When I entered the room, I found him sitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gamester. This sight, you will imagine, shocked me not a little; to which I may add the mortification of seeing my bill delivered by him to his antagonist, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

The other gamester presently quitted the room, and then Watson declared he was ashamed to see me; but, says he, I find luck runs so damnably against me, that I will resolve to leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind proposal you made me ever since, and I promise you there shall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in execution.

Though I had no great faith in his promises, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in consequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to see in return for my money.

We were prevented from any further discourse at present by the arrival of the apothecary; who with much joy in his countenance, and without even asking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was great news arrived in a letter to himself which he said would shortly be public, That the duke of Monmouth was landed in the west with a vast army of Dutch; and that another vast fleet hovered over the coast of Norfolk, and was to make a descent there, in order to favour the duke's enterprise with a diversion on that side.

This apothecary was one of the greatest politicians of his time. He was more delighted with

the most paltry packet, than with the best patient; and the highest joy he was capable of he received from having a piece of news in his possession an hour or two sooner than any other person in the town. His advices, however, were seldom authentic; for he would swallow almost any thing as truth,—a humour which many made use of to impose upon him.

Thus it happened with what he at present communicated; for it was known within a short time afterwards, that the duke was really landed, but that his army consisted only of a few attendants; and as to the diversion in Norfolk, it was entirely false.

The apothecary staid no longer in the room than while he acquainted us with his news; and then, without saying a syllable to his patient on any other subject, departed to spread his advices all over the town.

Events of this nature in the public are generally apt to eclipse all private concerns. Our discourse therefore now became entirely political. For my own part, I had been for some time very seriously affected with the danger to which the protestant religion was so visibly exposed under a popish prince; and thought the apprehension of it alone sufficient to justify that insurrection; for no real security can ever be found against the persecuting spirit of popery, when armed with power, except the depriving it of that power, as woeful experience presently showed. You know how king James behaved after getting the better of this attempt; how little he valued either his royal word, or coronation-oath, or the liberties and rights of his people. But all had not the sense to foresee this at first; and therefore the duke of Monmouth was weakly supported; yet all could feel when the evil

came upon them; and therefore all united, at last, to drive out that king against whose exclusion a great party among us had so warmly contended during the reign of his brother, and for whom they now fought with such zeal and affection.

What you say, interrupted Jones, is very true; and it has often struck me, as the most wonderful thing I ever read of in history, that so soon after this convincing experience which brought our whole nation to join so unanimously in expelling king James, for the preservation of our religion and liberties, there should be a party among us mad enough to desire the placing his family again on the throne.—You are not in earnest! answered the old man; there can be no such party. As bad an opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot believe them infatuated to such a degree. There may be some hot-headed papists led by their priests to engage in this desperate cause, and think it a holy war: but that protestants, that are members of the church of England, should be such apostates, such *felos de se*, I cannot believe it: no, no, young man, unacquainted as I am with what has passed in the world for these last thirty years, I cannot be so imposed upon as to credit so foolish a tale; but I see you have a mind to sport with my ignorance.—Can it be possible, replied Jones, that you have lived so much out of the world as not to know that during that time there have been two rebellions in favour of the son of king James, one of which is now actually raging in the very heart of the kingdom. At these words the old gentleman started up, and, in a most solemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his Maker to tell him if what he said was really true; which the other as solemnly affirming, he walked several turns about the room in a profound silence, then cried, then laughed, at last fell

down on his knees, and blessed God, in a loud thanksgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all society with human nature, which could be capable of such monstrous extravagancies. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his story, he resumed it again in this manner:

As mankind, in the days I was speaking of, were not yet arrived to that pitch of madness which I find they are capable of now, and which, to be sure, I have only escaped by living alone, and at a distance from the contagion, there was a considerable rising in favour of Monmouth; and my principles strongly inclining me to take the same part, I determined to join him; and Mr. Watson from different motives concurring in the same resolution (for the spirit of a gamester will carry a man as far upon such an occasion as the spirit of patriotism), we soon provided ourselves with all necessaries, and went to the duke at Bridgewater.

The unfortunate event of this enterprise, you are, I conclude, as well acquainted with as myself. I escaped, together with Mr. Watson, from the battle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a slight wound. We rode near forty miles together on the Exeter road, and then, abandoning our horses scrambled as well as we could through the fields and by-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut on a common, where a poor old woman took all the care of us she could, and dressed my wound with salve, which quickly healed it.

Pray, sir, where was the wound? says Partridge. The stranger satisfied him it was in his arm, and then continued his narrative. Here, sir, said he, Mr. Watson left me the next morning, in order, as he pretended, to get us some provision from

the town of Collumpton; but—can I relate it, or can you believe it?—this Mr. Watson, this friend, this base, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to a party of horse belonging to king James, and at his return delivered me into their hands.

The soldiers, being six in number, had now seized me, and were conducting me to Taunton goal; but neither my present situation, nor the apprehensions of what might happen to me, were half so irksome to my mind as the company of my false friend, who, having surrendered himself, was likewise considered as a prisoner, though he was better treated, as being to make his peace at my expence. He at first endeavoured to excuse his treachery; but when he received nothing but scorn and upbraiding from me, he soon changed his note, abused me as the most atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared, had solicited, and even threatened him, to make him take up arms against his gracious as well as lawful sovereign.

This false evidence (for in reality he had been much the forwarder of the two) stung me to the quick, and raised an indignation scarce conceivable by those who have not felt it. However, fortune at length took pity on me; for as we were got a little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my guards received a false alarm, that near fifty of the enemy were at hand; upon which they shifted for themselves, and left me and my betrayer to do the same. That villain immediately ran from me, and I am glad he did, or I should have certainly endeavoured, though I had no arms, to have executed vengeance on his baseness.

I was now once more at liberty: and immediately withdrawing from the highway into the

fields, I travelled on, scarce knowing which way I went, and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads and all towns, nay, even the most homely houses; for I imagined every human creature whom I saw desirous of betraying me.

At last, after rambling several days about the country, during which, the fields afforded me the same bed and the same food which nature bestows on our savage brothers of the creation, I at length arrived in this place, where the solitude and wildness of the country invited me to fix my abode. The first person with whom I took up my habitation was the mother of this old woman, with whom I remained concealed till the news of the glorious revolution put an end to all my apprehensions of danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more visiting my own home, and of inquiring a little into my affairs, which I soon settled as agreeably to my brother as to myself; having resigned every thing to him, for which he payed me the sum of a thousand pounds, and settled on me an annuity for life.

His behaviour in this last instance, as in all others, was selfish and ungenerous. I could not look on him as my friend, nor, indeed, did he desire that I should; so I presently took my leave of him, as well as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to this, my history is little better than a blank.

And is it possible, sir, said Jones, that you can have resided here from that day to this?—Oh! no, sir, answered the gentleman; I have been a great traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with which I am not acquainted.—I have not, sir, cried Jones, the assurance to ask it of you now; indeed, it would be cruel, after so much breath as you have already spent: but you will give me leave to wish

for some further opportunity of hearing the excellent observations which a man of your sense and knowledge of the world must have made in so long a course of travels.—Indeed, young gentleman, answered the stranger, I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity on this head likewise, as far as I am able. Jones attempted fresh apologies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge sat with greedy and impatient ears, the stranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

A brief history of Europe; and a curious discourse between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.

In Italy the landlords are very silent. In France they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Germany and Holland they are generally very impertinent. And as for their honesty, I believe it is pretty equal in all those countries. The *laquais à louage* are sure to lose no opportunity of cheating you; and as for the postillions, I think they are pretty much alike all the world over. These, sir, are the observations on men which I made in my travels; for these were the only men I ever conversed with. My design, when I went abroad, was to divert myself by seeing the wondrous variety of prospects, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables, with which God has been pleased to enrich the several parts of this globe;—a variety, which as it must give great pleasure to a contemplative beholder, so doth it admirably display the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. Indeed, to say the truth, there is but one work in his whole creation

that doth him any dishonour, and with that I have long since avoided holding any conversation.

You will pardon me, cries Jones; but I have always imagined that there is in this very work you mention as great variety as in all the rest; for, besides the difference of inclination, customs and climates have, I am told, introduced the utmost diversity into human nature.

Very little indeed, answered the other: those who travel in order to acquaint themselves with the different manners of men, might spare themselves much pains, by going to a carnival at Venice: for there they will see at once all which they can discover in the several courts of Europe. The same hypocrisy, the same fraud: in short, the same follies and vices dressed in different habits. In Spain, these are equipped with much gravity; and in Italy, with vast splendor. In France, a knave is dressed like a fop; and, in the northern countries, like a sloven. But human nature is every where the same, every where the object of detestation and scorn.

As for my own part, I passed through all these nations as you, perhaps, may have done through a crowd at a show,—jostling to get by them, holding my nose with one hand, and defending my pockets with the other, without speaking a word to any of them, while I was pressing on to see what I wanted to see; which, however entertaining it might be in itself, scarce made me amends for the trouble the company gave me.

Did not you find some of the nations among which you travelled less troublesome to you than others? said Jones. O yes, replied the old man: the Turks were much more tolerable to me than the Christians; for they are men of profound taciturnity, and never disturb a stranger with questions.

Now and then, indeed, they bestow a short curse upon him, or spit in his face as he walks the streets, but then they have done with him; and a man may live an age in their country without hearing a dozen words from them. But of all the people I ever saw, Heaven defend me from the French. With their damned prate and civilities, and doing the honour of their nation to strangers (as they are pleased to call it), but, indeed, setting forth their own vanity; they are so troublesome, that I had infinitely rather pass my life with the Hottentots, than set my foot in Paris again. They are a nasty people, but their nastiness is mostly without; whereas, in France, and some other nations that I won't name, it is all within, and makes them stink much more to my reason than that of Hottentots does to my nose.

Thus, sir, I have ended the history of my life; for as to all that series of years during which I have lived retired here, it affords no variety to entertain you, and may be almost considered as one day. The retirement has been so complete, that I could hardly have enjoyed a more absolute solitude in the deserts of the Thebais than here in the midst of this populous kingdom. As I have no estate, I am plagued with no tenants or stewards; my annuity is paid me pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to be; for it is much less than what I might have expected, in return for what I gave up. Visits I admit none; and the old woman who keeps my house knows that her place entirely depends upon her saving me all the trouble of buying the things that I want, keeping off all solicitation or business from me, and holding her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my walks are all by night, I am pretty secure in this wild unfrequented place from meeting any company. Some few persons I have met by chance,

and sent them home heartily frighted, as from the oddness of my dress and figure they took me for a ghost or a hobgoblin. But what has happened to-night shows that even here I cannot be safe from the villainy of men; for without your assistance, I had not only been robbed, but very probably murdered.

Jones thanked the stranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his story, and then expressed some wonder how he could possibly endure a life of such solitude; in which, says he, you may well complain of the want of variety. Indeed I am astonished how you have filled up, or rather killed, so much of your time.

I am not at all surprised, answered the other, that to one whose affections and thoughts are fixed on the world, my hours should appear to have wanted employment in this place: but there is one single act, for which the whole life of man is infinitely too short: what time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that glorious immortal and eternal Being, among the works of whose stupendous creation not only this globe, but even those numberless luminaries which we may here behold spangling all the sky, though they should many of them be suns lighting different systems of worlds, may possibly appear but as a few atoms opposed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man who by divine meditations is admitted as it were into the conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Majesty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the continuance of so ravishing an honour? Shall the trifling amusements, the palling pleasures, the silly business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly from us; and shall the pace of time seem sluggish to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important, and so glorious! As no

time is sufficient, so no place is improper, for this great concern. On what object can we cast our eyes which may not inspire us with ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his goodness? It is not necessary that the rising sun should dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns, and shake the lofty forest; nor that the opening clouds should pour their deluges on the plains: it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should proclaim his majesty: there is not an insect, not a vegetable, of so low an order in the creation as not to be honoured with bearing marks of the attributes of its great Creator; marks not only of his power, but of his wisdom and goodness. Man alone, the king of this globe, the last and greatest work of the Supreme Being, below the sun; man alone hath basely dishonoured his own nature; and by dishonesty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called his Maker's goodness in question, by puzzling us to account how a benevolent being should form so foolish and so vile an animal. Yet this is the being from whose conversation you think, I suppose, that I have been unfortunately restrained, and without whose blessed society, life, in your opinion, must be tedious and insipid.

In the former part of what you said, replied Jones, I most heartily and readily concur; but I believe, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which you express for mankind in the conclusion is much too general. Indeed, you here fall into an error, which in my little experience I have observed to be a very common one, by taking the character of mankind from the worst and basest among them; whereas, indeed, as an excellent writer observes, nothing should be esteemed as characteristical of a species, but what is to be found among the best and

most perfect individuals of that species. This error, I believe, is generally committed by those who, from want of proper caution in the choice of their friends and acquaintance, have suffered injuries from bad and worthless men; two or three instances of which are very unjustly charged on all human nature.

I think I had experience enough of it, answered the other: my first mistress and my first friend betrayed me in the basest manner, and in matters which threatened to be of the worst consequences, even to bring me to a shameful death.

But you will pardon me, cries Jones, if I desire you to reflect who that mistress and who that friend were. What better, my good sir, could be expected in love derived from the stews, or in friendship first produced and nourished at the gaming-table? To take the characters of women from the former instance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjust as to assert that air is a nauseous and unwholesome element, because we find it so in a jakes. I have lived but a short time in the world, and yet have known men worthy of the highest friendship, and women of the highest love.

Alas! young man, answered the stranger, you have lived, you confess, but a very short time in the world: I was somewhat older than you when I was of the same opinion.

You might have remained so still, replied Jones, if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to say incautious, in the placing your affections. If there was, indeed, much more wickedness in the world than there is, it would not prove such general assertions against human nature, since much of this arrives by mere accident, and many a man who commits evil is not totally bad and corrupt in his heart. In truth, none seem to have any title to as-

sert human nature to be necessarily and universally evil, but those whose own minds afford them one instance of this natural depravity; which is not, I am convinced, your case.

And such, said the stranger, will be always the most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves will no more endeavour to persuade us of the baseness of mankind, than a highwayman will inform you that there are thieves on the road. This would indeed, be a method to put you on your guard, and to defeat their own purposes. For which reason, though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuse particular persons, yet they never cast any reflection on human nature in general. The old gentleman spoke this so warmly, that as Jones despaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no answer.

The day now began to send forth its first streams of light, when Jones made an apology to the stranger for having staid so long, and perhaps detained him from his rest. The stranger answered, He never wanted rest less than at present; for that day and night were indifferent seasons to him; and that he commonly made use of the former for the time of his repose, and of the latter for his walks and lucubrations. However, said he, it is now a most lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer to be without your own rest or food, I will gladly entertain you with the sight of some very fine prospects, which I believe you have not yet seen.

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately set forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repose just as the stranger had finished his story; for his curiosity was satisfied, and the subsequent discourse was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of sleep. Jones there-

fore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be at this season glad of the same favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our history.

BOOK IX.

CONTAINING TWELVE HOURS.

CHAPTER I.

Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not, write such histories as this.

AMONG other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed, it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper, from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who having no talents of a wri-

ter, but what is taught by the writing-master, are yet not more afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the greatest genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device, therefore, of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the Spectators, without understanding at least one sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to an essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakspeare, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and sour faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are, possibly, very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conculde, that most of the authors would not have attempted to show their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could, indeed, have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim**, may be more truly said of

* ——Each desperate blockhead dares to write:
Verse is the trade of every living wight. FRANCIS,

the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing; for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry, indeed, may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions show to be the opinion of the authors themselves: and this must be the opinion of their readers, if, indeed, there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term Romance, a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though, as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than the vast authentic doomsday-book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of History. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a *pruritus*, or indeed, rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend, that, by encouraging such authors, we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind, —I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of society; for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language

to be indecent and abusive. And surely, if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make others so.

To prevent, therefore, for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications. every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is, genius, without a full vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius I would understand that power, or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which, many seem to have fallen into very great errors; for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative faculty, which would indeed prove most romance writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or, to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist without the concomitancy of judgment; for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of judgment; and yet some few

men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.

But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose, without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning; for nature can only furnish us with capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession: learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it, and lastly, must contribute part, at least, of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the belles lettres is here absolutely necessary; and without this share of knowledge at least, to affect the character of an historian is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone. Homer and Milton, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order, and masters of all the learning of their times.

Again there is another sort of knowledge, beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants, whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges, and among books; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learnt only in the world. Indeed, the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Nei-

ther physic nor law are to be practically known from books. Nay the farmer, the planter, the gardener, must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakspeare or a Jonson, of a Wycherly or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive*, can convey to him; so on the real stage, the character shows himself in a stronger and bolder light than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions, which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature, but from books? Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men; for the knowledge of what is called high life will not instruct him in low; nor, *è converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind teach him the manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant, yet he will even

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and these two most justly celebrated actresses, in this place as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only, and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitators can never possibly arrive at.

here fall greatly short of perfection; for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance, the affectation of high life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter strikes with much stronger ideas of absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to, the politeness which controls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historian will be improved by both these conversations; for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other, of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time, that instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a very surprising adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

Aurora now first opened her casement, *Anglicè* the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the stranger, and mounted Mazzard Hill; of which they had no sooner gained the summit, than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view, and which we would likewise present to the reader, but for two reasons: First, we despair of making those who have seen this prospect admire our description. Secondly, we very much doubt whether those, who have not seen it, would understand it.

Jones stood for some minutes fixed in one posture, and directing his eyes towards the south; upon which the old gentleman asked, What he was looking at with so much attention? Alas! sir, answered he with a sigh, I was endeavouring to trace out my own journey hither. Good Heavens! what a distance is Gloucester from us! What a vast tract of land must be between me and my own home!—Ay, ay, young gentleman, cries the other, and, by your sighing, from what you love better than your own home, or I am mistaken. I perceive now the object of your contemplation is not within your sight, and yet I fancy you have a pleasure in looking that way. Jones answered with a smile, I find, old friend, you have not yet forgot the sensations of your youth. I own my thoughts were employed as you have guessed.

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-west, and which hangs over a vast and extensive wood. Here they were no sooner

arrived, than they heard at a distance the most violent screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companion (for, indeed, the occasion seemed sufficiently pressing), ran, or rather slid, down the hill, and, without the least apprehension or concern for his own safety, made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a most shocking sight indeed, a woman stripped half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones asked no questions at this interval; but fell instantly upon the villain, and made such good use of his trusty oaken stick, that he laid him sprawling on the ground before he could defend himself; indeed, almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the prosecution of his blows, till the woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his business.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance. He presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary accident which had sent him thither for her relief, where it was so improbable she should find any; adding, that Heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy instrument of her protection. Nay, answered she, I could almost conceive you to be some good angel; and, to say the truth, you look more like an angel than a man in my eye. Indeed, he was a charming figure; and, if a very fine person, and a most comely set of features, adorned with youth, health, strength, freshness,

spirit, and good-nature, can make a man resemble an angel, he certainly had that resemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether so much of the human-angelic species: she seemed to be at least of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her clothes being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breasts, which were well formed and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpose, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he discovered, greatly to his surprise, and, perhaps, not a little to his satisfaction, this very person to be no other than Ensign Northerton. Nor had the ensign forgotten his former antagonist, whom he knew the moment he came to himself. His surprise was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleasure was rather less on this occasion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him stedfastly in the face, I fancy, sir, said he, you did not expect to meet me any more in this world, and I confess I had as little expectation to find you here. However, fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me satisfaction for the injury I have received, even without my own knowledge.

It is very much like a man of honour, indeed, answered Northerton, to take satisfaction by knocking a man down behind his back. Neither am I capable of giving you satisfaction here, as I have no sword; but if you dare behave like a gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself

with one, and I will do by you as a man of honour ought.

Doth it become such a villain as you are, cries Jones, to contaminate the name of honour by assuming it? But I shall waste no time in discourse with you. Justice requires satisfaction of you now, and shall have it. Then turning to the woman, he asked her, if she was near her home; or if not, whether she was acquainted with any house in the neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent clothes, in order to proceed to a justice of the peace.

She answered, she was an entire stranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himself, said, he had a friend near who would direct them; indeed, he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero departed, sat himself down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he with great patience and unconcern had attended the issue.

Jones then stepping without the wood, perceived the old man sitting as we have just described him: he presently exerted his utmost agility, and with surprising expedition ascended the hill.

The old man advised him to carry the woman to Upton, which, he said, was the nearest town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of conveniences. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the Man of the Hill, and, desiring him to direct Partridge the same way, returned hastily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this inquiry of his friend, had considered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purposes on the poor woman.

Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any mischief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the least insult, he would be himself immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot, that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the least injunction on the prisoner, that he should not make what use of these he pleased. Northerton, therefore, having given no parole of that kind, thought he might without any breach of honour depart; not being obliged, as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal discharge. He, therefore, took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off, through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whose eyes were, perhaps, rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his escape, or give herself any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones, therefore, at his return, found the woman alone. He would have spent some time in searching for Northerton, but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed. As to the fellow's escape, said she, it gives me no uneasiness; for philosophy and christianity both preach up forgiveness of injuries. But for you, sir, I am concerned at the trouble I give you; nay, indeed, my nakedness may well make me ashamed to look you in the face; and if it was not for the sake of your protection, I should wish to go alone.

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest solicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the causes of her confusion. With

regard to the former, says he, I have done no more than my duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all the way; for I would not have my eyes offend you, and I could not answer for my power of resisting the attractive charms of so much beauty.

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the same manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore; but though I cannot believe that Jones was designedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet, as she frequently wanted his assistance to help her over stiles, and had, besides, many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus, for he brought his companion, or rather follower, safe into the famous town of Upton.

CHAPTER III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones with his lady at the inn; with a very full description of the battle of Upton.

Though the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how she fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton, we must beg him to suspend his curiosity for a short time, as we are obliged, for some very good reasons, which hereafter, perhaps, he may guess, to delay his satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no sooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which in their eyes presented the fairest appearance to the street. Here Jones, having ordered a servant to show a room above stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled fair, hastily following, was laid hold on

by the master of the house, who cried, Heyday, where is that beggar wench going? stay below stairs, I desire you. But Jones at that instant thundered from above, Let the lady come up, in so authoritative a voice, that the good man instantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the best of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wished her joy of her safe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the landlady up with some clothes. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindness, and said, she hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand times more. During this short conversation, she covered her white bosom as well as she could possibly with her arms; for Jones could not avoid stealing a sly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their residence at a house of exceeding good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many Northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort in their way to Bath. The landlady, therefore, would by no means have admitted any conversation of a disreputable kind to pass under her roof. Indeed, so foul and contagious are all such proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent scenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad house, or of a house of ill repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that such strict chastity as was preserved in the temple of Vesta, can possibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for such a blessing, nor would any of the ladies I have spoken of, or indeed, any others of the most rigid note, have expected or insisted on any such thing. But to exclude all vulgar conce-

binage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very strictly adhered to, and ,this her virtuous guests, who did not travel in rags, would very reasonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of suspicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purposes in their intention, which, though tolerated in some christian countries, connived at in others, and practised in all, are however as expressly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is universally believed in those countries. The landlady, therefore, had no sooner received an intimation of the entrance of the abovesaid persons, than she began to meditate the most expeditious means for their expulsion. In order to this, she had provided herself with a long and deadly instrument, with which, in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demolish the labours of the industrious spider. In vulgar phrase, she had taken up the broomstick, and was just about to sally from the kitchen, when Jones accosted her with a demand of a gown and other vestments, to cover the half-naked woman above stairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than solicitations of extraordinary offices of kindness on behalf of those very persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this reason Shakspeare hath artfully introduced his Desdemona soliciting favours for Cassio of her husband, as the means of inflaming not only his jealousy, but his rage, to the highest pitch of madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his passion on this occasion, than even when he beheld his valued present to his wife in the hands of his sup-

posed rival. In fact, we regard these efforts as insults on our understanding, and to such the pride of man is very difficultly brought to submit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had I suppose, some of this pride in her composition; for Jones had scarce ended his request, when she fell upon him with a certain weapon, which though it be neither long, nor sharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wise men, nay, by many brave ones; insomuch that some who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandished; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented themselves with making a most pitiful and sneaking figure in the eyes of all their accquaintance.

To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of these; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforesaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any resistance; but in a most cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagonist to desist from pursuing her blows: in plain English, he only begged her with the utmost earnestness to hear him; but before he could obtain his request, my landlord himself entered into the fray, and embraced that side of the cause which seemed to stand very little in need of assistance.

There are a sort of heroes who are supposed to be determined in their choosing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the person whom they are to engage. These are said to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for though he had been so submissive

to her, he was no sooner attacked by her husband than he demonstrated an immediate spirit of resentment, and enjoined him silence under a very severe penalty ; no less than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The husband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, answered, You must pray first to be made able ; I believe I am a better man than yourself ; ay, every way, that I am ; and presently proceeded to discharge half a dozen whores at the lady above stairs, the last of which had scarce issued from his lips, when a swingeing blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand assaulted him over the shoulders.

It is a question whether the landlord or the landlady was the most expeditious in returning this blow. My landlord, whose hands were empty, fell to with his fist, and the good wife, uplifting her broom and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewise, had not the descent of this broom been prevented,—not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity, but by a very natural though fortunate accident, viz. by the arrival of Partridge ; who entered the house at that instant (for fear had caused him to run every step from the hill), and who, seeing the danger which threatened his master, or companion (which you choose to call him), prevented so sad a catastrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandished aloft in the air.

The landlady soon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow ; and being unable to rescue her arm from the hands of Partridge, she let fall the broom ; and then leaving Jones to the discipline of her husband, she fell with the utmost

fury on that poor fellow, who had already given some intimation of himself, by crying, Zounds! do you intend to kill my friend?

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however stand still when his friend was attacked; nor was he much displeased with that part of the combat which fell to his share; he therefore returned my landlady's blows as soon as he received them: and now the fight was obstinately maintained on all parts, and it seemed doubtful to which side Fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had listened at the top of the stairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, descended suddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion desist, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found fresh succours were arrived to his assistance.

Victory must now have fallen to the side of the travellers (for the bravest troops must yield to numbers) had not Susan the chambermaid come luckily to support her mistress. This Susan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phrase) as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thalestris herself, or any of her subject Amazons; for her form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great mischief to an enemy, so was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herself, her nose being already flat to her face; her lips were so large, that no swelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were so hard, that a fist could hardly make any impression on them. Lastly, her cheek-bones stood out, as if nature had intended

them for two bastions to defend her eyes in those encounters for which she seemed so well calculated, and to which she was most wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her mistress maintained so unequal a fight with one of either sex. Here she presently challenged Partridge to single combat. He accepted the challenge, and a most desperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let loose, began to lick their bloody lips; now Victory, with golden wings, hung hovering in the air; now Fortune, taking her scales from her shelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, against the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put suddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already sufficiently feasted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four: upon which my landlord and landlady immediately desisted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the same favour of their antagonists: but Susan was not so kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and bestrid her enemy, was now cuffing him lustily with both her hands, without any regard to his request of a cessation of arms, or to those loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No sooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the rescue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately sensible of his deliverance, for he still lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands; nor did he cease roaring till Jones

had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord, who had no visible hurt, and the landlady, hiding her well-scratched face with her handkerchief, ran both hastily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. These the landlady presently ushered into that room where Mr. Jones had at first deposited his fair prize, as it was the best apartment in the house. Hither they were obliged to pass through the field of battle, which they did with the utmost haste, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unnecessary; for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cause of all the bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no less occupied in rescuing Partridge from the fury of Susan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to wash his face, and to stop that bloody torrent which Susan had plentifully set a flowing from his nostrils.

CHAPTER IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hostilities, and causes the conclusion of a firm and lasting peace between all parties.

A SERJEANT and a file of musqueteers, with a deserter in their custody, arrived about this time. The serjeant presently inquired for the principal magistrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himself was vested in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug

of beer, and complaining it was cold, spread himself before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor distressed lady, who sat down at a table in the kitchen, and, leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but lest my fair readers should be in pain concerning a particular circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before she had quitted the room above stairs, she had so well covered herself with a pillowbear which she there found, that her regard to decency was not in the least violated by the presence of so many men as were now in the room.

One of the soldiers now went up to the serjeant, and whispered something in his ear; upon which he stedfastly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, saying, I ask pardon, madam; but I am certain I am not deceived; you can be no other person than Captain Waters's lady.

The poor woman, who in her present distress had very little regarded the face of any person present, no sooner looked at the serjeant, than she presently recollected him, and calling him by his name, answered, That she was indeed the unhappy person he imagined her to be; but added, I wonder any one should know me in this disguise. To which the serjeant replied, He was very much surprised to see her ladyship in such a dress, and was afraid some accident had happened to her.—An accident hath happened to me, indeed, says she, and I am highly obliged to this gentleman (pointing to Jones) that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it —Whatever the gentleman hath done, cries the serjeant, I am sure the captain will make him amends for it; and if I can be of any service, your ladyship may command me,

and I shall think myself very happy to have it in my power to serve your ladyship; and so indeed may any one, for I know the captain will well reward them for it.

The landlady, who heard from the stairs all that passed between the serjeant and Mrs. Waters, came hastily down, and running directly up to her, began to ask pardon for the offences she had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: for, Lud! madam, says she, how should I have imagined that a lady of your fashion would appear in such a dress? I am sure, madam, if I had once suspected that your ladyship was your ladyship, I would sooner have burnt my tongue out, than have said what I have said; and I hope your ladyship will accept of a gown, till you can get your own clothes.

Prithee, woman, says Mrs. Waters, cease your impertinence: how can you imagine I should concern myself about any thing which comes from the lips of such low creatures as yourself. But I am surprised at your assurance in thinking, after what is passed, that I will condescend to put on any of your dirty things. I would have you know, creature, I have a spirit above that.

Here Jones interfered, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: For I must confess, cries he, our appearance was a little suspicious when first we came in; and I am well assured all this good woman did, was, as she professed, out of regard to the reputation of her house.

Yes, upon my truly was it, says she: the gentleman speaks very much like a gentleman, and I see very plainly is so: and to be certain the house is well known to be a house of as good reputation as any on the road, and, though I say it, is frequented

by gentry of the best quality, both Irish and English. I defy any body to say black is my eye, for that matter. And, as I was saying, if I had known your ladyship to be your ladyship, I would as soon have burnt my fingers as have affronted your ladyship; but truly where gentry come and spend their money, I am not willing that they should be scandalised by a set of poor shabby vermin, that, wherever they go, leave more lice than money behind them; such folks never raise my compassion: for to be certain, it is foolish to have any for them; and if our justices did as they ought, they would be all whipped out of the kingdom; for to be certain it is what is most fitting for them. But as for your ladyship, I am heartily sorry your ladyship hath had a misfortune, and if your ladyship will do me the honour to wear my clothes till you can get some of your ladyship's own, to be certain the best I have is at your ladyship's service.

Whether cold, shame, or the persuasions of Mr. Jones, prevailed most on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but she suffered herself to be pacified by this speech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herself in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewise beginning his oration to Jones, but was presently interrupted by that generous youth, who shook him heartily by the hand, and assured him of entire forgiveness, saying, If you are satisfied, my worthy friend, I promise you I am; and indeed, in one sense, the landlord had the better reason to be satisfied; for he had received a bellyfull of drubbing, whereas Jones had scarce felt a single blow.

Partridge, who had been all this time washing his bloody nose at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the instant when his master and the land-

lord were shaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable disposition, he was pleased with those symptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore some marks of Susan's fist, and many more of her nails, he rather chose to be contented with his fortune in the last battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Susan was likewise well contented with her victory, though it had cost her a black eye, which Partridge had given her at the first onset. Between these two, therefore, a league was struck, and those hands, which had been the instruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus restored to a perfect calm; at which the serjeant, though it may seem so contrary to the principles of his profession, testified his approbation. Why now, that's friendly, said he; d—n me, I hate to see two people bear ill-will to one another, after they have had a tussel. The only way when friends quarrel, is to see it out fairly in a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with a fist, or sword, or pistol, according as they like, and then let it be all over; for my own part, d—n me, if ever I love my friend better than when I am fighting with him. To bear malice is more like a Frenchman than an Englishman.

He then proposed a libation as a necessary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude that he was well versed in ancient history; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to support the custom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, since he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no sooner heard the proposal, than imme-

diately agreeing with the learned serjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor used on these occasions, to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himself. He placed his right-hand in that of the landlord, and seizing the bowl with his left, uttered the usual words, and then made his libation. After which, the same was observed by all present. Indeed, there is very little need of being particular in describing the whole form, as it differed so little from those libations of which so much is recorded in ancient authors and their modern transcribers. The principal difference lay in two instances: for first, the present company poured the liquor only down their throats; and, secondly, the serjeant, who officiated as priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the ancient form in swallowing much the largest draught of the whole company, and in being the only person present who contributed nothing towards the libation, besides his good offices in assisting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themselves round the kitchen fire, where good-humour seemed to maintain an absolute dominion; and Partridge not only forgot his shameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable assembly for awhile, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now bespoke was on the table. Indeed, it took no long time in preparing, having been all dressed three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAPTER V.

An apology for all heroes who have good stomachs, with a description of a battle of the amorous kind.

Heroes, notwithstanding the high ideas which, by the means of flatterers, they may entertain of themselves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at least (which is much the major part of most) are liable to the worst infirmities, and subject to the vilest offices of human nature. Among these latter, the act of eating, which hath by several wise men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philosophic dignity, must be in some measure performed by the greatest prince, hero, or philosopher, upon earth; nay, sometimes Nature hath been so frolicksome, as to exact of these dignified characters a much more exorbitant share of this office, than she hath obliged those of the lowest order to perform.

To say the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the necessities of man demand; but when those great personages I have just mentioned, condescend to aim at confining such low offices to themselves; as when, by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now, after this short preface, we think it no disparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this season. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether Ulysses, who by the way seems to have had the best stomach of

all the heroes in that eating poem of the Odyssey, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at least of that flesh which formerly had contributed to the composition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion: who ate but very little, and was indeed employed in considerations of a very different nature, which passed unobserved by Jones, till he had entirely satisfied that appetite which a fast of twenty-four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no sooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived: with these matters, therefore, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whose personal accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was, in reality, one of the handsomest young fellows in the world. His face, besides being the picture of health, had in it the most apparent marks of sweetness and good-nature. These qualities were indeed so characteristical in his countenance, that while the spirit and sensibility in his eyes, though they must have been perceived by an accurate observer, might have escaped the notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine person and mien; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was besides

active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured; and had a flow of animal spirits which enlivened every conversation where he was present.

When the reader hath duly reflected on these many charms which all centered in our hero, and considers at the same time the fresh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, because she conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever censures may be passed upon her, it is my business to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in love, according to the present universally-received sense of that phrase, by which love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable objects of all our passions, appetites, and senses, and is understood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to these several objects may possibly be one and the same in all cases, its operations however must be allowed to be different; for how much soever we may be in love with an excellent sirloin of beef, or a bottle of Burgundy; with a damask rose, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the said beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may; but it is generally in the absence, not in the presence, of the beloved object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their ingratitude and deafness, with the same reason as Pasiphaë doth of her bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practised with good success in the drawing-room, on the much more

sensible, as well as tender, hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens in that love which operates between persons of the same species, but of different sexes. Here we are no sooner in love, than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpose, indeed, are our youth instructed in all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I question whether any of those trades which deal in setting off and adorning the human person would procure a livelihood. Nay, those great polishers of our manners who are by some thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the brute creation, even dancing-masters themselves, might possibly find no place in society. In short, all the graces which young ladies, and young gentlemen too, learn from others; and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glass, they add of their own, are in reality, those very *spicula et faces amoris* so often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are sometimes called in our own language, the whole artillery of love.

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no sooner sat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a description hitherto unessayed either in prose or verse, we think proper to invoke the assistance of certain aërial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occasion.

Say then, ye Graces! you that inhabit the heavenly mansions of Seraphina's countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her presence, and well know all the arts of charming; say, what were the weapons now used to captivate the heart of Mr. Jones.

First, from two lovely blue eyes, whose bright orbs flashed lightening at their discharge, flew forth two pointed ogles. But, happily for our hero, hit only a vast piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmless spent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miscarriage, and immediately from her fair bosom drew forth a deadly sigh. A sigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen beaux; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating air must have found its subtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarse bubbling of some bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did she assay; but the god of eating (if there be any such deity, for I do not confidently assert it) preserved his votary; or perhaps, it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the present security of Jones may be accounted for by natural means: for as love frequently preserves from the attacks of hunger, so may hunger possibly, in some cases, defend us against love.

The fair one, enraged at her frequent disappointments, determined on a short cessation of arms. Which interval she employed in making ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack, when dinner should be over.

No sooner then was the cloth removed, than she again began her operations. First, having planted her right eye sideways against Mr. Jones, she shot from its corner a most penetrating glance; which, though great part of its force was spent before it reached our hero, did not vent itself absolutely without effect. This the fair one perceiving, hastily withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards, as if she was concerned for what

she had done; though by this means she designed only to draw him from his guard, and indeed, to open his eyes, through which she intended to surprise his heart. And now, gently lifting up those two bright orbs which had already begun to make an impression on poor Jones, she discharged a volley of small charms at once from her whole countenance in a smile. Not a smile of mirth, nor of joy; but a smile of affection, which most ladies have always ready at their command, and which serves them to show at once their good-humour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

This smile our hero received full in his eyes, and was immediately staggered with its force. He then began to see the designs of the enemy, and indeed, to feel their success. A parley was now set on foot between the parties; during which, the artful fair so slily and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that she had almost subdued the heart of our hero, before she again repaired to acts of hostility. To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up the garrison, without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. In short, no sooner had the amorous parley ended, and the lady had unmasked the royal battery, by carelessly letting her handkerchief drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the usual fruits of her victory.

Here the Graces think proper to end their description, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

A friendly conversation in the kitchen, which had a very common, though not very friendly, conclusion.

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themselves in the manner which is partly described in the foregoing chapter, they were likewise furnishing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen. And this in a double sense, by affording them matter for their conversation, and, at the same time, drink to enliven their spirits.

There were now assembled round the kitchen fire, besides my landlord and landlady, who occasionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the serjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill concerning the situation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the serjeant proceeded to that part of her history which was known to him. He said she was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. Some folks, says he, used, indeed, to doubt whether they were lawfully married in a church or no. But, for my part, that's no business of mine: I must own, if I was put to my corporal oath, I believe she is little better than one of us; and I fancy the captain may go to Heaven when the sun shines upon a rainy day. But if he does, that is neither here nor there; for he won't want company. And the lady, to give the devil his due, is a very good sort of a lady, and loves the cloth, and is always desirous to do strict justice to it; for she hath

begged off many a poor soldier, and, by her good-will, would never have any of them punished. But yet, to be sure, Ensign Northerton and she were very well acquainted together at our last quarters, that is the very right and truth of the matter. But the captain he knows nothing about it; and as long as there is enough for him too, what does it signify? He loves her not a bit the worse, and I am certain would run any man through the body that was to abuse her; therefore, I won't abuse her, for my part. I only repeat what other folks say; and to be certain, what every body says, there must be some truth in.—Ay, ay, a great deal of truth, I warrant you, cries Partridge; *Veritas odium parit.*—All a parcel of scandalous stuff, answered the mistress of the house. I am sure, now she is dressed, she looks like a very good sort of a lady, and she behaves herself like one; for she gave me a guinea for the use of my clothes.—A very good lady indeed, cries the landlord; and if you had not been a little too hasty, you would not have quarrelled with her as you did at first.—You need mention that with my truly! answered she: if it had not been for your nonsense, nothing had happened. You must be meddling with what did not belong to you, and throw in your fool's discourse.—Well, well, answered he; what's past cannot be mended, so there's an end of the matter.—Yes, cries she, for this once; but will it be mended ever the more hereafter? This is not the first time I have suffered for your numscull's pate. I wish you would always hold your tongue in the house, and meddle only in matters without doors, which concern you. Don't you remember what happened about seven years ago? —Nay, my dear, returned he, don't rip up old stories. Come, come, all's well, and I am sorry for what I have done. The landlady was going to re-

ply, but was prevented by the peace-making serjeant, sorely to the displeasure of Partridge, who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a great promoter of those harmless quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

The serjeant asked Partridge, whither he and his master were travelling? None of your *magisters*, answered Partridge; I am no man's servant, I assure you; for though I have had misfortunes in the world, I write gentleman after my name; and as poor and simple as I may appear now, I have taught grammar-school in my time. *Sed hei mihi! nôn sum quod fui.*—No offence, I hope, sir, said the serjeant; where then, if I may venture to be so bold, may you and your friend be travelling?—You have now denominated us right, says Partridge. *Amici sumus.* And I promise you my friend is one of the greatest gentlemen in the kingdom, (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears). He is the heir of Squire Allworthy.—What, the squire who doth so much good all over the country? cries my landlady.—Even he, answered Partridge.—Then I warrant, says she, he'll have a swingeing great estate hereafter.—Most certainly, answered Partridge.—Well, replied the landlady, I thought the first moment I saw him he looked like a good sort of gentleman; but my husband here, to be sure, is wiser than any body.—I own, my dear, cries he, it was a mistake.—A mistake, indeed! answered she: but when did you ever know me to make such mistakes?—But how comes it, sir, cries the landlord, that such a great gentleman walks about the country afoot?—I don't know, returned Partridge; great gentlemen have humours sometimes. He hath now a dozen horses and servants at Gloucester; and nothing would serve him, but last

night, it being very hot weather, he must cool himself with a walk to yon high hill, whither I likewise walked with him to bear him company; but if ever you catch me there again: for I was never so frightened in all my life. We met with the strangest man there.—I'll be hanged, cries the landlord, if it was not the Man of the Hill, as they call him; if, indeed, he be a man; but I know several people who believe it is the devil that lives there. —Nay, nay, like enough, says Partridge; and now you put me in the head of it, I verily and sincerely believe it was the devil, though I could not perceive his cloven foot; but, perhaps, he might have the power given him to hide that, since evil spirits can appear in what shapes they please.—And pray, sir, says the serjeant; no offence, I hope; but pray what sort of a gentleman is the devil? For I have heard some of our officers say, there is no such person; and that it is only a trick of the parsons, to prevent their being broke; for if it was publicly known that there was no devil, the parsons would be of no more use than we are in time of peace.—Those officers, says Partridge, are very great scholars, I suppose.—Not much of schollards neither, answered the serjeant: they have not half your learning, sir, I believe; and to be sure, I thought there must be a devil, notwithstanding what they said, though one of them was a captain; for me-thought, thinks I to myself, if there be no devil, how can wicked people be sent to him, and I have read all that upon a book.—Some of your officers, quoth the landlord, will find there is a devil, to their shame, I believe. I don't question but he'll pay off some old scores upon my account. Here was one quartered upon me half a year, who had the conscience to take up one of my best beds, though he hardly spent a shilling a day in the house, and suffered his men to roast

cabbages at the kitchen fire, because I would not give them a dinner on a Sunday. Every good christian must desire there should be a devil for the punishment of such wretches.—Harkee, landlord, said the serjeant, don't abuse the cloth, for I won't take it.—D—n the cloth, answered the landlord, I have suffered enough by them.—Bear witness, gentlemen, says the serjeant, he curses the king, and that's high treason.—I curse the king! you villain, said the landlord. Yes, you did, cries the serjeant; you cursed the cloth, and that's cursing the king. It's all one and the same; for every man who curses the cloth would curse the king if he durst; so for matter o'that, it's all one and the same thing.—Excuse me there, Mr. Serjeant, quoth Partridge, that's a *non sequitur*.—None of your outlandish linguo, answered the serjeant, leaping from his seat; I will not sit still and hear the cloth abused.—You mistake me, friend, cries Partridge. I did not mean to abuse the cloth; I only said your conclusion was a *non sequitur**.—You are another, cries the serjeant, an you come to that. No more a *sequitur* than yourself. You are a pack of rascals, and I'll prove it; for I will fight the best man of you all for twenty pounds. This challenge effectually silenced Partridge, whose stomach for drubbing did not so soon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whose bones were less sore, and whose appetite for fighting was somewhat sharper, did not so easily brook the affront, of which he conceived some part at least fell to his share. He started, therefore, from his seat, and advancing to the serjeant, swore he looked on himself to be as good a man as any in the army,

* This word, which the serjeant unhappily mistook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the conclusion doth not follow from the premises.

and offered to box for a guinea. The military man accepted the combat, but refused the wager; upon which both immediately stripped and engaged, till the driver of horses was so well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhaust his small remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now desirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain, for the coachman was disabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would, perhaps, have imputed this disability to the god of drink, no less than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had sacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To speak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Partridge in a much better situation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him than it had on any other vessel in his house.

The mistress of the inn being summoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing scene; and at the same time expressed great concern for the young lady, who, she said, was under the utmost uneasiness at being prevented from pursuing her journey. She is a sweet pretty creature, added she, and I am certain I have seen her face before. I fancy she is in love, and running away from her friends. Who knows but some young gentleman or other may be expecting her, with a heart as heavy as her own.

Jones fetched a hearty sigh at those words; of which, though Mrs. Waters observed it, she took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, she could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her suspecting some very dangerous rival in his affections.

The awkward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occasion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct answer to any of her questions; but she was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the discovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as she could not see his heart, she gave herself no concern about it. She could feast heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that some other already had been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same repast. A sentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals, however, much in substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish, than the desires of those females who can be contented enough to abstain from the possession of their lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means she came into that distressful situation from which she was rescued by Jones.

Though Nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share either of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both as requires much art, and pains too, to subdue and keep under;—a conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good breeding.

As Jones, therefore, might very justly be called a well-bred man, he had stifled all that curiosity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters must be supposed to have occa-

sioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few hints to the lady; but when he perceived her industriously avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without suspicion, that there were some circumstances which must have raised her blushes, had she related the whole truth.

Now, since it is possible that some of our readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourselves of the real fact, with the relation of which we shall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived some years with one Captain Waters, who was a captain in the same regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She passed for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the serjeant said, there were some doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am sorry to say it, had for some time contracted an intimacy with the abovementioned ensign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That she had a remarkable fondness for that young fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal lengths is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one also.

The division of the regiment to which Captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the ensign; so that the former had reached Worcester the very day after the unfortunate rencounter between Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and

the captain, that she should accompany him in his march as far as Worcester, where they were to take their leave of each other, and she was thence to return to Bath, where she was to stay till the end of the winter's campaign against the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To say the truth, the lady had made him an assignation at this very place, and promised to stay at Worcester till his division came thither; with what view and for what purpose must be left to the reader's divination; for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the disadvantage of the loveliest part of the creation.

Northerton no sooner obtained a release from his captivity, as we have seen, than he hasted away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which, as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the last-mentioned city, some few hours after Captain Waters had left her. At his first arrival he made no scruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed; for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at least to a court of honour, though he left some circumstances which might be questionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it spoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently disinterested passion of love, which seeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no sooner apprised of the danger to which her lover was exposed, than she lost every consideration besides that of his safety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate subject of debate between them.

After much consultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the ensign should go across the

country to Hereford, whence he might find some conveyance to one of the sea-ports in Wales, and thence might make his escape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared she would bear him company; and for which she was able to furnish him with money, a very material article to Mr. Northerton, she having then in her pocket three bank-notes to the amount of 90*l.* besides some cash, and a diamond ring of pretty considerable value on her finger. All which she, with the utmost confidence, revealed to this wicked man, little suspecting she should by these means inspire him with a design of robbing her. Now as they must, by taking horses from Worcester, have furnished any pursuers with the means of hereafter discovering their route, the ensign proposed, and the lady presently agreed, to make their first stage on foot; for which purpose the hardness of the frost was very seasonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things, therefore, being settled in the evening, they arose early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worcester, it being then above two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at the full, gave them all the light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themselves from one place to another, and with whom consequently a coach is reckoned among the necessaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of strength and agility; and, as her mind was no less animated with spirit, she was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for some miles in a high road, which Northerton said he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the side of a large wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himself, expressed some apprehensions from travelling any longer in so public a way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair companion to strike with him into a path which seemed to lead directly through the wood, and which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazzard Hill.

Whether the execrable scheme which he now attempted to execute was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now first came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any interruption, he suddenly slipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable fact which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters that she was not of the weakest order of females; for no sooner did she perceive, by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his hellish intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her defence, and so strongly struggled with her enemy, screaming all the while for assistance, that she delayed the execution of the villain's purpose several minutes; by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief at that very instant when her strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loss than that of her clothes, which were torn from her

back, and of the diamond ring, which during the contention either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful inquiry, which, for thy satisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a scene of folly, as well as villainy, which we could scarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of, had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly persuaded that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded, therefore, that his only safety lay in flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor woman's money and ring would make him amends for the additional burden he was to lay on his conscience.

And here, reader, we must strictly caution thee, that thou dost not take any occasion, from the misbehaviour of such a wretch as this, to reflect on so worthy and honourable a body of men as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleased to consider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper person to be enrolled among the number of such. If, therefore, his baseness can justly reflect on any besides himself, it must be only on those who gave him his commission.

BOOK X.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES FORWARD ABOUT TWELVE HOURS.

CHAPTER I.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be; for, perhaps, thou mayest be as learned in human nature as Shakspeare himself was, and, perhaps, thou mayest be no wiser than some of his editors. Now, lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions; that thou mayest not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history, as impertinent and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have

here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate, and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics, in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between two persons actuated by the same vice or folly, is another; and as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery; every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammon and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquisite judgment; for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our playhouse critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taste; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little question whether mere man ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that

——nulla virtute redemptum
*A vitiis——**

in Juvenal; nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection, or such diabolical depravity, in any work of invention; since, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, than to draw any good uses from such patterns; for, in the former instance, he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of excellence in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and, in contemplating the latter, he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the nature of which he is a partaker, degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raise our compassion rather

* Whose vices are not allayed with a single virtue.

than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral use than the imperfections which are seen in examples of this kind; since such form a kind of surprise, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked persons. The foibles and vices of men, in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects from the virtues which contrast them and show their deformity; and when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own sake, but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my friend, having given you these few admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our history.

CHAPTER II.

Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the inn.

Now the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, sports wantonly o'er the lawns; now on some hollow tree the owl, shrill chorister of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of some modern connoisseurs in music; now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he staggers through the church-yard, or rather charnel-yard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin; now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honest watchmen fast asleep; in plain

English, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well as those who have been already mentioned in this history, as some others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Susan Chamber-maid was now stirring, she being obliged to wash the kitchen, before she retired to the arms of the fond expecting hostler.

In this posture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there post. He immediately alighted from his horse, and coming up to Susan, inquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused manner, being almost out of breath with eagerness, Whether there was any lady in the house? The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who stared very wildly all the time, a little surprised Susan, so that she hesitated before she made any answer; upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerness, begged her to give him a true information, saying, He had lost his wife, and was come in pursuit of her. Upon my shoul, cries he, I have been near catching her already in two or three places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her. If she be in the house, do carry me up in the dark and show her to me; and if she be gone away before me, do tell which way I shall go after to meet her, and upon my shoul I will make you the richest poor woman in the nation. He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a sight which would have bribed persons of much greater consequence than this poor wench, to much worse purposes.

Susan, from the account she had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the least doubt but that she was the very identical stray whom the right owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reason, that she never could get money in an honester way than by restoring a wife to her husband, she made no scruple of assuring the gen-

tleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the house; and was presently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promises, and some earnest paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a custom long established in the polite world, and that upon very solid and substantial reasons, that a husband shall never enter his wife's apartment without first knocking at the door. The many excellent uses of this custom need scarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world; for by this means the lady hath time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable object out of the way; for there are some situations, in which nice and delicate women would not be discovered by their husbands.

To say the truth, there are several ceremonies instituted among the polished part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarser judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of substance in them, by the more discerning; and lucky would it have been, had the custom above mentioned been observed by our gentleman in the present instance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of those gentle raps which is usual on such occasions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with such violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burst open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no sooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewise appeared—— with shame and sorrow are we obliged to proceed—— our hero himself, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was and what he meant by daring to burst open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at first thought he had committed a mistake, and was going to ask pardon and retreat, when, on a sudden, as the moon shone very bright, he cast his eyes on stays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, stockings, garters, shoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a disordered manner on the floor. All these operating on the natural jealousy of his temper, so enraged him, that he lost all power of speech; and, without returning any answer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interposing, a fierce contention arose, which soon proceeded to blows on both sides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we must confess she was in the same bed) being, I suppose, awakened from her sleep, and seeing two men fighting in her bedchamber, began to scream in the most violent manner, crying out murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which last, some, perhaps, may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these words of exclamation are used by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, ra, da, &c. are in music, only as the vehicles of sound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was deposited the body of an Irish gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of those whom the Irish call a calabalaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one; for which purpose he was proceeding to Bath, to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been instructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himself to the ladies, than the improving his understanding, and filling his

mind with good literature. He no sooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leaped from his bolster, and taking his sword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the sight of another man in his shirt at first added some shock to the decency of the lady, it made her presently amends by considerably abating her fears; for no sooner had the calabalaro entered the room, than he cried out: Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the devil is the maning of this? Upon which the other immediately answered, O, Mr. Macklachlan! I am rejoiced you are here.—This villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into bed with her.—What wife? cries Macklachlan, do not I know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I see that the lady, whom the gentleman who stands here in his shirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpse he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate mistake, began to ask many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones, he said, I would have you take notice I do not ask your pardon, for you have bate me; for which I am resolved to have your blood in the morning.

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan answered, Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you may be ashamed of your own self, to disturb people at this time of night; if all the people in the inn were not asleep, you would have awakened them as you have me. The gentleman has served you very rightly. Upon my conscience though I have no wife, if you had treated her so, I would have cut your throat.

Jones was so confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to say nor do; but the invention of women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own assurance, she answered, I know not what you mean, villains! I am wife to none of you. Help! rape! murder! rape! And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmost virulence, saying, She thought herself in a sober inn, and not in a bawdy-house; but that a set of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, she said, were equally dear to her.

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried, She was undone, and that the reputation of her house, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed. Then turning to the men, she cried, What, in the devil's name, is the reason of all this disturbance in the lady's room? Fitzpatrick hanging down his head, repeated, That he had committed a mistake, for which he heartily asked pardon, and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have missed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly asserted, That he had run to her assistance upon hearing the door broke open; with what design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the lady; which, if they intended, he said he had the good fortune to prevent.—I never had a robbery committed in my house since I have kept it, cries the landlady: I would have you to know, sir, I harbour no highwaymen, here; I scorn the word, thof I say it. None but honest, good gentlefolks, are welcome to my

house; and I thank good luck, I have always had enow of such customers: indeed as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my Lord ——, and then she repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inserting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her, That nothing but a concern for her safety could have prevailed on him to do it. The reader may inform himself of her answer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the scene, by considering the situation which she affected, it being that of a modest lady, who was awakened out of her sleep by three strange men in her chamber. This was the part which she undertook to perform; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that noneof our theatrical actresses could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair sex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress; and even among these we rarely see two who are equally able to personate the same character; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well those individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters, recovering from her fear, recovered likewise from her anger, and spoke in much gentler accents to the landlady; who did not so readily quit her concern for the reputation of the house, in favour of which she began again to number the many great persons who had slept under her roof; but the lady

stopped her short, and having absolutely acquitted her of having had any share in the past disturbance, begged to be left to her repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many curtsies, took her leave.

CHAPTER III.

A dialogue between the landlady and Susan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all inn-keepers and their servants: with the arrival, and affable behaviour, of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

The landlady, remembering that Susan had been the only person out of bed when the door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to inquire into the first occasion of the disturbance, as well as who the strange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole story, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in some circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the money which she had received. But whereas her mistress had, in the preface to her inquiry, spoken much in compassion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue. Susan could not help endeavouring t quiet the concern which her mistress seemed to be under on that account, by swearing heartily she saw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at these words. A likely story, truly, cried she, that a

woman should cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was the case! I desire to know what better proof any lady can give of her virtue, than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can witness for her she did? I beg, madam, you would spread no such scandal of any of my guests; for it will not only reflect on them, but upon the house; and I am sure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly people, come here.

Well, says Susan, then I must not believe my own eyes.—No, indeed, must you not always, answered her mistress; I would not have believed my own eyes against such good gentlefolks. I have not had a better supper ordered this half-year than they ordered last night; and so easy and good-humoured were they, that they found no fault with my Worcestershire perry, which I sold them for champagne; and to be sure it is as well tasted, and as wholesome, as the best champagne in the kingdom, otherwise I would scorn to give it 'em; and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of such sober good sort of people.

Susan being thus silenced, her mistress proceeded to other matters. And so you tell me, continued she, that the strange gentleman came post, and there is a footman without with the horses; why then, he is certainly some of your great gentlefolks too. Why did not you ask him whether he'd have any supper? I think he is in the other gentleman's room; go up, and ask whether he called. Perhaps he'll order something, when he finds any body stirring in the house to dress it. Now don't commit any of your usual blunders, by telling him the fire's out, and the fowls alive. And if he should order mutton, don't blab out that we have none. The butcher, I know, killed a sheep just before I went to bed, and he never refuses to cut it up warm

when I desire it. Go, remember there's all sorts of mutton and fowls; go, open the door with—Gentlemen, d'ye call? and if they say nothing, ask what his honour will be pleased to have for supper? Don't forget his honour. Go; if you don't mind all these matters better, you'll never come to any thing.

Susan departed, and soon returned with an account, that the two gentlemen were got both into the same bed. Two gentlemen, says the landlady, in the same bed! that's impossible; they are two arrant scrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, young Squire Allworthy guessed right, that the fellow intended to rob her ladyship; for if he had broke open the lady's door with any of the wicked designs of a gentleman, he would never have sneaked away to another room, to save the expense of a supper and a bed to himself. They are certainly thieves, and their searching after a wife is nothing but a pretence.

In these censures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great injustice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had some few blemishes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a sneaking or a niggardly fellow was not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a man, that, whereas he had received a very handsome fortune with his wife, he had now spent every penny of it, except some little pittance which was settled upon her; and in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such cruelty, that, together with his jealousy, which was of the bitterest kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Chester in one day, with which, and some good dry blows he had received in the

scuffle, his bones were so sore, that, added to the soreness of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the woman, whom, at the maid's instance, he had mistaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that she might nevertheless be in the house, though he had erred in the first person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the dissuasions of his friend, from searching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and post-boy were in a different disposition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real truth of the case, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greediness, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been first awaked by the hurry which we have before seen; and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his pillow, a screech-owl had given him such a serenade at his window, that he leaped in a most horrible affright from his bed, and, huddling on his clothes with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her rest; for she was just about to leave the other two guests to the care of Susan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be so neglected, especially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same quantity of perry to the fire; for this readily answered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Irish footman was retired to bed, and the post-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to stay and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The school-master was indeed afraid to return to bed by himself; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the company of my landlady, he was resolved to secure that of the boy, in whose presence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another post-boy at the gate; upon which Susan, being ordered out, returned introducing two young women in riding-habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that Partridge and the post-boy intantly started from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her curt'sies, and her ladyships, with great eagerness.

The lady in the rich habit said, with a smile of great condescension, If you will give me leave, madam, I will warm myself a few minutes at your kitchen fire; for it is really very cold; but I must insist on disturbing no one from his seat. This was spoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, struck with the utmost awe and astonishment at the splendour of the lady's dress. Indeed, she had a much better title to respect than this; for she was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earnestly desired Partridge to return to his seat; but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and displayed to the fire two hands which had every property of snow in them except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewise pulled off her gloves, and discovered what bore an exact resemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

I wish, madam, quoth the latter, your ladyship

would not think of going any farther to-night. I am terribly afraid your ladyship will not be able to bear the fatigue.

Why sure, cries the landlady, her ladyship's honour can never intend it. O, bless me! farther to-night indeed! let me beseech your ladyship not to think on't——But, to be sure, your ladyship can't. What will your honour be pleased to have for supper? I have mutton of all kinds, and some nice chicken.

I think, madam, said the lady, it would be rather breakfast than supper; but I cannot eat any thing; and if I stay, shall only lie down for an hour or two. However, if you please, madam, you may get me a little sack whey, made very small and thin.

Yes, madam, cries the mistress of the house, I have some excellent white wine.—You have no sack, then, says the lady. Yes, an't please your honour, I have; I may challenge the country for that —but let me beg your ladyship to eat something.

Upon my word, I can't eat a morsel, answered the lady; and I shall be much obliged to you, if you will please to get my apartment ready as soon as possible; for I am resolved to be on horseback again in three hours.

Why, Susan, cries the landlady, is there a fire lit yet in the Wild-goose?—I am sorry, madam, all my best rooms are full. Several people of the first quality are now in bed. Here's a great young squire, and many other great gentlefolks of quality. Susan answered, That the Irish gentlemen were got into the Wild-goose.

Was ever any thing like it! says the mistress; why the devil would you not keep some of the best rooms for the quality, when you know scarce a day passes without some calling here?——If they be

gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her ladyship, they will get up again.

Not upon my account, says the lady; I will have no person disturbed for me. If you have a room that is commonly decent, it will serve me very well, though it be never so plain. I beg, madam, you will not give yourself so much trouble on my account.—O, madam! cries the other, I have several good rooms, for that matter, but none good enough for your honour's ladyship. However, as you are so condescending to take up with the best I have, do, Susan, get a fire in the Rose this minute. Will your ladyship be pleased to go up now, or stay till the fire is lighted?—I think, I have sufficiently warmed myself, answered the lady; so, if you please, I will go now. I am afraid I have kept people, and particularly that gentleman (meaning Partridge), too long in the cold already. Indeed, I cannot bear to think of keeping any person from the fire this dreadful weather.—She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the conversation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is, indeed, in perfect beauty, a power which none almost can withstand; for my landlady, though she was not pleased at the negative given to the supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the most extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying some compliments to the gold-lace on her habit; the post-boy sung forth the praises of her goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other post-boy, who was now come in. She's a true good lady, I warrant her, says he; for she hath mercy upon dumb creatures; for she asked me every now and tan

upon the journey, if I did not think she should hurt the horses by riding too fast! and when she came in, she charged me to give them as much corn as ever they would eat.

Such charms are there in affability, and so sure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey.* It is equally sure to set off every female perfection to the highest advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A short reflection, which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath seen the loveliness of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by showing the reverse.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal disesteem and hatred.

The lady had no sooner laid herself on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with some of those dainties which her mistress had refused.

The company, at her entrance, showed her the same respect which they had before paid to her mistress, by rising; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed, it was scarce possible they should have done so, for she placed her chair in such a posture, as to occupy almost the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that instant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, she would not stay for it.

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.

Now, though the said chicken was then at roost in the stable, and required the several ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the time; but the guest being unfortunately admitted behind the scenes must have been witness to the *fourberie*; the poor woman was, therefore, obliged to confess that she had none in the house; but, madam, said she, I can get any kind of mutton in an instant from the butcher's.

Do you think, then, answered the waiting-gentlewoman, that I have the stomach of a horse, to eat mutton at this time of night? Sure you people that keep inns imagine your betters are like yourselves. Indeed, I expect to get nothing at this wretched place. I wonder my lady would stop at it. I suppose, none but tradesmen and graziers ever call here. The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her house; however, she suppressed her temper, and contented herself with saying, Very good quality frequented it, she thanked Heaven!—Don't tell me, cries the other, of quality! I believe I know more of people of quality than such as you.—But, prithee, without troubling me with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for supper; for though I cannot eat horse-flesh, I am really hungry.—Why truly, madam, answered the landlady, you could not take me again at such a disadvantage; for I must confess I have nothing in the house, unless a cold piece of beef, which, indeed, a gentleman's footman and the post-boy have almost cleared to the bone.—Woman, said Mrs. Abigail (so for shortness we will call her), I intreat you not to make me sick. If I had fasted a month, I could not eat what had been touched by the fingers of such fellows: Is there nothing neat or

decent to be had in this horrid place?—What think you of some eggs and bacon, madam? said the landlady. Are your eggs new laid? Are you certain they were laid to-day? And let me have the bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure any thing that's gross. Prithee, try if you can do a little tolerably for once, and don't think you have a farmer's wife, or some of those creatures in the house. The landlady began then to handle her knife; but the other stopped her, saying, Good woman, I must insist upon your first washing your hands; for I am extremely nice, and have been always used from my cradle to have every thing in the most elegant manner.

The landlady, who governed herself with much difficulty, began now the necessary preparations; for as to Susan, she was utterly rejected, and with such disdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it to restrain her hands from violence, as her mistress had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Susan did not entirely; for though she literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many marry-come-ups, as good flesh and blood as yourself; with other such indignant phrases.

While the supper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament she had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but, she said, that was now too late. However, said she, I have novelty to recommend a kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat in one before. Then turning to the post-boys, she asked them, Why they were not in the stable with their horses? If I must eat my hard fare here, madam, cries she to the landlady, I beg the kitchen may be kept clear, that I may not be surrounded with all the blackguards in town. As for you, sir, says she to Partridge, you look somewhat like a gentleman, and may sit still, if

you please; I don't desire to disturb any body but mob.

Yes, yes, madam, cries Partridge, I am a gentleman, I do assure you, and I am not so easily to be disturbed. *Non semper vox casualis est verbo nominativus.* This Latin she took to be some affront, and answered, You may be a gentleman, sir; but you don't show yourself as one, to talk Latin to a woman. Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which she tossed up her nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the name of a great scholar.

The supper being now on table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for so delicate a person; and while a second course of the same was by her order preparing, she said, And so, madam, you tell me your house is frequented by people of great quality.

The landlady answered in the affirmative, saying, There were a great many very good quality and gentlefolks in it now. There's young Squire Allworthy, as that gentleman there knows.

And pray who is that young gentleman of quality, this young Squire Allworthy? said Abigail.

Who should he be, answered Partridge, but the son and heir of the great Squire Allworthy of Somersetshire.

Upon my word, said she, you tell me strange news; for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire very well, and I know he hath no son alive.

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a short hesitation, he answered, Indeed, madam, it is true, every body doth not know him to be Squire Allworthy's son; for he was never married to his mother; but his son he certainly is, and will be his heir too, as certainly as his name is Jones. At that word, Abigail let drop the bacon, which she

was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, You surprise me, sir! Is it possible Mr. Jones should be now in the house?—*Quare non?* answered Partridge, it is possible, and it is certain.

Abigail now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress, when the conversation passed, which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Showing who the amiable lady and her unamiable maid were.

As in the month of June, the damask rose, which chance hath planted among the lilies, with their candid hue mixes his vermilion; or, as some playsome heifer in the pleasant month of May diffuses her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows; or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, constant dove, perched on some fair bough, sits meditating on her mate; so, looking a hundred charms and breathing as many sweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and innocent as her face was beautiful; Sophia (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her maid entered the room, and, running directly to the bed, cried, Madam—madam—who doth your ladyship think is in the house? Sophia, starting up, cried, I hope my father hath not overtaken us. No, madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; Mr. Jones himself is here at this very instant. Mr. Jones! says Sophia, it is impossible! I cannot be so fortunate. Her maid averred the fact, and was presently detached by her mistress to order

him to be called; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no sooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before seen, than the landlady fell severely upon her. The poor woman had, indeed, been loading her heart with foul language for some time, and now it scoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge, likewise, shovelled in his share of calumny, and (what may surprise the reader) not only bespattered the maid, but attempted to sully the lily-white character of Sophia herself. Never a barrel the better herring, cries he. *Noscitur à socio*, is a true saying. It must be confessed, indeed, that the lady in the fine garments is the civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them are a bit better than they should be. A couple of Bath trulls, I'll answer for them; your quality don't ride about at this time o'night without servants,—Sbodlikens, and that's true, cries the landlady: you have certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality don't come into a house without bespeaking a supper, whether they eat or no.

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned, and discharged her commission, by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to speak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, saying, he was the squire's friend; but for her part, she never called men-folks, especially gentlemen; and then walked sullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge; but he refused: for my friend, cries he, went to bed very late, and he would be very angry to be disturbed so soon. Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying, She was sure, instead of being angry, that he would be to the highest degree delighted when he knew the occasion.

—Another time, perhaps, he might, cries Partridge; but *non omnia possumus omnes:* One woman is enough at once for a reasonable man. What do you mean by one woman, fellow? cries Honour. None of your fellow, answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made use of an expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. Honour, that she called him jackanapes, and returned in a violent hurry to her mistress, whom she acquainted with the success of her errand, and with the account she had received; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with Jones, as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She discharged a torrent of abuse on the master, and advised her mistress to quit all thoughts of a man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the story of Molly Seagrim, and gave the most malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herself; which, I must confess, the present incident not a little countenanced.

The spirits of Sophia were too much dissipated by concern, to enable her to stop the torrent of her maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, I never can believe this; some villain hath belied him. You say you had it from his friend; but surely it is not the office of a friend to betray such secrets.—I suppose, cries Honour, the fellow is his pimp; for I never saw so ill-looked a villain. Besides, such profligate rakes as Mr. Jones are never ashamed of these matters.

To say the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the effect of the dose which he swallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or, indeed, rather

of malt spirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head which Nature designed for the reservoir of drink, being very shallow, a small quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the sluices of his heart; so that all the secrets there deposited run out. These sluices were, indeed, naturally very ill secured. To give the best-natured turn we can to his disposition, he was a very honest man; for as he was the most inquisitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the secrets of others; so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what resolution to take, Susan arrived with the sack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately advised her mistress, in a whisper, to pump this wench, who, probably, could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: Come hither, child; now answer me truly what I am going to ask you, and I promise you I will very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman in this house, a handsome young gentleman, that——Here Sophia blushed, and was confounded. A young gentleman, cries Honour, that came hither in company with that saucy rascal who is now in the kitchen? Susan answered, There was.—Do you know any thing of any lady? continues Sophia; any lady? I don't ask you whether she is handsome or no; perhaps she is not, that's nothing to the purpose; but do you know of any lady?—La! madam, cries Honour, you will make a very bad examiner. Harkee, child, says she, is not that very young gentleman now in bed with some nasty trull or other? Here Susan smiled, and was silent. Answer the question, child, says Sophia, and here's a guinea for you.—A guinea! madam, cries Susan; La, what's a gui-

nea? If my mistress should know it, I shall certainly lose my place that very instant.—Here's another for you, says Sophia, and I promise you faithfully your mistress shall never know it. Susan, after a very short hesitation, took the money, and told the whole story, concluding with saying, If you have any great curiosity, madam, I can steal, softly into his room, and see whether he be in his own bed or no. She accordingly did this by Sophia's desire, and returned with an answer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a fellow. Why there, says Susan, I hope, madam, your ladyship won't be offended; but pray, madam, is not your ladyship's name Madam Sophia Western? How is it possible you should know me? answered Sophia. Why, that man that the gentlewoman spoke of, who is in the kitchen, told about you last night. But I hope your ladyship is not angry with me.—Indeed, child, said she, I am not, pray tell it me all, and I promise you I'll reward you.—Why, madam, continued Susan, that man told us all in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia Western—Indeed, I don't know how to bring it out. Here she stopped, till having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Honour, she proceeded thus:—He told us, madam, though to be sure it is all a lie, that your ladyship was dying for love of the young squire, and that he was going to the wars, to get rid of you. I thought to myself then he was a false-hearted wretch; but now to see such a fine, rich, beautiful lady as you be, forsaken for such an ordinary woman; for to be sure so she is, and another man's wife into the bargain. It is such a strange, unnatural thing, in a manner.

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and, telling her she would certainly be her friend, if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl, with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting-woman, That she never was more easy than at present. I am now convinced, said she, he is not only a villain, but a low despicable wretch. I can forgive all rather than his exposing my name in so barbarous a manner. That renders him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I am now easy; I am indeed; I am very easy; and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a short interval spent by Sophia, chiefly in crying and assuring her maid that she was perfectly easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any sparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at least some punishment for his faults.

The reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-fellow by night; and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and, having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her to

take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then, having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse, and, once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

It was now past five in the morning, and other company began to rise and come to the kitchen, among whom were the serjeant and the coachman, who, being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the English phrase, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking, nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the serjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word King; nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight against his own cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. Jones, being now returned to his own bed (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating), summoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himself as follows:

It is, sir, an old saying, and a true one, that a wise man may sometimes learn counsel from a

fool; I wish therefore I might be so bold as to offer you my advice, which is to return home again, and leave these *horrida bella*, these bloody wars, to fellows who are contented to swallow gunpowder, because they have nothing else to eat. Now every body knows your honour wants for nothing at home; when that's the case, why should any man travel abroad?

Partridge, cries Jones, thou art certainly a coward: I wish therefore thou would'st return home thyself, and trouble me no more.

I ask your honour's pardon, cries Partridge, I spoke on your account more than my own; for as to me, Heaven knows my circumstances are bad enough, and I am so far from being afraid, that I value a pistol, or a blunderbuss, or any such thing, no more than a pop-gun. Every man must die once, and what signifies the manner how; besides, perhaps, I may come off with the loss only of an arm or a leg. I assure you, sir, I was never less afraid in my life; and so if your honour is resolved to go on, I am resolved to follow you. But, in that case, I wish I might give my opinion. To be sure, it is a scandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman like you to walk afoot. Now here are two or three good horses in the stable, which the landlord will certainly make no scruple of trusting you with; but if he should, I can easily contrive to take them; and let the worst come to the worst, the king would certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight in his cause.

Now as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things;

but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger; for, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would sufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earnest in this proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the discourse to other matters; saying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-house, and that he had with much ado prevented two wenches from disturbing his honour in the middle of the night. Heyday! says he, I believe they got into your chamber whether I would or no; for here lies the muff of one of them on the ground.—Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed, he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones desired to see it. The muff was so very remarkable, that our hero might possibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw and read the words, Sophia Western, upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, Oh! Heavens, how came this muff here!—I know no more than your honour, cried Partridge; but I saw it upon the arm of one of the women who would have disturbed you, if I would have suffered them.—Where are they? cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. Many

miles off, I believe, by this time, said Partridge. And now Jones, upon further inquiry, was sufficiently assured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were such as beggar all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his clothes, he hastened down stairs to execute the orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since Partridge had first left it on his master's summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party, when the two Irish gentlemen arose, and came down stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horse-flesh, and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleasure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this history.

The coachman having but two passengers, and hearing Mr. Macklachlan was going to Bath, offer-

ed to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hostler, who said, that the horse, which Mr. Macklachlan had hired from Worcester, would be much more pleased with returning to his friends there, than to prosecute a long journey; for that the said horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Macklachlan immediately closed with the proposal of the coachman, and, at the same time, persuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the soreness of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horse: and being well assured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no consequence.

Macklachlan, who was much the sharper man of the two, no sooner heard that this lady came from Chester, with the other circumstances which he learned from the hostler, than it came into his head that she might possibly be his friend's wife; and presently acquainted him with this suspicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himself. To say the truth, he was one of those compositions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains in their head.

Now it happens to this sort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themselves; but no sooner doth a dog of sagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the same, and, without the guidance of any scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same manner, the very moment Mr. Macklachlan had mentioned his apprehension, Mr. Fitzpatrick instantly concurred, and flew directly up stairs, to surprise his wife, before he knew where she was, and unluckily (as

Fortune loves to play tricks with those gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her conduct) ran his head against several doors and posts to no purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested that simile of the hounds, just before inserted; since the poor wife may, on these occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal, she pricks up her ears to listen after the voice of her pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and, like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the end.

This was not however the case at present; for, after a long and fruitless search, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chace, entered a gentleman hallooing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was just alighted from his horse, and had many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in this next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

In the first place, then, this gentleman just arrived was no other person than Squire Western himself, who was come hither in pursuit of his daughter; and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain; for such was the wife of Mr.

Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the custody of that sage lady, Madam Western.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the same time with Sophia; for having been waked by the voice of her husband, she had sent up for the landlady, and being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furnish her with horses for her escape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and though the mistress would have turned away her maid for a corrupt hussy, if she had known as much as the reader, yet she was no more proof against corruption herself than poor Susan had been.

Mr. Western and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen match, and consequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his presence.

The kitchen was now a scene of universal confusion. Western inquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As soon as Western saw Jones, he set up the same holla as is used by sportsmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up, and laid hold of Jones, crying, We have got the dog-fox, I warrant the bitch is not far off. The jargon which followed for some minutes, where many spoke different things at the same time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so it would be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken Mr. Western off, and some of the company having interfered between them, our hero protested his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when Parson Supple stepped up, and said, It is folly to deny it; for why, the marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will myself asseverate, and bind it by an oath, that the muff thou bearest in thy hand belongeth unto Madam Sophia; for I have frequently observed her, of later days, to bear it about her.—My daughter's muff! cries the squire in a rage. Hath he got my daughter's muff! bear witness, the goods are found upon him. I'll have him before a justice of peace this instant. Where is my daughter, villain?—Sir, said Jones, I beg you will be pacified. The muff, I acknowledge, is the young lady's, but, upon my honour, I have never seen her.—At these words Western lost all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the servants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Western was. The good Irishman, therefore, thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of service to his uncle, and by that means might possibly obtain his favour, stepped up to Jones, and cried out, Upon my conscience, sir, you may be ashamed of denying your having seen the gentleman's daughter before my face, when you know I found you there upon the bed together. Then turning to Western, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the squire, the parson, and some others, ascended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered with no less violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady started from her sleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her

bed-side a figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of Bedlam. Such wildness and confusion were in the looks of Mr. Western; who no sooner saw the lady, than he started back, showing sufficiently by his manner before he spoke, that this was not the person sought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their persons, that though the latter seemed now in more danger than before; yet as the former was secure, the lady screamed not with such violence as she had done on the other occasion. However she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all thoughts of further repose; and as she had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with her present lodging, she dressed herself with all possible expedition.

Mr. Western now proceeded to search the whole house, but to as little purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned disconsolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the custody of his servants.

This violent uproar had raised all the people in the house, though it was yet scarcely day-light. Among these was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commission of the peace for the county of Worcester Of which Mr. Western was no sooner informed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him. The justice declined executing his office, as he said he had no clerk present, nor no book about justice business; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about stealing away daughters, and such sort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his assistance, informing the company that he had been himself bred to the law. (And indeed he had served three years as clerk to an attorney in the

north of Ireland, when, choosing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his master, came over to England, and set up that business which requires no apprenticeship, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had succeeded, as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the present case; that stealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods being found upon the person, were sufficient evidence of the fact.

The magistrate, upon the encouragement of so learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent intercession of the squire, was at length prevailed upon to seat himself in the chair of justice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones still held in his hand, and upon the parson's swearing it to be the property of Mr. Western, he desired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he said he would sign.

Jones now desired to be heard, which was at last, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it; but what was still more, Susan deposed that Sophia herself had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of justice, or the extraordinary comeliness of Jones, had wrought on Susan to make the discovery, I will not determine; but such were the effects of her evidence, that the magistrate, throwing himself back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the side of the prisoner, as it had before been against him; with which the parson concurred, saying, The Lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent person to durance. The justice

then arose, acquitted the prisoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Western now gave every one present a hearty curse, and immediately ordering his horses, departed in pursuit of his daughter, without taking the least notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any answer to his claim of kindred, notwithstanding all the obligations he had just received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his passion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I say luckily; for he would have died on the spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewise, with his friend Partridge, set forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in quest of his lovely Sophia, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he detested the very thoughts, as she had been, though not designedly, the occasion of his missing the happiest interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal constancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, she took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place she set out in company with the two Irish gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her clothes; in return for which, she was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handsome fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the absence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somersetshire angel.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which the history goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our history, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that, in the ninth chapter of the seventh book of our history, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had arisen, as we have there shown, from a visit which her father had just before made her, in order to force her consent to a marriage with Blifil; and which he had understood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, that she neither must nor could refuse any absolute command of his.

Now from this visit the squire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the success he had gained with his daughter; and as he was of a social disposition, and willing to have partakers in his happiness, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; so that before eleven in the evening, there was not a single person sober in the house, except only Mrs. Western herself, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. Blifil; for though the squire imagined that young gentleman had been much less acquainted, than he really was, with the former aversion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herself would confirm it with

her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the squire and his sister likewise were assembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakspeare! had I thy pen! O, Hogarth! had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor serving-man, who, with pale countenance, staring eyes, chattering teeth, faltering tongue, and trembling limbs,

> (E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
> Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
> And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd)

entered the room, and declared,—that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

Not to be found! cries the squire, starting from his chair; Zounds and d—nation! Blood and fury! Where, when, how, what—Not to be found! Where?

La! brother, said Mrs. Western, with true political coldness, you are always throwing yourself into such violent passions for nothing. My niece, I suppose, is only walked out into the garden. I protest you are grown so unreasonable, that it is impossible to live in the house with you.

Nay, nay, answered the squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; if that be all the matter, it signifies not much; but, upon my soul, my mind misgave me, when the fellow said she was not to be found. He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverse of each other than were the brother and sister, in most

instances; particularly in this, that as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened; so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quick-sighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples: and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive; for as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice, as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas; and as the poet tells us, that the whole shore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; so did the house, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, resound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarse voices of the men, and in the shrill pipes of the women; while echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved sound, that if there is really such a person, I believe Ovid hath belied her sex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confusion; till at last the squire, having sufficiently spent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Western and Mr. Blifil, and threw himself, with the utmost dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Western began to apply the following consolation.

Brother, I am sorry for what hath happened; and that my niece should have behaved herself in a

manner so unbecoming her family; but it is all your own doings, and you have nobody to thank but yourself. You know she hath been educated always in a manner directly contrary to my advice, and now you see the consequence. Have I not a thousand times argued with you about giving my niece her own will? But you know I never could prevail upon you; and when I had taken so much pains to eradicate her headstrong opinions, and to rectify your errors in policy, you know she was taken out of my hands; so that I have nothing to answer for. Had I been trusted entirely with the care of her education, no such accident as this had ever befallen you; so that you must comfort yourself by thinking it was all your own doing; and indeed, what else could be expected from such indulgence?——

Zounds! sister, answered he, you are enough to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I given her her will?——It was no longer ago than last night that I threatened, if she disobeyed me, to confine her to her chamber upon bread and water, as long as she lived.—You would provoke the patience of Job.

Did ever mortal hear the like? replied she. Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, you would make me forget all decency and decorum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole conduct to me? You have defeated all the operations of the campaign by one false step. Would any man in his senses have provoked a daughter by such threats as these? How often have I told you, that English women are not to be treated like Ciracessian* slaves. We have the protection of the world:

* Possibly Circassian.

we are to be won by gentle means only, and not to be hectored, and bullied, and beat into compliance. I thank Heaven, no Salique law governs here.' Brother, you have a roughness in your manner which no woman but myself would bear. I do not wonder my niece was frightened and terrified into taking this measure; and, to speak honestly, I think my niece will be justified to the world for what she hath done. I repeat it to you again, brother, you must comfort yourself, by remembering that it is all your own fault. How often have I advised—Here Western rose hastily from his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his sister expressed more bitterness (if possible) against him, than she had done while he was present; for the truth of which she appealed to Mr. Blifil, who, with great complacence, acquiesced entirely in all she said; but excused all the faults of Mr. Western, as they must be considered, he said, to have proceeded from the too inordinate fondness of a father, which must be allowed the name of an amiable weakness. —So much the more inexcusable, answered the lady; for whom doth he ruin by his fondness, but his own child? To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Western then began to express great confusion on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the usage which he had received from a family to which he intended so much honour. On this subject she treated the folly of her niece with great severity: but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better assurances of his daughter's consent. But he was (says she) always of a violent headstrong temper; and I can scarce

forgive myself for all the advice I have thrown away upon him.

After much of this kind of conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his disappointment; which, however, the philosophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infused into him by Thwackum, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear, rather better than more passionate lovers bear, these kinds of evils.

CHAPTER IX.

The escape of Sophia.

It is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the clutches of her passionate father, and from those of her dispassionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron register of time beat on the sonorous bell-metal, summoning the ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly round.——In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have said, lay buried in drink and sleep, except only Mrs. Western, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet; and except our heroine, who now softly stole down stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the house-doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the place of appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts which ladies sometimes practise, to display their fears on every little occasion (almost as many as the other

sex use to conceal theirs), certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is, indeed, the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character; for who can read the story of the justly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleness and tenderness as of her fortitude? At the same time, perhaps, many a woman, who shrieks at a mouse or a rat, may be capable of poisoning a husband; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

Sophia, with all the gentleness which a woman can have, had all the spirit which she ought to have. When, therefore, she came to the place of appointment, and, instead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, saw a man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out, nor fainted away: not that her pulse then beat with its usual regularity; for she was, at first, under some surprise and apprehension: but these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the man, pulling off his hat, asked her, in a very submissive manner, If her ladyship did not expect to meet another lady? And then proceeded to inform her, that he was sent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no possible suspicion of any falsehood in this account; she therefore mounted resolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her safe to a town about five miles distant, where she had the satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for as the soul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in those very habiliments which used to enwrap her body, she could by no means bring herself to trust them out of her sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept guard in person, while she detached the aforesaid fellow after her mistress, having given him all proper instructions.

They now debated what course to take, in order to avoid the pursuit of Mr. Western, who they knew would send after them in a few hours. The London road had such charms for Honour, that she was desirous of going on directly; alledging, that as Sophia could not be missed till eight or nine the next morning, her pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way she had gone. But Sophia had too much at stake to venture any thing to chance; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender limbs, in a contest which was to be decided only by swiftness. She resolved, therefore, to travel across the country, for at least twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horses to go twenty miles one way, when she intended to go twenty miles the other, she set forward with the same guide, behind whom she had ridden from her father's house; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much less lovely, burden; being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well stuffed with those outside ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conquests, and, finally, to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and, with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is supposed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the first turning which led towards Bristol.

Reader, I am not superstitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can scarce credit it myself: but the fidelity of an historian obliges me to relate what

hath been confidently asserted. The horse, then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been so charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full stop, and expressed an unwillingness to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and less miraculous than it hath been represented; since the natural cause seems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment desisted from a constant application of his armed right heel (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one spur), it is more than possible, that this omission alone might occasion the beast to stop, especially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horse, it had very little on the rider. He answered somewhat surlily, That measter had ordered him to go a different way, and that he should lose his place, if he went any other than that he was ordered.

Sophia, finding all her persuasions had no effect, began now to add irresistible charms to her voice; charms which, according to the proverb, makes the old mare trot, instead of standing still; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irresistible force which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, she promised she would reward him to his utmost expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to these promises; but he disliked their being indefinite: for though perhaps he had never heard that word; yet that in fact was his objection. He said, Gentlevolks did not consider the case of poor volks; that he had like to have been turned away the other day, for riding about the country with a gentleman from Squire Allworthy's, who did not reward him as he should have done.

With whom? says Sophia eagerly. With a gentleman from Squire Allworthy's, repeated the lad; the squire's son, I think they call un.—Whither? which way did he go? says Sophia. Why a little o' one side o' Bristol, about twenty miles off, answered the lad.—Guide me, says Sophia, to the same place, and I'll give thee a guinea, or two, if one is not sufficient.—To be certain, said the boy, it is honestly worth two, when your ladyship considers what a risk I run; but, however, if your ladyship will promise me the two guineas, I'll e'en venture: to be certain it is a sinful thing to ride about my measter's horses; but one comfort is, I can only be turned away, and two guineas will partly make me amends.

The bargain being thus struck, the lad turned aside into the Bristol road, and Sophia set forward in pursuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonstrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more desire to see London, than to see Mr. Jones: for indeed she was not his friend with her mistress, as he had been guilty of some neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by custom due to the waiting-gentlewomen in all love affairs, and more especially in those of a clandestine kind. This we impute rather to the carelessness of his temper, than to any want of generosity; but perhaps she derived it from the latter motive. Certain it is, that she hated him very bitterly on that account, and resolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same town and inn whence Jones had started, and still more unlucky was she, in having stumbled on the same guide, and on this accidental discovery which Sophia had made.

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook* at the break of day, where Honour was, against her will, charged to inquire the route which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himself could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reason, never asked him the question.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured some indifferent horses, which brought her to the inn where Jones had been confined, rather by the misfortune of meeting with a surgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour being again charged with a commission of inquiry, had no sooner applied herself to the landlady, and had described the person of Mr. Jones, than that sagacious woman began, in the vulgar phrase, to smell a rat. When Sophia, therefore, entered the room, instead of answering the maid, the landlady, addressing herself to the mistress, began the following speech: Good-lack-a day! why there now, who would have thought it! I protest the loveliest couple that ever eye beheld. I-fackins, madam, it is no wonder the squire run on so about your ladyship. He told me indeed you was the finest lady in the world, and to be sure so you be. Mercy on him, poor heart, I pitied him, so I did, when he used to hug his pillow, and call it his dear Madam Sophia. I did all I could to dissuade him from going to the wars: I told him there were men enow that were good for nothing else but to be killed, that had not the love of such fine ladies.—Sure, says Sophia, the good woman is distracted—No, no, cries the landlady, I am not distracted. What, doth your ladyship think I don't know, then? I assure you he told me all.—What

* This was the village where Jones met the quaker.

saucy fellow, cries Honour, told you any thing of my lady.—No saucy fellow, answered the landlady, but the young gentleman you inquired after; and a very pretty young gentleman he is, and he loves Madam Sophia Western to the bottom of his soul.—He love my lady! I'd have you to know, woman, she is meat for his master.—Nay, Honour, said Sophia, interrupting her, don't be angry with the good woman; she intends no harm.—No, marry, don't I, answered the landlady, emboldened by the soft accents of Sophia; and then launched into a long narrative too tedious to be here set down, in which some passages dropped, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occasion to abuse poor Jones to her mistress the moment they were alone together, saying, that he must be a very pitiful fellow, and could have no love for a lady, whose name he would thus prostitute in an ale-house.

Sophia did not see his behaviour in so very disadvantageous a light, and was, perhaps, more pleased with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other circumstance) than she was offended with the rest; and, indeed, she imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience, of his passion, and to the openness of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the most odious colours by Honour, served to heighten and give credit to those unlucky occurrences at Upton, and assisted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her mistress depart from that inn without seeing Jones.

The landlady, finding Sophia intended to stay

no longer than till her horses were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when Honour began to take her mistress to task (for, indeed, she used great freedom), and after a long harangue, in which she reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of pursuing a young fellow, she at last concluded with this serious exhortation: For Heaven's sake, madam, consider what you are about, and whither you are going.

This advice to a lady, who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable season, may seem foolish enough. It may be supposed, she had well considered and resolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints she threw out, seemed to think so; and this I doubt not, is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long since well convinced of the purpose of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But, in reality, this was not the case. Sophia had been lately so distracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Blifil, her compassion, and (why should we not confess the truth?) her love for Jones; which last, the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of Jones himself, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confused state, which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather, indeed, indifferent as to the consequence of either.

The prudent and sage advice of her maid produced, however, some cool reflection; and she at length determined to go to Gloucester, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But, unluckily, a few miles before she entered that town, she met the hack-attorney, who as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow being well known to Mrs. Honour, stopped and spoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to inquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Gloucester, and hearing of the great expedition he usually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before observed) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. Honour inform him, that they were going to Gloucester, she began to fear lest her father might, by this fellow's means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore, if she should there strike into the London road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her resolution; and having hired horses to go a week's journey, a way which she did not intend to travel, she again set forward after a light refreshment, contrary to the desire and earnest entreaties of her maid, and to the no less vehement remonstrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who, from good-breeding, or, perhaps, from good-nature (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued), pressed her very heartily to stay that evening at Gloucester.

Having refreshed herself only with some tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night, and striking directly into the Worcester road, within less than four hours arrived at that very inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at

Upton, we shall, in a very few words, bring her father to the same place; who, having received the first scent from the post-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very easily traced her afterwards to Gloucester; whence he pursued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that route (for Partridge, to use the squire's expression, left every where a strong scent behind him), and he doubted not in the least but Sophia travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran the same way. He used, indeed, a very coarse expression, which need not be here inserted; as fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.

BOOK XI.

CONTAINING ABOUT THREE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

A crust for the critics.

IN our last initial chapter, we may be supposed to have treated that formidable set of men, who are called critics, with more freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condescension from authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the reasons of our conduct to this august body; and here we shall, perhaps, place them in a light in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This word critic is of Greek derivation, and signifies judgment. Hence I presume some persons, who have not understood the original, and have seen the English translation of the primitive, have concluded that it meant judgment in the legal sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greatest number of critics hath of late years been found amongst the lawyers. Many of these gentleman, from despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the bench in Westminster-hall, have placed themselves on the benches at the playhouse, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned, without mercy.

The gentlemen would, perhaps, be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do so; but as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another officer of justice, of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute, their own judgment, they bear likewise some remote resemblance.

But, in reality, there is another light, in which these modern critics may, with great justice and propriety, be seen; and this is, that of a common slanderer. If a person, who pries into the characters of others, with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a slanderer of the reputation of men; why should not a critic, who reads with the same malevolent view, be as properly styled the slanderer of the reputation of books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject slave; society produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a slanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monster with half the abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the reason of this criminal lenity shown towards him; yet it is certain that the thief looks innocent in the comparison; nay, the murderer himself can seldom stand in competition with his guilt; for slander is a more cruel weapon than a sword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which

bears an exact analogy to the vice here declaimed against, and that is poison;—a means of revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar severity of the punishment.

Besides the dreadful mischiefs done by slander, and the baseness of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and seldom promises itself any reward, unless some black and infernal mind may propose a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and misery of another.

Shakspeare hath nobly touched this vice, when he says,

> Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands:
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
> BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED!

With all this my good reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe, when applied to the slanderer of books. But let it here be considered, that both proceed from the same wicked disposition of mind, and are alike void of the excuse of temptation. Nor shall we conclude the injury done this way to be very slight, when we consider a book as the author's offspring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader, who hath suffered his muse to continue hitherto in a virgin state, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondness. To such we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff, Alas! thou hast written no book. But the author, whose muse hath brought forth, will

feel the pathetic strain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (especially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneasiness with which the big muse bears about her burden, the painful labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the care, the fondness, with which the tender father nourishes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondness which seems less to savour of absolute instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly wisdom, as this. These children may most truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: so that not only the affection, but the interest, of the author may be highly injured by these slanderers, whose poisonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Lastly, the slanderer of a book is, in truth, the slanderer of the author: for as no one can call another bastard, without calling the mother a whore; so neither can any one give the names of sad stuff, horrid nonsense, &c. to a book, without calling the author a blockhead; which, though in a moral sense it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is, perhaps, rather more injurious to his worldly interest.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to some, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it: nay, may perhaps think I have not treated the subject with decent solemnity; but surely a man may speak truth with a smiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciously, or even wantonly is at least a very ill-natured office; and a morose snarling critic may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad man.

I will, therefore, endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to show what criticism I here intend to obviate; for I can never be understood, unless by the very persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing; or to endeavour to exclude from the common-wealth of literature any of those noble critics, to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients; Dacier and Bossu among the French; and some, perhaps, among us; who have certainly been duly authorised to execute at least a judicial authority in *foro literario*.

But without ascertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the censures of any one, passed upon works which he hath not himself read. Such censures as these, whether they speak from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who, without assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such as vile, dull, da—d stuff, &c. and particularly by the use of the monosyllable LOW; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work; yet, if those are not in the most essential parts, or if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will savour rather of the malice of a slanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part.

This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace:

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura————

But where the beauties, more in number, shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty shows. FRANCIS.

For, as Martial says, *aliter non fit, avite, liber:* no book can be otherwise composed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed, of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel, indeed, would it be, if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous sentence upon books supported by such objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre, especially, a single expression, which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene, which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the sentiments of some critics, and of some christians, no author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAPTER II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

Our history, just before it was obliged to turn about and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we shall now, therefore, pursue the steps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill-luck, or rather his ill-conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads across the country, they now passed the Severn, and had scarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, saw several horses coming after on full speed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and she called to the guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumstance for poor Sophia; whose fears, joined to her fatigue, had almost overpowered her spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the softest manner, and with the utmost civility. This greeting, Sophia, as soon as she could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the highest satisfaction to herself, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her such terror, consisted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when

our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear (but yet being somewhat surprised that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great road, and had already passed through several turnings), accosted the strange lady in a most obliging tone; and said, She was very happy to find they were both travelling the same way. The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, That the happiness was entirely her's; that she was a perfect stranger in that country, and was overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own sex; that she had, perhaps been guilty of an impertinence, which required great apology, in keeping pace with her. More civilities passed between these two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the stranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curiosity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the same bye-roads with herself, nay, though this gave her some uneasiness, yet fear, or modesty, or some other consideration, restrained her from asking the question.

The strange lady now laboured under a difficulty, which appears almost below the dignity of history to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not less than five times within the last mile; nor could she come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a handkerchief for this purpose; which while she was pulling from her pocket, she perhaps, too much neglected the management of her horse, for the beast now unluckily making a false step, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head-foremost to the

ground, she happily received not the least damage; and the same circumstances which had, perhaps, contributed to her fall, now preserved her from confusion; for the lane which they were then passing was narrow, and very much overgrown with trees, so that the moon could here afford very little light, and was, moreover, at present, so obscured in a cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these means the young lady's modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from injury as her limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her saddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full lustre; and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common side by side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same moment both their eyes became fixed, both their horses stopped, and both speaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter surprised the ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious reader, who must have imagined that the strange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the cousin of Miss Western, whom we before mentioned to have sallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the surprise and joy which these two cousins conceived at this meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Western), that it is impossible to recount half the congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural question of the other, namely, whither she was going?

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but, easy and natural as the question

may seem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain answer. She begged her cousin, therefore, to suspend all curiosity till they arrived at some inn, which, I suppose, says she, can hardly be far distant; and believe me, Harriet, I suspend as much curiosity on my side; for indeed I believe our astonishment is pretty equal.

The conversation, which passed between these ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two waiting-women: for they likewise began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleasure of discourse, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this posture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, soon brought them to a very fair-promising inn, where they alighted: but so fatigued was Sophia, that, as she had sat her horse, during the last five or six miles, with great difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without assistance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her saddle; and she too readily accepted the tender of his service. Indeed, fortune seems to have resolved to put Sophia to the blush that day, and the second malicious attempt succeeded better than the first; for my landlord had no sooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but, at the same time, with no less dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming burden, so that he alone received any bruise from the fall; for the great injury which happened to So-

phia, was a violent shock given to her modesty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her rising from the ground, she observed in the countenance of most of the bye-standers. This made her suspect what had really happened, and what we shall not here relate, for the indulgence of those readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we scruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate idea of the modesty of a beautiful young woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paltry a satisfaction as can arise from laughter.

This fright and shock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent constitution of Sophia, and she had scarce strength sufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a glass of water: but Mrs. Honour, very judiciously, in my opinion, changed it into a glass of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two last nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with her fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some sleep. She was yet a stranger to her history, or her apprehensions; but had she known both, she would have given the same advice; for rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long journey through bye-roads so entirely removed all danger of pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that account.

Sophia was easily prevailed on to follow the counsel of her friend, which was heartily seconded

by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise offered to bear her cousin company, which Sophia, with much complaisance, accepted.

The mistress was no sooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her sister Abigail for leaving her alone in so horrid a place as an inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a nap as herself, and desired the honour of being her bed-fellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a share of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So after many curt'sies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my landlord (as, indeed, it is with the whole fraternity) to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, postboys, and others, into the names of all his guests: what their estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumstances which attended our travellers, and especially their retiring all to sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an hour as ten in the morning, should excite his curiosity. As soon, therefore, as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth;

which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hums and ha's, ay, ay's, and other expletives: so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore-finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them the hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several imposers on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person now taking his wife aside, asked her, what she thought of the ladies lately arrived?—Think of them! said the wife, why, what should I think of them?—I know, answered he. what I think. The guides tell strange stories. One pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what people ever travel across the country from *Upton hither*, especially to London? And one of the maid-servants, before she alighted from her horse, asked, if this was not the London road? Now I have put all these circumstances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be?—Nay, answered she, you know I never pretend to guess at your discoveries.—It is a good girl, replied he, chucking her under the chin; I

must own you have always submitted to my knowledge of these matters. Why, then, depend upon it; mind what I say,—depend upon it, they are certainly some of the rebel ladies, who, they say, travel with the young Chevalier; and have taken a roundabout way to escape the duke's army.

Husband, quoth the wife, you have certainly hit it; for one of them is dressed as fine as any princess; and, to be sure, she looks for all the world like one. But yet, when I consider one thing.—When you consider, cries the landlord contemptuously——Come, pray let's hear what you consider.—— Why, it is, answered the wife, that she is too humble to be any very great lady; for while our Betty was warming the bed, she called her nothing but child, and my dear, and sweetheart; and when Betty offered to pull off her shoes and stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she would not give her the trouble.

Pugh! answered the husband, that is nothing. Dost think, because you have seen some great ladies rude and uncivil to persons below them, that none of them know how to behave themselves when they come before their inferiors? I think I know people of fashion when I see them. I think I do. Did not she call for a glass of water when she came in? Another sort of women would have called for a dram; you know they would. If she be not a woman of very great quality, sell me for a fool; and, I believe, those who buy me will have a bad bargain. Now, would a woman of her quality travel without a footman, unless upon some such extraordinary occasion?—Nay, to be sure, husband, cries she, you know these matters better than I, or most folk.—I think I do know something, said he. To be sure, answered the wife, the poor little heart looked so piteous, when she sat down in the chair,

I protest I could not help having a compassion for her, almost as much as if she had been a poor body. But what's to be done, husband? If an she be a rebel, I suppose you intend to betray her up to the court. Well, she's a sweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be she what she will, and I shall hardly refrain from crying when I hear she is hanged or beheaded.—Pugh! answered the husband. But, as to what's to be done, it is not so easy a matter to determine. I hope, before she goes away, we shall have the news of a battle: for if the Chevalier should get the better, she may gain us interest at court, and make our fortunes without betraying her. Why, that's true, replied the wife; and I heartily hope she will have it in her power. Certainly she's a sweet good lady; it would go horribly against me to have her come to any harm.—Pugh! cries the landlord, women are always so tender-hearted. Why, you would not harbour rebels, would you?—No, certainly, answered the wife; and as for betraying her, come what will on't, nobody can blame us. It is what any body would do in our case.

While our politic landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himself (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife), news arrived that the rebels had given the duke the slip, and had got a day's march towards London; and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite squire, who, with great joy in his countenance, shook the landlord by the hand, saying, All's our own, boy; ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap away directly.

This news determined the opinion of the wise

man, and he resolved to make his court to the young lady, when she arose; for he had now, he said, discovered that she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herself.

CHAPTER III.

A very short chapter, in which, however, is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel.

The sun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been some time retired to rest, when Sophia arose, greatly refreshed by her sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occasioned; for though she had told her maid, and, perhaps, herself too, that she was perfectly easy when she left Upton, yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the restless symptoms of a fever, and is, perhaps, the very distemper which physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the spirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise left her bed at the same time; and, having summoned her maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty woman, and, had she been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended (for her mistress would not suffer her to be waked), and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-star, and had preceded greater glories, shared the fate of that star, and were totally eclipsed the moment those glories shone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful

than she did at this instant. We ought not, therefore, to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who, when she descended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, she was now above stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her cousin with her design to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her husband at Upton had put an end to her design of going to Bath, or to her aunt Western. They had therefore no sooner finished their tea, than Sophia proposed to set out, the moon then shining extremely bright; and as for the frost, she defied it; nor had she any of those apprehensions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for she had, as we have before observed, some little degree of natural courage; and this her present sensations, which bordered somewhat on despair, greatly increased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with safety, by the light of the moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third time.

The disposition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered the less, and the presence of her husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an hour from Upton; yet, being now arrived at a place where she thought herself safe from his pursuit, these lesser terrors of I know not what, operated so strongly, that she earnestly entreated her cousin to stay till the next morning, and not expose herself to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her cousin out of these apprehensions, at last gave way to them.

Perhaps, indeed, had she known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to Jones, she had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the truth, I believe she rather wished it than feared it; though I might honestly enough have concealed this wish from the reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous emotions of the soul, to which the reason is often a stranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who desired to know what their ladyships would be pleased to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that she ravished the landlady to the highest degree; and that good woman concluding that she had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a staunch Jacobite, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's cause, from the great sweetness and affability with which she had been treated by his supposed mistress.

The two cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curiosity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected meeting. At last Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promise of communicating likewise in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is desirous to know her history, may read in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. FITZPATRICK, after a silence of a few moments, fetching a deep sigh, thus began:

It is natural to the unhappy to feel a secret concern in recollecting those periods of their lives which have been most delightful to them. The remembrance of past pleasures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we suffer for departed friends; and the ideas of both may be said to haunt our imaginations.

For this reason, I never reflect without sorrow on those days (the happiest far of my life) which we spent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Western. Alas! why are Miss Graveairs and Miss Giddy no more? You remember, I am sure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed, you gave the latter appellation with too much cause. I have since experienced how much I deserved it. You, my Sophia, was always my superior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your fortune. I shall never forget the wise and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being disappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old.——O, my Sophy, how blest must have been my situation, when I could think such a disappointment a misfortune; and when, indeed, it was the greatest I had ever known!

And yet, my dear Harriet, answered Sophia, it was then a serious matter with you. Comfort yourself therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament, may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time.

Alas, my Sophia, replied the other lady, you

yourself will think otherwise of my present situation; for greatly must that tender heart be altered, if my misfortunes do not draw many a sigh, nay, many a tear, from you. The knowledge of this should perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced will so much affect you.—Here Mrs. Fitzpatrick stopped, till, at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, she thus proceeded:—

Though you must have heard much of my marriage, yet, as matters may probably have been misrepresented, I will set out from the very commencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with my present husband; which was at Bath, soon after you left my aunt, and returned home to your father.

Among the gay young fellows, who were at this season at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was handsome, *degagé*, extremely gallant, and in his dress exceeded most others. In short, my dear, if you was unluckily to see him now, I could describe him no better than by telling you he was the very reverse of every thing which he is; for he hath rusticated himself so long, that he is become an absolute wild Irishman. But to proceed in my story; the qualifications which he then possessed so well recommended him, that though the people of quality at that time lived separate from the rest of the company, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was perhaps no easy matter to avoid him; for he required very little or no invitation; and as, being handsome and genteel, he found it no very difficult matter to ingratiate himself with the ladies; so, he having frequently drawn his sword, the men did not care publicly to affront him. Had it not been for some such reason, I believe he would have been soon expelled by his own sex; for surely he had

no strict title to be preferred to the English gentry; nor did they seem inclined to show him any extraordinary favour. They all abused him behind his back, which might probably proceed from envy; for by the women he was well received, and very particularly distinguished by them.

My aunt, though no person of quality herself, as she had always lived about the court, was enrolled in that party: for by whatever means you get into the polite circle, when you are once there, it is sufficient merit for you that you are there. This observation, young as you was, you could scarce avoid making from my aunt, who was free, or reserved, with all people, just as they had more or less of this merit.

And this merit, I believe, it was, which principally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour; in which he so well succeeded, that he was always one of her private parties. Nor was he backward in returning such distinction; for he soon grew so very particular in his behaviour to her, that the scandal club first began to take notice of it, and the better disposed persons made a match between them. For my own part, I confess, I made no doubt but that his designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, neither young enough, nor handsome enough, to attract much wicked inclination; but she had matrimonial charms in great abundance.

I was the more confirmed in this opinion from the extraordinary respect which he showed to myself, from the first moment of our acquaintance. This I understood as an attempt to lessen, if possible, that disinclination which my interest might be supposed to give me towards the match; and I know not but in some measure it had that effect; for as I

was well contented with my own fortune, and of all people the least a slave to interested views, so I could not be violently the enemy of a man with whose behaviour to me I was greatly pleased; and the more so, as I was the only object of such respect; for he behaved at the same time to many women of quality without any respect at all.

Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed it into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps more so. He now put on much softness and tenderness, and languished and sighed abundantly. At times, indeed, whether from art or nature, I will not determine, he gave his usual loose to gaiety and mirth; but this was always in general company, and with other women; for even in a country-dance, when he was not my partner, he became grave; and put on the softest look imaginable, the moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all things so very particular towards me, that I must have been blind not to have discovered it. And, and, and—And you was more pleased still, my dear Harriet, cries Sophia: you need not be ashamed, added she, sighing; for sure there are irresistible charms in tenderness, which too many men are able to affect.—True, answered her cousin, men, who in all other instances want common sense, are very Machiavels in the art of loving. I wish I did not know an instance.—Well, scandal now began to be as busy with me as it had before been with my aunt; and some good ladies did not scruple to affirm, that Mr. Fitzpatrick had an intrigue with us both.

But, what may seem astonishing, my aunt never saw, nor in the least seemed to suspect, that which was visible enough, I believe, from both our behaviours. One would indeed think, that love quite puts out the eyes of an old woman. In fact, they

so greedily swallow the addresses which are made to them, that, like an outrageous glutton, they are not at leisure to observe what passes amongst others at the same table. This I have observed in more cases than my own; and this was so strongly verified by my aunt, that, though she often found us together at her return from the pump, the least canting word of his, pretending impatience at her absence, effectually smothered all suspicion. One artifice succeeded with her to admiration. This was his treating me like a little child, and never calling me by any other name in her presence, but that of pretty miss. This indeed did him some disservice with your humble servant; but I soon saw through it, especially as in her absence he behaved to me, as I have said, in a different manner. However, if I was not greatly disobliged by a conduct of which I had discovered the design, I smarted very severely for it; for my aunt really conceived me to be what her lover (as she thought him) called me, and treated me, in all respects, as a perfect infant. To say the truth, I wonder she had not insisted on my again wearing leading-strings.

At last, my lover (for so he was) thought proper, in a most solemn manner, to disclose a secret which I had known long before. He now placed all the love which he had pretended to my aunt to my account. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the encouragement she had given him, and made a high merit of the tedious hours, in which he had undergone her conversation.—What shall I tell you, my dear Sophia?—Then I will confess the truth. I was pleased with my man. I was pleased with my conquest. To rival my aunt delighted me; to rival so many other women charmed me. In short, I am afraid, I did not behave as I should do, even upon the very first declaration—I wish I did

not almost give him positive encouragement before we parted.

The Bath now talked loudly, I might almost say roared, against me. Several young women affected to shun my acquaintance, not so much, perhaps, from any real suspicion, as from a desire of banishing me from a company, in which I too much engrossed their favourite man. And here I cannot omit expressing my gratitude to the kindness intended me by Mr. Nash; who took me one day aside, and gave me advice, which, if I had followed, I had been a happy woman. Child, says he, I am sorry to see the familiarity which subsists between you and a fellow who is altogether unworthy of you, and I am afraid will prove your ruin. As for your old stinking aunt, if it was to be no injury to you, and my pretty Sophy Western (I assure you I repeat his words), I should be heartily glad that the fellow was in possession of all that belongs to her. I never advise old women: for if they take it into their heads to go to the devil, it is no more possible, than worth while, to keep them from him. Innocence, and youth, and beauty, are worthy a better fate, and I would save them from his clutches. Let me advise you, therefore, dear child, never suffer this fellow to be particular with you again.—Many more things he said to me, which I have now forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to them at that time; for inclination contradicted all he said; and besides, I could not be persuaded, that women of quality would condescend to familiarity with such a person as he described.

But I am afraid, my dear, I shall tire you with a detail of so many minute circumstances. To be concise, therefore, imagine me married; imagine me with my husband, at the feet of my aunt; and then imagine the maddest woman in Bedlam in a

raving fit, and your imagination will suggest to you no more than what really happened.

The very next day my aunt left the place, partly to avoid seeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myself, and as much perhaps to avoid seeing any one else; for, though I am told she hath since denied every thing stoutly, I believe she was then a little confounded at her disappointment. Since that time I have written to her many letters, but never could obtain an answer, which I must own sits somewhat the heavier, as she herself was, though undesignedly, the occasion of all my sufferings: for had it not been under the colour of paying his addresses to her, Mr. Fitzpatrick would never have found sufficient opportunities to have engaged my heart, which, in other circumstances, I still flatter myself would not have been an easy conquest to such a person. Indeed, I believe, I should not have erred so grossly in my choice, if I had relied on my own judgment; but I trusted totally to the opinion of others, and very foolishly took the merit of a man for granted, whom I saw so universally well received by the women. What is the reason, my dear, that we, who have understandings equal to the wisest and greatest of the other sex, so often make choice of the silliest fellows for companions and favourites? It raises my indignation to the highest pitch, to reflect on the numbers of women of sense who have been undone by fools. Here she paused a moment; but Sophia making no answer, she proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

In which the history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

We remained at Bath no longer than a fortnight after our wedding: for as to any reconciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes; and of my fortune, not one farthing could be touched till I was of age, of which I now wanted more than two years. My husband, therefore, was resolved to set out for Ireland; against which I remonstrated very earnestly, and insisted on a promise which he had made me before our marriage, that I should never take this journey against my consent; and indeed I never intended to consent to it, nor will any body, I believe, blame me for that resolution; but this, however, I never mentioned to my husband, and petitioned only for the reprieve of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that day he obstinately adhered.

The evening before our departure, as we were disputing this point with great eagerness on both sides, he started suddenly from his chair, and left me abruptly, saying, he was going to the rooms. He was hardly out of the house, when I saw a paper lying on the floor, which, I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from his pocket, together with his handkerchief. This paper I took up, and finding it to be a letter, I made no scruple to open and read it; and indeed I read it so often, that I can repeat it to you almost word for word. This then was the letter:

"*To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.*

"SIR,

"Yours received, and am surprised you should use me in this manner, as have never seen any of

your cash, unless for one linsey-woolsey coat, and your bill now is upwards of 150*l.* Consider, sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your being shortly to be married to this lady, and t'other lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promises, nor will my woollen-draper take any such in payment. You tell me you are secure of having either the aunt or the niece, and that you might have married the aunt before this, whose jointure you say is immense, but that you prefer the niece on account of her ready money. Pray, sir, take a fool's advice for once, and marry the first you can get. You will pardon my offering my advice, as you know I sincerely wish you well. Shall draw on you *per* next post, in favour of Messieurs John Drugget and company, at fourteen days, which doubt not your honouring, and am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

SAM. COSGRAVE."

This was the letter word for word. Guess, my dear girl, guess how this letter affected me. You prefer the niece on account of her ready money! If every one of these words had been a dagger, I could with pleasure have stabbed them into his heart; but I will not recount my frantic behaviour on this occasion. I had pretty well spent my tears before his return home; but sufficient remains of them appeared in my swollen eyes. He threw himself sullenly into his chair, and for a long time we were both silent. At length, in a haughty tone, he said, I hope, madam, your servants have packed up all your things; for the coach will be ready by six in the morning. My patience was totally subdued by this provocation, and I answered, No, sir, there

is a letter still remains unpacked; and then throwing it on the table, I fell to upbraiding him with the most bitter language I could invent.

Whether guilt, or shame, or prudence, restrained him, I cannot say; but though he is the most passionate of men, he exerted no rage on this occasion. He endeavoured, on the contrary, to pacify me by the most gentle means. He swore the phrase in the letter, to which I principally objected, was not his, nor had he ever written any such. He owned, indeed, the having mentioned his marriage, and that preference which he had given to myself, but denied with many oaths the having assigned any such reason. And he excused the having mentioned any such matter at all, on account of the straits he was in for money, arising, he said, from his having too long neglected his estate in Ireland. And this, he said, which he could not bear to discover to me, was the only reason of his having so strenuously insisted on our journey. He then used several very endearing expressions, and concluded by a very fond caress, and many violent protestations of love.

There was one circumstance, which, though he did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in his favour, and that was the word 'jointure' in the tailor's letter; whereas my aunt never had been married, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew. As I imagined, therefore, that the fellow must have inserted this of his own head, or from hearsay, I persuaded myself he might have ventured likewise on that odious line on no better authority. What reasoning was this, my dear? was I not an advocate rather than a judge? But why do I mention such a circumstance as this, or appeal to it for the justification of my forgiveness? In short, had he been guilty of twenty times as much, half the tenderness and fond-

ness which he used, would have prevailed on me to have forgiven him. I now made no farther objections to our setting out, which we did the next morning, and in a little more than a week arrived at the seat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Your curiosity will excuse me from relating any occurrences which passed during our journey: for it would indeed be highly disagreeable to travel it over again, and no less so to you to travel it over with me.

This seat, then, is an ancient mansion-house: if I was in one of those merry humours, in which you have so often seen me, I could describe it to you ridiculously enough. It looked as if it had been formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here was room enough, and not the less room on account of the furniture; for indeed there was very little in it. An old woman, who seemed coeval with the building, and greatly resembled her whom Chamont mentions in the Orphan, received us at the gate; and, in a howl scarce human, and to me unintelligible, welcomed her master home. In short, the whole scene was so gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my spirits into the lowest dejection; which my husband discerning, instead of relieving, increased by two or three malicious observations. There are good houses, madam, says he, as you find, in other places besides England; but perhaps you had rather be in a dirty lodging at Bath.

Happy, my dear, is the woman, who, in any state of life, hath a cheerful good-natured companion to support and comfort her; but why do I reflect on happy situations only to aggravate my own misery! my companion, far from clearing up the gloom of solitude, soon convinced me, that I must have been wretched with him in any place, and in any condition. In a word, he was a surly fellow, a character

perhaps you have never seen; for indeed no woman ever sees it exemplified, but in a father, a brother, or a husband; and though you have a father he is not of that character. This surly fellow had formerly appeared to me the very reverse, and so he did still to every other person. Good Heaven! how is it possible for a man to maintain a constant lie in his appearance abroad and in company, and to content himself with showing disagreeable truth only at home? Here, my dear, they make themselves amends for the uneasy restraint which they put on their tempers in the world; for I have observed, the more merry, and gay, and good-humoured, my husband hath at any time been in company, the more sullen and morose he was sure to become at our next private meeting. How shall I describe his barbarity? To my fondness he was cold and insensible. My little comical ways, which you, my Sophy, and which others have called so agreeable, he treated with contempt. In my most serious moments he sung and whistled; and whenever I was thoroughly dejected and miserable, he was angry, and abused me: for though he was never pleased with my good humour, nor ascribed it to my satisfaction in him, yet my low spirits always offended him; and those he imputed to my repentance of having (as he said) married an Irishman.

You will easily conceive, my dear Graveairs (I ask your pardon, I really forgot myself), that when a woman makes an imprudent match in the sense of the world; that is, when she is not an arrant prostitute to pecuniary interest, she must necessarily have some inclination and affection for her man. You will as easily believe that this affection may possibly be lessened; nay, I do assure you, contempt will wholly eradicate it. This contempt I now began to entertain for my husband, whom I now discovered

to be—I must use the expression—an arrant block-head. Perhaps you will wonder I did not make this discovery long before; but women will suggest a thousand excuses to themselves for the folly of those they like: besides, give me leave to tell you, it requires a most penetrating eye to discern a fool through the disguises of gaiety and good-breeding.

It will be easily imagined, that when I once despised my husband, as I confess to you I soon did, I must consequently dislike his company; and indeed I had the happiness of being very little troubled with it; for our house was now most elegantly furnished, our cellars well stocked, and dogs and horses provided in great abundance. As my gentleman therefore entertained his neighbours with great hospitality, so his neighbours resorted to him with great alacrity; and sports and drinking consumed so much of his time, that a small part of his conversation, that is to say, of his ill-humours, fell to my share.

Happy would it have been for me, if I could as easily have avoided all other disagreeable company; but alas! I was confined to some which constantly tormented me; and the more, as I saw no prospect of being relieved from them. These companions were my own racking thoughts, which plagued, and in a manner haunted, me night and day. In this situation I passed through a scene, the horrors of which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, my dear, figure, if you can, to yourself what I must have undergone. I became a mother by the man I scorned, hated, and detested. I went through all the agonies and miseries of a lying-in (ten times more painful in such a circumstance, than the worst labour can be, when one endures it for a man one loves), in a desert, or rather indeed a scene of riot and revel, without a friend,

without a companion, or without any of those agreeable circumstances which often alleviate, and perhaps sometimes more than compensate, the sufferings of our sex at that season.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the mistake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful consternation.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when she was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia; for the misfortunes of her friend had raised her anxiety, and left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to satisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the same respect in his countenance and address, which he would have put on, had the ladies arrived in a coach and six.

The married lady seemed less affected with her own misfortunes than was her cousin; for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly swallow a morsel. Sophia likewise showed more concern and sorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady, who, having observed these symptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, saying, perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. I am sorry, madam, cries he, that your ladyship can't eat; for to be sure you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your ladyship is not uneasy at any thing; for, as madam there says, all may end better than any body expects.

A gentleman, who was here just now, brought excellent news; and, perhaps, some folks, who have given other folks the slip, may get to London before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no doubt, but they will find people who will be very ready to receive them.

All persons under the apprehension of danger, convert whatever they see and hear into the objects of that apprehension. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing speech, that she was known, and pursued by her father. She was now struck with the utmost consternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the landlord to send his servants out of the room, and then addressing herself to him, said; I perceive, sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you—nay, I am convinced, if you have any compassion or goodness, you will not betray us.

I betray your ladyship! quoth the landlord; no (and then he swore several very hearty oaths); I would sooner be cut into ten thousand pieces. I hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my life yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with so sweet a lady as your ladyship. All the world would very much blame me if I should, since it will be in your ladyship's power so shortly to reward me. My wife can witness for me, I knew your ladyship the moment you came into the house: I said it was your honour, before I lifted you from your horse, and I shall carry the bruises I got in your ladyship's service to the grave; but what signified that, as long as I saved your ladyship? To be sure some people this morning would have thought of getting a reward; but no such thought ever entered into my head. I would sooner starve than take any reward for betraying your ladyship.

I promise you, sir, says Sophia, if it be ever in my power to reward you, you shall not lose by your generosity.

Alack-a-day, madam! answered the landlord, in your ladyship's power! Heaven put it as much into your will. I am only afraid your honour will forget such a poor man as an innkeeper; but if your ladyship should not, I hope you will remember what reward I refused—refused! that is, I would have refused, and to be sure it may be called refusing; for I might have had it certainly; and to be sure you might have been in some houses;—but, for my part, I would not methinks for the world have your ladyship wrong me so much, as to imagine I ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard the good news.

What news, pray? says Sophia, somewhat eagerly.

Hath not your ladyship heard it, then? cries the landlord; nay, like enough: for I heard it only a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the devil fly away with me this instant, if I would have betrayed your honour; no, if I would, may I—Here he subjoined several dreadful imprecations, which Sophia at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news. He was going to answer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and cried out, Madam, we are all undone, all ruined! they are come, they are come! These words almost froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked Honour, who were come?—Who? answered she, why the French; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished.

As a miser, who hath, in some well-built city, a cottage, value twenty shillings, when at a distance

he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loss; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself, and smiles at his good fortunes: or as (for we dislike something in the former simile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehension that her darling boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with consternation; but when she is told that little master is safe, and the Victory only, with twelve hundred brave men, gone to the bottom, life and sense again return, maternal fondness enjoys the sudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence, which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found such immediate satisfaction from the relief of those terrors she had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French scarce made any impression on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which she had thrown her; and said, she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come.

Ay, ay, quoth the landlord, smiling, her ladyship knows better things; she knows the French are our very best friends, and come over hither only for our good. They are the people who are to make Old England flourish again. I warrant her honour thought the duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a fright. I was going to tell your ladyship the news.—His honour's majesty, Heaven bless him, hath given the duke the slip, and is marching as fast as he can to London, and ten thousand French are landed to join him on the road.

Sophia was not greatly pleased with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as she still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any suspicion of the real truth), she durst not show any dislike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all easy under the supposition of being known at this house; for she still applied to herself many things which the landlord had addressed to Jenny Cameron; she therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her person, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; she likewise ordered the horses to be in readiness by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promised to bear her company; and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that lady to continue her story.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history.

While Mrs. Honour, in pursuance of the commands of her mistress, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

Most of the officers, who were quartered at a town in our neighbourhood, were of my husband's acquaintance. Among these was a lieutenant, a very pretty sort of a man, and who was married to a woman so agreeable both in her temper and con-

versation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my lying-in, we were almost inseparable companions; for I had the good fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

The lieutenant, who was neither a sot nor a sportsman, was frequently of our parties; indeed he was very little with my husband, and no more than good-breeding constrained him to be, as he lived almost constantly at our house. My husband often expressed much dissatisfaction at the lieutenant's preferring my company to his: he was very angry with me on that account, and gave me many a hearty curse for drawing away his companions; saying, I ought to be d—ned for having spoiled one of the prettiest fellows in the world, by making a milksop of him.

You will be mistaken, my dear Sophia, if you imagine that the anger of my husband arose from my depriving him of a companion; for the lieutenant was not a person with whose society a fool could be pleased; and if I should admit the possibility of this, so little right had my husband to place the loss of his companion to me, that I am convinced it was my conversation alone which induced him ever to come to the house. No, child, it was envy, the worst and most rancorous kind of envy, the envy of superiority of understanding. The wretch could not bear to see my conversation preferred to his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the least jealousy. O, my dear Sophy, you are a woman of sense; if you marry a man, as is most probable you will, of less capacity than yourself, make frequent trials of his temper before marriage, and see whether he can bear to submit to such a superiority.—Promise me, Sophy, you will take this advice; for you will hereafter find its importance.—It is very likely I shall never marry at

all, answered Sophia; I think, at least, I shall never marry a man in whose understanding I see any defects before marriage; and I promise you I would rather give up my own, than see any such afterwards.—Give up your understanding! replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; oh fie, child, I will not believe so meanly of you. Every thing else I might myself be brought to give up; but never this. Nature would not have allotted this superiority to the wife in so many instances, if she had intended we should all of us have surrendered it to the husband. This, indeed, men of sense never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have just mentioned was one notable example; for though he had a very good understanding, he always acknowledged (as was really true) that his wife had a better. And this, perhaps, was one reason of the hatred my tyrant bore her.

Before he would be so governed by a wife, he said, especially such an ugly b— (for indeed she was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely genteel), he would see all the women upon earth at the devil, which was a very usual phrase with him. He said, he wondered what I could see in her to be so charmed with her company; since this woman, says he, hath come among us, there is an end of your beloved reading, which you pretended to like so much, that you could not afford time to return the visits of the ladies in this country; and I must confess I had been guilty of a little rudeness this way; for the ladies there are at least no better than the mere country ladies here; and I think I need make no other excuse to you for declining any intimacy with them.

This correspondence, however, continued a whole year, even all the while the lieutenant was quartered in that town; for which I was contented

to pay the tax of being constantly abused in the manner above mentioned by my husband; I mean when he was at home; for he was frequently absent a month at a time at Dublin, and once made a journey of two months to London; in all which journeys I thought it a very singular happiness that he never once desired my company; nay, by his frequent censures on men who could not travel, as he phrased it, without a wife tied up to their tail, he sufficiently intimated that had I been never so desirous of accompanying him, my wishes would have been in vain: but, Heaven knows, such wishes were very far from my thoughts.

At length my friend was removed from me, and I was again left to my solitude, to the tormenting conversation with my own reflections, and to apply to books for my only comfort. I now read almost all day long.—How many books do you think I read in three months?—I can't guess, indeed, cousin, answered Sophia.—Perhaps half a score!—Half a score! half a thousand, child! answered the other. I read a good deal in Daniel's English History of France; a great deal in Plutarch's Lives, the Atalantis, Pope's Homer, Dryden's Plays, Chillingworth, the countess D'Anois, and Locke's Human Understanding.

During this interval I wrote three very supplicating, and I thought, moving letters to my aunt; but, as I received no answer to any of them, my disdain would not suffer me to continue my application—Here she stopped, and looking earnestly at Sophia, said, Methinks, my dear, I read something in your eyes which reproaches me of a neglect in another place, where I should have met with a kinder return.—Indeed, dear Harriet, answered Sophia, your story is an apology for any neglect; but indeed I feel that I have been guilty

of a remissness, without so good an excuse.—Yet pray proceed; for I long, though I tremble, to hear the end.

Thus then Mrs. Fitzpatrick resumed her narrative. My husband now took a second journey to England, where he continued upwards of three months: during the greater part of this time, I led a life which nothing but having led a worse could make me think tolerable; for perfect solitude can never be reconciled to a social mind, like mine, but when it relieves you from the company of those you hate. What added to my wretchedness, was the loss of my little infant: not that I pretend to have had for it that extravagant tenderness, of which I believe I might have been capable under other circumstances; but I resolved, in every instance, to discharge the duty of the tenderest mother; and this care prevented me from feeling the weight of that heaviest of all things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy on our hands.

I had spent full ten weeks almost entirely by myself, having seen nobody all that time, except my servants and a very few visitors, when a young lady, a relation to my husband, came from a distant part of Ireland to visit me. She had staid once before a week at my house, and then I gave her a pressing invitation to return; for she was a very agreeable woman, and had improved good natural parts by a proper education. Indeed she was to me a most welcome guest.

A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in very low spirits, without inquiring the cause, which indeed she very well knew, the young lady fell to compassionating my case. She said, Though politeness had prevented me from complaining to my husband's relations of his behaviour; yet they all

were very sensible of it, and felt great concern upon that account; but none more than herself: And after some more general discourse on this head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing, at last, after much previous precaution, and enjoined concealment, she communicated to me, as a profound secret—That my husband kept a mistress.

You will certainly imagine, I heard this news with the utmost insensibility.—Upon my word, if you do, your imagination will mislead you. Contempt had not so kept down my anger to my husband, but that hatred rose again on this occasion. What can be the reason of this? Are we so abominably selfish, that we can be concerned at others having possession even of what we despise? or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest injury done to our vanity? What think you, Sophia?

I don't know, indeed, answered Sophia; I have never troubled myself with any of these deep contemplations; but I think the lady did very ill, in communicating to you such a secret.

And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural, replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; and when you have seen and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so.

I am sorry to hear it is natural, returned Sophia; for I want neither reading nor experience to convince me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured: nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a husband or wife of the faults of each other, as to tell them of their own.

Well, continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, my husband at last returned; and if I am thoroughly acquainted with my own thoughts, I hated him now more than ever; but I despised him rather less: for cer-

tainly nothing so much weakens our contempt, as an injury done to our pride or our vanity.

He now assumed a carriage to me so very different from what he had lately worn, and so nearly resembling his behaviour the first week of our marriage, that had I now had any spark of love remaining, he might, possibly, have re-kindled my fondness for him. But though hatred may succeed to contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of it, love, I believe, cannot. The truth is, the passion of love is too restless to remain contented, without the gratification which it receives from its object; and one can no more be inclined to love without loving, than we can have eyes without seeing. When a husband, therefore, ceases to be the object of this passion, it is most probable some other man—I say, my dear, if your husband grows indifferent to you—if you once come to despise him—I say,—that is,—if you have the passion of love in you—Lud! I have bewildered myself so—but one is apt, in these abstracted considerations, to lose the concatenation of ideas, as Mr. Locke says.——In short, the truth is—in short, I scarce know what it is; but, as I was saying, my husband returned, and his behaviour, at first, greatly surprised me; but he soon acquainted me with the motive, and taught me to account for it. In a word, then, he had spent and lost all the ready money of my fortune; and as he could mortgage his own estate no deeper, he was now desirous to supply himself with cash for his extravagance, by selling a little estate of mine, which he could not do without my assistance; and to obtain this favour was the whole and sole motive of all the fondness which he now put on.

With this I peremptorily refused to comply. I told him, and I told him truly, that had I been

possessed of the Indies at our first marriage, he might have commanded it all: for it had been a constant maxim with me, that where a woman disposes of her heart, she should always deposit her fortune; but as he had been so kind, long ago, to restore the former into my possession, I was resolved likewise to retain what little remained of the latter.

I will not describe to you the passion into which these words, and the resolute air in which they were spoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you with the whole scene which succeeded between us. Out came, you may be well assured, the story of the mistress; and out it did come, with all the embellishments which anger and disdain could bestow upon it.

Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed a little thunderstruck with this, and more confused than I had seen him; though his ideas are always confused enough, Heaven knows. He did not, however, endeavour to exculpate himself; but took a method which almost equally confounded me. What was this but recrimination! He affected to be jealous:——he may, for ought I know, be inclined enough to jealousy in his natural temper; nay, he must have had it from nature, or the devil must have put it into his head; for I defy all the world to cast a just aspersion on my character: nay, the most scandalous tongues have never dared censure my reputation. My fame, I thank Heaven, hath been always as spotless as my life; and let falsehood itself accuse that, if it dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however provoked, however ill-treated, however injured in my love, I have firmly resolved never to give the least room for censure on this account.—And yet, my dear, there are some people so malicious, some tongues so venomous, that no innocence can escape them.

The most undesigned word, the most accidental look, the least familiarity, the most innocent freedom, will be misconstrued, and magnified into I know not what, by some people. But I despise, my dear Graveairs, I despise all such slander. No such malice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy moment. No, no, I promise you I am above all that.—But where was I? O! let me see; I told you my husband was jealous—And of whom, pray; —Why of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you before! He was obliged to resort above a year and more back, to find any object for this unaccountable passion, if, indeed, he really felt any such, and was not an arrant counterfeit, in order to abuse me.

But I have tired you already with too many particulars. I will now bring my story to a very speedy conclusion. In short, then, after many scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in which my cousin engaged so heartily on my side, that Mr. Fitzpatrick at last turned her out of doors; when he found I was neither to be soothed nor bullied into compliance, he took a very violent method indeed. Perhaps you will conclude he beat me; but this, though he hath approached very near to it, he never actually did. He confined me to my room, without suffering me to have either pen, ink, paper, or book; and a servant every day made my bed, and brought me my food.

When I had remained a week under this imprisonment, he made me a visit, and, with the voice of a schoolmaster, or, what is often much the same, of a tyrant, asked me, If I would yet comply? I answered very stoutly, That I would die first. —Then so you shall, and be d—ned, cries he; for you shall never go alive out of this room.

Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to say

the truth, my constancy was almost subdued, and I began to think of submission; when one day, in the absence of my husband, who was gone abroad for some short time, by the greatest good fortune in the world, an accident happened.—I—at a time when I began to give way to the utmost despair—every thing would be excusable at such a time—at that very time I received———But it would take up an hour to tell you all particulars.—In one word, then (for I will not tire you with circumstances), gold, the common key to all padlocks, opened my door, and set me at liberty.

I now made haste to Dublin, where I immediately procured a passage to England; and was proceeding to Bath, in order to throw myself into the protection of my aunt, or of your father, or of any relation who would afford it me. My husband, overtook me last night, at the inn where I lay, and which you left a few minutes before me; but I had the good luck to escape him, and to follow you.

And thus, my dear, ends my history; a tragical one, I am sure, it is to myself; but perhaps I ought rather to apologize to you for its dulness.

Sophia heaved a deep sigh, and answered, Indeed, Harriet, I pity you from my soul!———But what could you expect? Why, why, would you marry an Irishman?

Upon my word, replied her cousin, your censure is unjust. There are, among the Irish, men of as much worth and honour as any among the English; nay, to speak the truth, generosity of spirit is rather more common among them. I have known some examples there, too, of good husbands; and I believe those are not very plenty in England. Ask me, rather, what I could expect when I married a fool; and I will tell you a solemn truth; I did not know him to be so.—Can no man, said Sophia, in a

very low and altered voice, do you think, make a bad husband, who is not a fool?—That, answered the other, is too general a negative; but none, I believe, is so likely as a fool to prove so. Among my acquaintance, the silliest fellows are the worst husbands; and I will venture to assert, as a fact, that a man of sense rarely behaves very ill to a wife, who deserves very well.

CHAPTER VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Sophia now, at the desire of her cousin, related—not what follows, but what hath gone before, in this history: for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady.—But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room, where the two ladies were sitting, a noise, not unlike, in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats, when caterwauling; or to screech-owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice?) to those sounds, which, in the pleasant mansions of

that gate which seems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils, of those fair river nymphs, ycleped of old the Naïades; in the vulgar tongue translated oyster-wenches: for when, instead of the ancient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should any daring tongue, with unhallowed licence, profane, *i. e.* depreciate, the delicate fat Milton oyster, the plaice sound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the shrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treasures which those water-deities, who fish the sea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naïades lift up their immortal voices, and the profane wretch is struck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noise which now burst from one of the rooms below; and soon the thunder, which long had rattled at a distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, till, having ascended by degrees up stairs, it at last entered the apartment where the ladies were. In short, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour, having scolded violently below stairs, and continued the same all the way up, came in to her mistress in a most outrageous passion, crying out, What doth your ladyship think? Would you imagine, that this impudent villain, the master of this house, hath had the impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it out to my face, that your ladyship is that nasty, stinking wh—re (Jenny Cameron they call her), that runs about the country with the Pretender? Nay, the lying, saucy villain, had the assurance to tell me, that your ladyship had owned yourself to be so: but I have clawed the

rascal; I have left the marks of my nails in his impudent face. My lady! says I, you saucy scoundrel: my lady is meat for no pretenders. She is a young lady of as good fashion, and family, and fortune, as any in Somersetshire. Did you never hear of the great Squire Western, sirrah? She is his only daughter; she is——, and heiress to all his great estate. My lady to be called a nasty Scotch wh—e by such a varlet—To be sure, I wish I had knocked his brains out with the punch-bowl.

The principal uneasiness with which Sophia was affected on this occasion, Honour had herself caused, by having in her passion discovered who she was. However, as this mistake of the landlord sufficiently accounted for those passages which Sophia had before mistaken, she acquired some ease on that account; nor could she, upon the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged Honour, and she cried, Indeed, madam, I did not think your ladyship would have made a laughing matter of it. To be called whore by such an impudent low rascal. Your ladyship may be angry with me, for aught I know, for taking your part, since proffered service, they say, stinks; but to be sure I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called whore—Nor will I bear it. I am sure your ladyship is as virtuous a lady as ever set foot on English ground, and I will claw any villain's eyes out who dares for to offer to presume for to say the least word to the contrary. Nobody ever could say the least ill of the character of any lady that ever I waited upon.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her mistress as most servants have; that is to say——But besides this, her pride obliged her to support the character of the lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close manner connected with it. In

proportion as the character of her mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this subject, reader, I must stop a moment to tell thee a story. The famous Nell Gwynn, stepping one day from a house, where she had made a short visit, into her coach, saw a great mob assembled, and her footman all bloody and dirty: the fellow being asked by his mistress the reason of his being in that condition, answered, I have been fighting, madam, with an impudent rascal who called your ladyship a wh—re.—You blockhead, replied Mrs. Gwynn, at this rate you must fight every day of your life; why, you fool, all the world knows it.—Do they? cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after he had shut the coach-door, they shan't call me a whore's footman for all that.

Thus the passion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cause of her anger; for which we must beg leave to remind our reader of a circumstance mentioned in the above simile. There are, indeed, certain liquors, which, being applied to our passions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverse of those produced by water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous liquor called punch is one. It was not therefore, without reason, that the learned Dr. Cheney used to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now, Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured so much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the smoke of it began to ascend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reason, which is there supposed

to keep her residence, while the fire itself from the stomach easily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble passion of pride. So that, upon the whole, we shall cease to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at first sight we must confess the cause seems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia and her cousin both did all in their power to extinguish these flames, which had roared so loudly all over the house. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one step farther, the fire having consumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at last went out of its own accord.

But though tranquillity was restored above stairs, it was not so below; where my landlady, highly resenting the injury done to the beauty of her husband, by the flesh-spades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and justice. As to the poor man, who had principally suffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he lost might have cooled his anger; for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewise her fist to his nostrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add, reflections on his mistake; but, indeed, nothing so effectually silenced his resentment as the manner in which he now discovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion: but he was now assured by a person of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of fashion, and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this person, the landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below desired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale,

and trembled at this message, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

To ease the reader's curiosity, therefore, rather than his apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an Irish peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn, in his way to London. This nobleman, having sallied from his supper at the hurricane before commemorated, had seen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and, upon a short inquiry, was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the landlord, pacified him, and sent him up stairs with compliments rather civiller than those which were delivered.

It may, perhaps, be wondered at that the waiting-woman herself was not the messenger employed on this occasion; but, we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or, indeed, for any other office. The rum (for so the landlord chose to call the distillation from malt) had basely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to resist the attack.

We shall not describe this tragical scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged, by that historic integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many historians, indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to say no worse, often leave the reader to find out these little circum-

stances in the dark, and sometimes to his great confusion and perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but, in reality, a very particular friend of that lady. To say the truth, it was by his assistance that she had been enabled to escape from her husband; for this nobleman had the same gallant disposition with those renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic story, and had delivered many an imprisoned nymph from durance. He was, indeed, as bitter an enemy to the savage authority too often exercised by husbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other sex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to say truth, I have often suspected that those very enchanters with which romance every where abounds, were in reality, no other than the husbands of those days; and matrimony itself was, perhaps, the enchanted castle in which the nymphs were said to be confined.

This nobleman had an estate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for some time acquainted with the lady. No sooner, therefore, did he hear of her confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her liberty; which he presently effected, not by storming the castle, according to the example of ancient heroes; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irresistible than either lead or steel.

This circumstance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a supposition,

that she had found, or coined, or, by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural means, had possessed herself of the money with which she had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what seemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a short conversation, could not forbear expressing some surprise at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to Bath. Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely answered, That she had been prevented in her purpose by the arrival of a person she need not mention. In short, says she, I was overtaken by my husband (for I need not affect to conceal what the world knows too well already). I had the good fortune to escape in a most surprising manner, and am now going to London with this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and who hath escaped from as great a tyrant as my own.

His lordship, concluding that this tyrant was likewise a husband, made a speech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives against his own sex; nor, indeed, did he avoid some oblique glances at the matrimonial institution itself, and at the unjust powers given by it to man over the more sensible, and more meritorious part of the species. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and, at last, upon her persuasions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjusted, his lordship took his leave, and the ladies retired to rest, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her cousin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondness for his wife; saying, she believed he was almost the

only person of high rank, who was entirely constant to the marriage-bed. Indeed, added she, my dear Sophy, that is a very rare virtue amongst men of condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.

A gentle sigh stole from Sophia at these words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleasant kind; but as she never revealed this dream to any one, so the reader cannot expect to see it related here.

CHAPTER IX.

The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers.

Those members of society, who are born to furnish the blessings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to pursue their daily labours, for the use of those who are born to enjoy these blessings. The sturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, spring from their hard mattress; and now the bonny house-maid begins to repair the disordered drumroom, while the riotous authors of that disorder, in broken interrupted slumbers, tumble and toss, as if the hardness of down disquieted their repose.

In simple phrase, the clock had no sooner struck seven, than the ladies were ready for their journey;

and, at their desire, his lordship and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of some difficulty arose; and this was how his lordship himself should be conveyed; for though in stage-coaches, where passengers are properly considered as so much luggage, the ingenious coachman stows half a dozen with perfect ease into the place of four; for well he contrives that the fat hostess, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the slim miss, or taper master; it being the nature of guts, when well squeezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compass; yet in these vehicles, which are called, for distinction sake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordship would have put a short end to the difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his horse; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded, that the Abigails should, by turns, relieve each other on one of his lordship's horses, which was presently equipped with a side-saddle for that purpose.

Every thing being settled at the inn, the ladies discharged their former guides, and Sophia made a present to the landlord, partly to repair the bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on account of what he had suffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia first discovered a loss, which gave her some uneasiness; and this was of the hundred pound bank-bill, which her father had given her at the last meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable trifle, was all the treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where, and shook and tumbled all her things to no purpose, the bill was not to be

found: and she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her pocket, when she had the misfortune of tumbling from her horse in the dark lane, as before recorded; a fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some discomposure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which she had drawn forth her handkerchief the very instant before her fall, in order to relieve the distress of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a mind in which there is any strength, without the assistance of avarice. Sophia, therefore, though nothing could be worse timed than this accident, at such a season, immediately got the better of her concern, and, with her wonted serenity and cheerfulness of countenance, returned to her company. His lordship conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear madams, at last yielded to the well-bred importunities of her sister Abigail, and submitted to be complimented with the first ride in the coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole journey, had not her mistress, after several fruitless intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horseback.

The coach now, having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many servants, and by two led-captains, who had before rode with his lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the vehicle upon a much less worthy occasion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have conde-

scended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was so pleased with the present he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in, than regretted, his bruise, or his scratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this present; but we cannot satisfy his curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money: For, to be sure says he, one might have charged every article double, and she would have made no cavil at the reckoning.

His wife, however, was far from drawing this conclusion; whether she really felt any injury done to her husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the generosity of Sophia. Indeed, cries she, my dear, the lady knows better how to dispose of her money than you imagine. She might very well think we should not put up such a business without some satisfaction, and the law would have cost her an infinite deal more than this poor little matter, which I wonder you would take.—You are always so bloodily wise, quoth the husband: It would have cost her more, would it? Dost fancy I don't know that as well as thee? But would any of that more, or so much, have come into our pockets? Indeed, if son Tom the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put such a pretty business into his hands. He would have got a good picking out of it; but I have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why should I go to law for the benefit of strangers?—Nay, to be sure, answered she, you must know best.—I believe I do, replied he. I fancy when money is to be got, I can smell it out as well as another. Every body, let me tell

you, would not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I say; every body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that.—The wife then joined in the applause of her husband's sagacity; and thus ended the short dialogue between them on this occasion.

We will therefore take our leave of these good people, and attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will, indeed, do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place to the beauties, elegancies, and curiosities, which it affords. At Esher, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Estbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination; while we admire the wonderous power of art in improving nature. In some of these, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applause; but, in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richest attire, and art, dressed with the modestest simplicity, attends her benignant mistress. Here nature indeed pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world; and here human nature presents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of

Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dullness. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and of his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect, and those fair buildings, with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich clothing town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to show that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to those authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this occasion; for though we will always lend thee proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning; yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intend-

ed, when we began this great work, to leave thy sagacity nothing to do; or that, without sometimes exercising this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleasure or profit to thyself.

CHAPTER X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion.

Our company, being arrived at London, were set down at his lordship's house, where while they refreshed themselves after the fatigue of their journey, servants were dispatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for, as her ladyship was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to accept a bed in the mansion of the peer.

Some readers will, perhaps, condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make allowances for her situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the malice of censorious tongues, we must allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an excess on the right side, and which every woman who is in the self-same situation will do well to imitate. The most formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may perhaps, in very abstracted considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than virtue itself without this formality; but it will, however, be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular cases, for every woman to support either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her cousin for that evening; but resolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whose protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her father's house. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some observations she had made during her journey in the coach.

Now, as we would by no means fix the odious character of suspicion on Sophia, we are almost afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick; of whom she certainly entertained at present some doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the bosoms of the worst of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a word or two to our reader touching suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The first of these I choose to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse, and the rather, as this superlative degree often forms its own objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted penetration, whose hawk's eyes no symptom of evil can escape; which observes not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the observer, so it dives into the heart of the observed, and there espies evil, as it were, in the first embryo; nay, sometimes before it can be said to be conceived;—an admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; so from the fallibility of such acute discernment have arisen many sad mischiefs, and

most grievous heart-achs to innocence and virtue. I cannot help, therefore, regarding this vast quick-sightedness into evil as a vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is, indeed, no other than the faculty of seeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt as the former is to innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, if a husband should accidentally surprise his wife in the lap or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself: I shall add but one more, which, however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a

villain once, to act the same part again. And, to confess the truth, of this degree of suspicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her cousin was really not better than she should be.

The case, it seems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wisely considered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the same situation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies; for it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first opportunity of quitting the protection of her husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the protection of some other man; and whom could she so properly choose to be her guardian as a person of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, besides a gallant disposition which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in distress, had often declared a violent attachment to herself, and had already given her all the instances of it in his power.

But as the law hath foolishly omitted this office of vice-husband, or guardian, to an eloped lady; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable appellation; it was concluded that his lordship should perform all such kind offices to the lady in secret, and without publicly assuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other person from seeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady should proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordship should first go to London, and thence should go down to that place by the advice of his physicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly understood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely less expert at re-

taining a secret, than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact secrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had observed on this head in her narrative, served not a little to heighten those suspicions which were now risen in the mind of her cousin.

Sophia very easily found out the lady she sought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her house was not perfectly well known; and as she received, in return of her first message, a most pressing invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not desire her cousin to stay with her with more earnestness than civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the suspicion above mentioned, or from what other motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herself could be of going.

The young lady, when she came to take leave of her cousin, could not avoid giving her a short hint of advice. She begged her, for Heaven's sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a situation she stood; adding, she hoped some method would be found of reconciling her to her husband. You must remember, my dear, says she, the maxim which my aunt Western hath so often repeated to us both: That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between husband and wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous peace for herself on any conditions. These are my aunt's very words, and she hath had a great deal of experience in the world. Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, with a contemptuous smile, Never fear me, child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than I. I will come and visit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one piece of advice: leave the character of Grave-

airs in the country; for, believe me, it will sit awkwardly upon you in this town.

Thus the two cousins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to Lady Bellaston, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite, welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her aunt Western. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the reasons which induced her to leave the squire and fly to London, than she highly applauded her sense and resolution; and after expressing the highest satisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared she entertained of her ladyship, by choosing her house for an asylum, she promised her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into safe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposit her there a while, and to look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves.

BOOK XII.

CONTAINING THE SAME INDIVIDUAL TIME WITH THE FORMER.

CHAPTER I.

Showing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern author, and what is to be considered as lawful prize.

THE learned reader must have observed, that, in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best ancient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his Preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. It will be easy, says he, for the reader to observe, that I have frequently had greater regard to him, than to my own reputation: for an author certainly pays him a considerable compliment, when, for his sake, he suppresses learned quotations that come in his way, and which would have cost him but the bare trouble of transcribing.

To fill up a work with these scraps may, indeed, be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time, in fragments and by retail, what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves; and it is still more

cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer, who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same paltry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that in order to purchase the commodity you want, you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet, as there is no conduct so fair and disinterested but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation at the expense of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either of the thought or expression of another. I am, indeed, in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method; and that, by suppressing the original author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now, to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The ancients may be considered as a rich common, where every person, who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus, hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean, that large and venerable body which, in English, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, must well know that it is one of their established maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich neigh-

bours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor shame among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that in every parish almost in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence, called the squire, whose property is considered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal, and to preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profess, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves, which the mob show to one another. To steal from one another is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly styled defrauding the poor (sometimes, perhaps, those who are poorer than ourselves), or, to see it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spital.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take myself any passage which I shall find in an ancient author to my purpose, without setting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sen-

timents the moment they are transcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I desire to be allowed me only on condition, that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be restored to the right owner.

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who, having formerly borrowed some lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to transcribe six of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope, however, very luckily found them in the said play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and, for a further punishment, imprisoned the said Moore in the loathsome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper punishment for such his unjust dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAPTER II.

In which, though the squire doth not find his daughter, something is found which puts an end to his pursuit.

The history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of Squire Western; for as he will soon arrive at an end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that

the said squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The hostler having informed him that she had crossed the Severn, he likewise passed that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a cross-way. Here he called a short council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, What pity is it! Sure never was so unlucky a dog as myself! And then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion. Sorrow not, sir, says he, like those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young madam, we may account it some good fortune, that we have hitherto traced her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in some inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case, in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti*.

Pugh! D—n the slut, answered the squire, I am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunting. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best scenting days in all appearance, which hath been this season, and especially after so long a frost.

Whether fortune, who now and then shows some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the squire; and, as she had determined not to let him overtake his daughter,

might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the squire's horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the squire crying, She's gone, she's gone! Damn me, if she is not gone! instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master: and now the whole company, crossing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallooing and whooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports, that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the desire of a passionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse, than, mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leaped from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeased with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude: yet women and cats too will be pleased and purr on certain occasions. The truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, in his deep reflections, that, "if we shut nature out at the door, she will come in at the window;" and that "puss, though a madam, will be a mouser still." In the same manner, we are not to arraign the squire of any want of love for his daughter: for in reality he had a great deal: we are only to consider that he was a squire and a sportsman, and then we may

apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewise.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the squire pursued over hedge and ditch, with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, and which, he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe, forgot their mistress; and the parson, after having expressed much astonishment, in Latin, to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and, jogging on at a distance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

The squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother squire and sportsman; for all men approve merit in their own way; and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony, nay, even to the offices of humanity; for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate: during this time, therefore, the two squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants in-

spired no small reverence to his quality. As soon therefore, as the sport was ended, by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two squires met, and, in all squire-like greeting, saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but as it no wise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Western.

Our squire was by no means a match either for his host, or for Parson Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the least derogation from his honour. He was, indeed, according to the vulgar phrase, whistle-drunk; for before he had swallowed the third bottle, he became so entirely overpowered, that though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent; and, having acquainted the other squire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promise of seconding those arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Western's return.

No sooner, therefore, had the good squire shaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning-draught, and to summon his horses in order to renew his pursuit, than Mr. Supple began his dissuasives, which the host so strongly seconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Western agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz. That he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his

daughter instead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother sportsman, and expressing great joy that the frost was broken (which might perhaps be no small motive to his hastening home), set forwards, or rather backwards, for Somersetshire; but not before he had first dispatched part of his retinue in quest of his daughter, after whom he likewise sent a volley of the most bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAPTER III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what passed between him and Partridge on the road.

At length we are once more come to our hero: and, to say truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that, considering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that situation in which prudent people usually desist from inquiring any farther after their friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not easy to conceive circumstances much more miserable than those of poor Jones at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones, then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of Squire Western, and pursued the same road on

foot, for the hostler told them that no horses were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their disquiet proceeded from very different reasons, yet displeased they were both; and if Jones sighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as sadly at every step.

When they came to the cross-roads where the squire had stopped to take counsel, Jones stopped likewise, and, turning to Partridge, asked his opinion which track they should pursue. Ah, sir, answered Partridge, I wish your honour would follow my advice.—Why should I not? replied Jones; for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me.—My advice, then, said Partridge, is, that you immediately face about and return home; for who, that hath such a home to return to as your honour, would travel thus about the country like a vagabond? I ask pardon, *sed vox ea sola reperta est.*

Alas! cries Jones, I have no home to return to; —but if my friend, my father, would receive me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is flown—Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame myself—No, let me blame thee. D—nation seize thee, fool, blockhead! thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy soul from thy body. At which words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and shook him more heartily than an ague fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm; when Jones, after staring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and discharged a rage on himself, that, had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehension of it had almost effected.

We would bestow some pains here in minutely describing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occasion, could we be well assured that the reader would take the same pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that, after all the labour which we should employ in painting this scene, the said reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourselves that trouble. To say the truth, we have, from this reason alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent descriptions out of our work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the case, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than, turning to Partridge, he very earnestly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his return again; for he was resolved never to see that country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briskly cried out: Since it is absolutely impossible for me to pursue any farther the steps of my angel, I will pursue those of glory. Come on, my brave lad, now for the army:—It is a glorious cause, and I would willingly sacrifice my life in it, even though it was worth my preserving. And so saying, he immediately struck into the different road from that which the squire had taken,

and, by mere chance, pursued the very same through which Sophia had before passed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without speaking a syllable to each other, though Jones indeed, muttered many things to himself. As to Partridge, he was profoundly silent; for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; besides, he had apprehensions of provoking his friend to a second fit of wrath, especially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In short, he began now to suspect that Jones was absolutely out of his senses.

At length Jones, being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity; for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is slipt from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. Certainly, sir, says he, that could never be a man, who dresses himself and lives after such a strange manner, and so unlike other folks. Besides, his diet, as the old woman told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food for a horse than a christian; nay, landlord at Upton says, that the neighbours thereabouts have very fearful notions about him. It runs strangely in my head, that it must have been some spirit who, perhaps, might be sent to fore-

warn us: and who knows, but all that matter which he told us, of his going to fight, and of his being taken prisoner, and of the great danger he was in of being hanged, might be intended as a warning to us, considering what we were going about: besides, I dreamt of nothing all last night, but of fighting; and methought the blood ran out of my nose, as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, sir, *infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*

Thy story, Partridge, answered Jones, is almost as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more likely to happen than death, to men who go into battle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and what then?—What then! replied Partridge; why then there is an end of us, is there not? When I am gone, all is over with me. What matters the cause to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I shall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is six feet under ground? There will be an end of poor Partridge.—And an end of poor Partridge, cries Jones, there must be, one time or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat you some fine lines out of Horace, which would inspire courage in a coward:

Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.
Mors & fugacem persequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

I wish you would construe them, cries Partridge, for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot understand as you repeat them.

I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather paraphrase of my own, said Jones, for I am but an indifferent poet:

Who would not die in his dear country's cause?
Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,

From death he cannot fly:—One common grave
Receives, at last, the coward and the brave.

That's very certain, cries Partridge. Ay, sure, *Mors omnibus communis:* but there is a great difference between dying in one's bed a great many years hence, like a good christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow, like a mad dog; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty pieces with a sword, and that too before we have repented of all our sins. O Lord, have mercy upon us! to be sure, the soldiers are a wicked kind of people. I never loved to have any thing to do with them. I could hardly bring myself ever to look upon them as christians. There is nothing but cursing and swearing among them. I wish your honour would repent: I heartily wish you would repent, before it is too late; and not think of going among them.—Evil communication corrupts good manners. That is my principal reason. For as for that matter, I am no more afraid than another man, not I; as to matter of that. I know all human flesh must die; but yet a man may live many years for all that. Why, I am a middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a great number of years. I have read of several who have lived to be above a hundred, and some a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live to any such age as that, neither. But if it be only to eighty or ninety, Heaven be praised, that is a great ways off yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man: but, surely, to tempt death before a man's time is come, seems to me downright wickedness and presumption. Besides, if it was to do any good indeed; but let the cause be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do?

And for my part, I understand nothing of it I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not charged with bullets. And for the sword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are those cannons, which certainly it must be thought the highest presumption to go in the way of; and nobody but a madman—I ask pardon; upon my soul, I meant no harm; I beg I may not throw your honour into another passion.

Be under no apprehensions, Partridge, cries Jones; I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that thou couldst not provoke me on any account.—Your honour, answered he, may call me coward, or any thing else you please. If loving to sleep in a whole skin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis sumus.* I never read in my grammar, that a man can't be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.* Not a word of fighting; and I am sure the scripture is so much against it, that a man shall never persuade me he is a good christian, while he sheds christian-blood.

CHAPTER IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

Just as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, with which the last chapter concluded, they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a severe rebuke, saying, Every parish ought to keep their own poor. Jones then fell a-laughing, and asked Partridge, if he was not ashamed, with so much charity in his mouth, to

have no charity in his heart. Your religion, says he, serves you only for an excuse for your faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man, who is really a Christian, abstain from relieving one of his brethren in such a miserable condition? And at the same time, putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a shilling.

Master, cries the fellow, after thanking him, I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one; but as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the poor, you won't suspect a man of being a thief only because he is poor. He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, reader, what he felt), saw in the first page the words "Sophia Western," written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name, than he pressed it close to his lips; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic raptures, notwithstanding his company; but, perhaps, these very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a book-worm, or an author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up and delivered to Jones. who presently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Western had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it at five shillings less than 100*l*.

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news,

which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect) those of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honesty) had never opened it: but we should not deal honestly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumstance which may be here a little material, viz. that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and transport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new discovery; for his imagination instantly suggested to him, that the owner of the bill might possibly want it, before he should be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as soon as possible, and return it her.

The pocket-book was a late present from Mrs. Western to her niece: it had cost five-and-twenty shillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the silver, which it contained in its clasp, was about eighteenpence; and that price the said toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it first issued from his shop, would now have given for it. A prudent person would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a shilling, or perhaps sixpence, for it; nay, some perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which some learned serjeants may doubt whether he could, under these circumstances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whose character was on the outside of generosity, and may, perhaps, not very unjustly have been suspected of extravagance,

without any hesitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been possessed of so much treasure, gave Mr. Jones a thousand thanks, and discovered little less of transport in his muscles, than Jones had before shown, when he had first read the name of Sophia Western.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not so fast as Mr. Jones desired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles distance, though the fellow had said otherwise, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kissed it as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expressed some signs of astonishment to Partridge; who more than once shook his head, and cried, Poor gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

At length they arrived at the very spot where Sophia unhappily dropped the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace: but the fellow, in whom that violent surprise and joy, which the first receipt of the guinea had occasioned, was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient time to recollect himself, put on a discontented look, and, scratching his head, said, He hoped his worship would give him something more. Your worship, said he, will, I hope, take it into your consideration, that if I had not been honest, I might

have kept the whole. And, indeed, this the reader must confess to have been true. If the paper there, said he, be worth 100*l*. I am sure the finding it deserves more than a guinea. Besides, suppose your worship should never see the lady, nor give it her—and though your worship looks and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I have only your worship's bare word; and, certainly, if the right owner been't to be found, it all belongs to the first finder. I hope your worship will consider of all these matters. I am but a poor man, and therefore don't desire to have all; but it is but reasonable I should have my share. Your worship looks like a good man, and, I hope, will consider my honesty; for I might have kept every farthing, and nobody ever the wiser.—I promise thee, upon my honour, cries Jones, that I know the right owner, and will restore it her.—Nay, your worship, answered the fellow, may do as you please as to that; if you will but give me my share, that is, one-half of the money, your honour may keep the rest yourself, if you please; and concluded with swearing, by a very vehement oath, that he would never mention a syllable of it to any man living.

Lookee, friend, cries Jones, the right owner shall certainly have again all that she lost; and as for any farther gratuity, I really cannot give it you at present; but let me know your name, and where you live, and it is more than possible, you may hereafter have further reason to rejoice at this morning's adventure.

I don't know what you mean by venture, cries the fellow; it seems I must venture whether you will return the lady her money or no; but I hope your worship will consider—Come, come, said Partridge, tell his honour your name, and where you may be found; I warrant you will never repent having put

the money into his hands. The fellow seeing no hopes of recovering the possession of the pocket-book, at last complied in giving in his name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then placing the paper in the same page where she had writ her name, he cried out, There, friend, you are the happiest man alive: I have joined your name to that of an angel.—I don't know any thing about angels, answered the fellow; but I wish you would give me a little more money, or else return me the pocket-book. Partridge now waxed wrath: he called the poor cripple by several vile and opprobrious names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not suffer any such thing: and now telling the fellow he would certainly find some opportunity of serving him, Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pounds had infused new spirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents; for had they, says he, sent me to a charity-school to learn to write and read and cast accounts, I should have known the value of these matters as well as other people.

CHAPTER V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

Our travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little time or breath for conversation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him

some pleasure, caused him at the same time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him such an opportunity of showing his honesty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his pace: with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some time lost the footsteps of the horses, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for several miles, and he was now upon a wide common, where were several roads.

He here therefore stopped to consider which of these roads he should pursue; when on a sudden they heard the noise of a drum, that seemed at no great distance. This sound presently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, Lord have mercy upon us all; they are certainly a coming!—Who is coming? cries Jones; for fear had long since given place to softer ideas in his mind; and since his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on pursuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. Who! cries Partridge, why the rebels: but why should I call them rebels? they may be very honest gentlemen, for any thing I know to the contrary. The devil take him that affronts them, I say; I am sure, if they have nothing to say to me, I will have nothing to say to them, but in a civil way. For Heaven's sake, sir, don't affront them if they should come, and perhaps they may do us no harm; but would it not be the wiser way to creep into some of yonder bushes, till they are gone by? What can two unarmed men do perhaps against fifty thousand? Certainly nobody but a madman; I hope your honour is not offended; but certainly no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*——Here Jones inter-

rupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inspired, saying, That by the drum he perceived they were near some town. He then made directly towards the place whence the noise proceeded, bidding Partridge take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger; and adding, it was impossible the rebels should be so near.

Partridge was a little comforted with this last assurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not, after the manner of heroes, to the music of the drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a-bellowing, O Lord, sir, here they are! there is the crown and coffin. Oh Lord! I never saw any thing so terrible; and we are within gun-shot of them already.

Jones no sooner looked up, than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mistaken. Partridge, says he, I fancy you will be able to engage this whole army yourself; for by the colours I guess what the drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-show.

A puppet-show! answered Partridge, with most eager transport. And is it really no more than that? I love a puppet-show of all the pastimes upon earth. Do, good sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides, I am quite famished to death; for it is now almost dark, and I have not eat a morsel since three o'clock in the morning.

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an ale-

house, where Jones was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any assurance of being in the road he desired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to inquire if no ladies had passed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the state of their provisions; and indeed his inquiry met with the better success; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great satisfaction, found good reason to expect very shortly the agreeable sight of an excellent smoking dish of eggs and bacon.

In strong and healthy constitutions, love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter, it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conservation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing else, yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the present case; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty stomach; yet no sooner did he sit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciously as Partridge himself.

Before our travellers had finished their dinner, night came on, and, as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the master of the said show, who declared that his figures were the finest which the world had ever produced, and that they

had given great satisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the Provoked Husband; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not show any stuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciseman both declared, that the characters of Lord and Lady Townly were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

The master was so highly elated with these encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, The present age was not improved in any thing so much as in their puppet-shows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and such idle trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational entertainment. I remember, said he, when I first took to the business, there was a great deal of low stuff, that did very well to make folks laugh, but was never calculated to improve the morals of young people, which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-show: for why may not good and instructive lessons be conveyed this way, as well as any other? My figures are as big as the life, and they represent the life in every particular; and I question not but people rise from my little drama as much improved as they do from the great.—I would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your profession, answered Jones, but I should have been

glad to have seen my old acquaintance Master Punch, for all that; and so far from improving, I think by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan you have spoiled your puppet-show.

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from these words. And, with much disdain in his countenance, he replied, Very probably, sir, that may be your opinion; but I have the satisfaction to know the best judges differ from you, and it is impossible to please every taste. I confess, indeed, some of the quality at Bath, two or three years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch again upon the stage. I believe I lost some money for not agreeing to it; but let others do as they will; a little matter shall never bribe me to degrade my own profession, nor will I ever willingly consent to the spoiling the decency and regularity of my stage, by introducing any such low stuff upon it.

Right, friend, cries the clerk, you are very right. Always avoid what is low. There are several of my acquaintance in London, who are resolved to drive every thing which is low from the stage.—Nothing can be more proper, cries the exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. I remember, added he, (for I then lived with my lord) I was in the footman's gallery, the night when this play of the Provoked Husband was acted first. There was a great deal of low stuff in it about a country gentleman come up to town to stand for parliament-man; and there they brought a parcel of his servants upon the stage, his coachman I remember particularly; but the gentlemen in our gallery could not bear any thing so low, and they damned it. I observe, friend, you have left all that matter out, and you are to be commended for it.

Nay, gentlemen, cries Jones, I can never

maintain my opinion against so many; indeed, if the generality of his audience dislike him, the learned gentleman who conducts the show may have done very right in dismissing Punch from his service.

The master of the show then began a second harangue, and said much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by observing how odious it was in their superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

A VIOLENT uproar now arose in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fist and tongue. She had indeed missed the wench from her employment, and, after a little search, had found her on the puppet-show stage, in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a situation not very proper to be described.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modesty; yet had she not impudence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surprised; she, therefore, took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. Why do you beat me in this manner, mistress? cries the wench. If you don't like my doings, you may turn me away. If I am a w—e, (for the other lady had liberally bestowed that appellation on

her), my betters are so as well as I. What was the fine lady in the puppet-show just now? I suppose she did not lie all night out from her husband for nothing.

The landlady now burst into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her husband and the poor puppet-mover. Here, husband, says she, you see the consequence of harbouring these people in your house. If one doth draw a little drink the more for them, one is hardly made amends for the litter they make; and then to have one's house made a bawdyhouse of by such lousy vermin. In short, I desire you would be gone to-morrow morning; for I will tolerate no more such doings. It is only the way to teach our servants idleness and nonsense; for to be sure nothing better can be learned by such idle shows as these. I remember when puppet-shows were made of good scripture stories, as Jephtha's Rash Vow, and such good things, and when wicked people were carried away by the devil. There was some sense in those matters; but, as the parson told us last Sunday, nobody believes in the devil now-a-days; and here you bring about a parcel of puppets dressed up like lords and ladies, only to turn the heads of poor country wenches; and when their heads are once turned topsy-turvey, no wonder every thing else is so.

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the mob are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is presently appeased, and the mob, which, when collected into one body, may be well compared to an ass, erect their long ears at the grave man's discourse.

On the contrary, when a set of grave men and

philosophers are disputing; when wisdom herself may in a manner be considered as present, and administering arguments to the disputants; should a tumult arise among the mob, or should one scold, who is herself equal in noise to a mighty mob, appear among the said philosophers; their disputes cease in a moment, wisdom no longer performs her ministerial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the scold alone.

Thus the uproar aforesaid, and the arrival of the landlady, silenced the master of the puppet-show, and put a speedy and final end to that grave and solemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a sufficient taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this accident; the most wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived such another stratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was so triumphantly descanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually stopped, as that of a quack must be, if, in the midst of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpse of one of his martyrs should be brought forth and deposited before the stage, as a testimony of his skill.

Instead, therefore, of answering my landlady, the puppet-show man ran out to punish his Merry-Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her silver light, as the poets call it (though she looked at that time more like a piece of copper), Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had just awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge, having lately carried two points, as my reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with Jones

to take up a lodging that evening in the house where he then was. He introduced this with an affected surprise at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no manner of purpose whatever; for that unless Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; for you find, sir, said he, by all the people in the house, that she is not gone this way. How much better, therefore, would it be to stay till the morning, when we may expect to meet with somebody to inquire of?

This last argument had indeed some effect on Jones; and while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was master, into the same scale. Sure, sir, said he, your servant gives you most excellent advice; for who would travel by night at this time of the year? He then began in the usual style to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his house afforded; and my landlady likewise opened on the occasion—— But not to detain the reader with what is common to every host and hostess, it is sufficient to tell him, Jones was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few hours' rest, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly shut his eyes since he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As soon as Jones had taken a resolution to proceed no farther that night, he presently retired to rest, with his two bed-fellows, the pocket-book and the muff; but Partridge, who at several times had refreshed himself with several naps, was more inclined to eating than to sleeping, snd more to drinking than to either.

And now the storm which Grace had raised being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his side forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her passion had cast on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen; where sat assembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of the house, the master of the puppet-show, the attorney's clerk, the exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company passed the agreeable conversation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen.

Though the pride of Partridge did not submit to acknowledge himself a servant: yet he condescended in most particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One instance of this was his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: such is a general custom with all servants among strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the situation of the master is, the higher consequently is that of the man, in his own opinion; the truth of which observation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a splendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of estate think themselves entitled to a part of that respect which is paid to the quality and estates of their masters, it is clearly

otherwise with regard to virtue and understanding. These advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the respect which is paid to them. To say the truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these, therefore, reflect no honour on the domestic, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable want of both in his master. Indeed it is otherwise in the want of what is called virtue in a mistress, the consequence of which we have before seen; for in this dishonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these reasons we are not to wonder that servants (I mean among the men only) should have so great a regard for the reputation of the wealth of their masters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that though they would be ashamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not so to attend upon a rogue, or a blockhead; and do consequently make no scruple to spread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their said masters as far as possible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whose livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehension which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones seemed to have furnished a sufficient foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his master was out of his wits, with which opinion he

very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this sentiment the puppet-show man immediately coincided. I own, said he, the gentleman surprised me very much, when he talked so absurdly about puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived that any man in his senses should be so much mistaken; what you say now, accounts very well for all his monstrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed he hath a strange wildness about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I did not mention it.

The landlord agreed with this last assertion, and likewise claimed the sagacity of having observed it. And certainly, added he, it must be so; for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving so good a house, to ramble about the country at that time of night.

The exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth, said, He thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly: and then turning to Partridge, If he be a madman, says he, he should not be suffered to travel thus about the country; for possibly he may do some mischief. It is pity he was not secured, and sent home to his relations.

Now some conceits of this kind were likewise lurking in the mind of Partridge: for as he was now persuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promised himself the highest rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whose fierceness and strength he had seen, and indeed felt, some instances, had, however, represented any such scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him from applying himself to form any regular plan for the purpose. But no sooner did he hear the sentiments of the exciseman, than he

embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expressed a hearty wish that such a matter could be brought about.

Could be brought about! says the exciseman; why, there is nothing easier.

Ah! sir, answered Partridge; you don't know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out at a window; and he would too, if he did but imagine—

Pugh! says the exciseman, I believe I am as good a man as he. Besides here are five of us.

I don't know what five, cries the landlady, my husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall any violent hands be laid upon any body in my house. The young gentleman is as pretty a young gentleman as ever I saw in my life, and I believe he is no more mad than any one of us. What do you tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? they are the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and he hath the prettiest look with them; and a very modest civil young man he is. I am sure I have bepitied him heartily ever since the gentleman there in the corner told us he was crossed in love. Certainly that is enough to make any man, especially such a sweet young gentleman as he is, to look a little otherwise than he did before. Lady, indeed! what the devil would the lady have better than such a handsome man with a great estate? I suppose she is one of your quality folks, one of your Townly ladies that we saw last night in the puppet-show, who don't know what they would be at.

The attorney's clerk likewise declared he would have no concern in the business, without the advice of counsel. Suppose, says he, an action of false imprisonment should be brought against us, what defence could we make? Who knows what may be sufficient evidence of madness to a jury?

But I only speak upon my own account; for it don't look well for a lawyer to be concerned in these matters, unless it be as a lawyer. Juries are always less favourable to us than to other people. I don't therefore dissuade you, Mr. Thompson (to the exciseman), nor the gentleman, nor any body else.

The exciseman shook his head at this speech, and the puppet-show man said, Madness was sometimes a difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I remember, says he, I was once present at a trial of madness, where twenty witnesses swore that the person was as mad as a March hare; and twenty others, that he was as much in his senses, as any man in England.—And indeed it was the opinion of most people, that it was only a trick of his relations to rob the poor man of his right.

Very likely! cries the landlady. I myself knew a poor gentleman who was kept in a mad-house all his life by his family, and they enjoyed his estate; but it did them no good: for though the law gave it them, it was the right of another.

Pugh! cries the clerk, with great contempt, who hath any right but what the law gives them? If the law gave me the best estate in the country, I should never trouble myself much who had the right.

If it be so, says Partridge, *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

My landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horseman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out, What do you think, gentlemen? The rebels have given the duke the slip, and are got almost to London.—It is certainly true; for a man on horseback just now told me so.

I am glad of it with all my heart, cries Partridge; then there will be no fighting in these parts.

I am glad, cries the clerk, for a better reason; for I would always have right take place.

Ay, but, answered the landlord, I have heard some people say this man hath no right.

I will prove the contrary in a moment, cries the clerk; if my father dies seized of a right; do you mind me, seized of a right, I say; doth not that right descend to his son; and doth not one right descend as well as another?

But how can he have any right to make us papishes? says the landlord.

Never fear that, cries Partridge. As to the matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved it as clear as the sun; and as to the matter of religion, it is quite out of the case. The papists themselves don't expect any such thing. A popish priest, whom I know very well, and who is a very honest man, told me upon his word and honour they had no such design.

And another priest, of my acquaintance, said the landlady, hath told me the same thing. But my husband is always so afraid of papishes. I know a great many papishes that are very honest sort of people, and spend their money very freely; and it is always a maxim with me, that one man's money is as good as another's.

Very true, mistress, said the puppet-show man; I don't care what religion comes, provided the presbyterians are not uppermost; for they are enemies to puppet-shows.

And so you would sacrifice your religion to your interest, cries the exciseman; and are desirous to see popery brought in, are you?

Not I, truly, answered the other; I hate popery as much as any man; but yet it is a comfort to one, that one should be able to live under it, which I could not do among presbyterians. To be sure

every man values his livelihood first; that must be granted; and I warrant, if you would confess the truth, you are more afraid of losing your place than any thing else; but never fear, friend, there will be an excise under another government as well as under this.

Why, certainly, replied the exciseman, I should be a very ill man, if I did not honour the king, whose bread I eat. That is no more than natural, as a man may say: for what signifies it to me that there would be an excise-office under another government, since my friends would be out, and I could expect no better than to follow them? No, no, friend, I shall never be bubbled out of my religion, in hopes only of keeping my place under another government; for I should certainly be no better, and very probably might be worse.

Why, that is what I say, cries the landlord, whenever folks say who knows what may happen? Odsooks! should I not be a blockhead to lend my money to I know not who, because mayhap he may return it again? I am sure it is safe in my own bureau, and there I will keep it.

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the sagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great discernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it arose from the sympathy between their minds; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle: they now shook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of strong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

These healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my landlord himself, though reluctantly; but he could not withstand the menaces of the clerk, who swore he would never set his foot within the house again if he refused. The

bumpers which were swallowed on this occasion, soon put an end to the conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her.

As there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger, sleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be said to have taken a very large dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine hours, and might, perhaps, have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent noise at his chamber-door, where the sound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones presently leaped from his bed, where he found the master of the puppet-show belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry-Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on behalf of the suffering party, and pinned the insulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-show man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jester had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But though the Merry-Andrew was a little fellow, and not very strong, he had, nevertheless, some choler about him. He, therefore, no sooner found himself delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he first discharged a volley of general abusive words, and thence pro-

ceeded to some particular accusations—D—n your bl—d, you rascal, says he, I have not only supported you (for to me you owe all the money you get), but I have saved you from the gallows. Did you not want to rob the lady of her fine riding-habit, no longer ago than yesterday, in the back-lane here? Can you deny that you wished to have her alone in a wood, to strip her, to strip one of the prettiest ladies that ever was seen in the world? And here you have fallen upon me, and have almost murdered me, for doing no harm to a girl as willing as myself, only because she likes me better than you.

Jones no sooner heard this, than he quitted the master, laying on him at the same time the most violent injunctions of forbearance from any further insult on the Merry-Andrew; and then, taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he soon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his master with his drum the day before, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the lad to show him the exact place, and then, having summoned Partridge, he departed with the utmost expedition.

It was almost eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure: for Partridge was not in any haste; nor could the reckoning be presently adjusted; and when both these were settled and over, Jones would not quit the place before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the master and the man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty Merry-Andrew conducted to the spot by which Sophia had passed; and then, having handsomely rewarded his conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraordi-

nary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great earnestness, began to prophesy, and assured Jones, that he would certainly have good success in the end: for he said, two such accidents could never have happened to direct him after his mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together at last. And this was the first time that Jones lent any attention to the superstitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent storm of rain overtook them; and, as they happened to be at the same time in sight of an alehouse, Partridge, with much earnest entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter, and weather the storm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the English than of the French disposition; for though you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in time; and so it did with Partridge, who was no sooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to ask the same questions which he had asked the night before. The consequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himself, made a very hearty breakfast, though the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the people of the house could give him no fresh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to sally, notwithstanding the violence of the storm still continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at last casting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that instant was looking as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to Jones,

and cried Master, give me your hand, a single mug shan't serve the turn this bout. Why, here's more news of Madam Sophia come to town. The boy there, standing by the fire, is the very lad that rode before her. I can swear to my own plaister on his face.—Heaven bless you, sir, cries the boy, it is your own plaister, sure enough; I shall have always reason to remember your goodness; for it hath almost cured me.

At these words Jones started from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him immediately, departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for so delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the presence of many people; and though he had, as it were, from the overflowing of his heart given Sophia as a toast among the officers, where he thought it was impossible she should be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her surname.

Hard therefore was it, and, perhaps, in the opinion of many sagacious readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present misfortune to the supposed want of that delicacy with which he so abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which she thought (and not without good reason) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his present circumstances, he had indulged himself with the person of another woman; and, to say truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her seeing Jones, had it not been for those two strong instances of a levity in his behaviour, so void of respect, and, indeed, so highly inconsistent with any

degree of love and tenderness in great and delicate minds.

But so matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and if any reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such persons, that I am not writing a system, but a history, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the fact at present before us now stands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at first sight offend some readers, yet, upon more mature consideration, it must please all; for wise and good men may consider, what happened to Jones at Upton as a just punishment for his wickedness, with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate consequence; and silly and bad persons may comfort themselves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now perhaps the reflections, which we should be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both these conclusions, and would show that these incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpose of this whole work to inculcate, and which we must not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parson fills his sermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it must appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, she had sufficient reason for her opinion; since, I believe, every other young lady would, in her situation, have erred in the same manner. Nay, had she followed her lover at this very time,

and had entered this very alehouse the moment he was departed from it, she would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and person as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. For while Jones was examining his boy in whispers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no such delicacy in his disposition, was in the kitchen very openly catechising the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whose ears were open on all such occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horse, &c. with the mistake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many consequences of the punch, and, in short, with almost every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we dispatched our ladies in a coach and six, when we last took our leave of them.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing little more than a few odd observations.

Jones had been absent a full half-hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, desiring the landlord to let him know that instant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was somewhat compensated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on foot; for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this, however, the lad consented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouse; because, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at

Gloucester, it might some time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horses had been let to more than one person; and so the boy might be brought to account for money which he wisely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. Jones a considerable time in his setting out; for the honesty of this latter boy was somewhat high—that is, somewhat high-priced, and would indeed have cost Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who as we have said, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half-a-crown to be spent at that very alehouse, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half-crown the landlord no sooner got scent of, than he opened after it with such vehement and persuasive outcry, that the boy was soon overcome, and consented to take half-a-crown more for his stay. Here we cannot help observing that as there is so much of policy in the lowest life, great men often overvalue themselves on those refinements in imposture, in which they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the human species.

The horses being now produced, Jones directly leaped into the side-saddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad, indeed, very civilly offered him the use of his; but he chose the side-saddle, probably because it was softer. Partridge however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer: and now Jones, being mounted on the side-saddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge bestriding the third horse, they set forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already

spent so much time. Partridge was in very high spirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future success, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleased with the present pursuit of his companion, than he had been with his pursuit of glory; and from these very omens, which assured the pedagogue of success, he likewise first acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong scent concerning the reasons of Jones's departure: and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other conclusions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman;—a conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildness, of which, he thought, his behaviour on their quitting Gloucester so well justified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now, however, pretty well satisfied with his present expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier sentiments of his friend's understanding.

The clock had just struck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately bespoke post-horses; but unluckily there was not a horse to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he considers the hurry in which the whole nation, and especially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expresses were passing and repassing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to escort him to Coventry; but

he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a person came up to him, and, saluting him by his name, inquired how all the family did in Somersetshire; and now Jones, casting his eyes upon this person, presently discovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Gloucester, and with much courtesy returned his salutation.

Dowling very earnestly pressed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his solicitations with many unanswerable arguments, such as, that it was almost dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light, with many others equally good, some of which Jones had probably suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still; and he continued resolute in his design, even though he should be obliged to set out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to stay, he as strenuously applied himself to persuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this short journey, and at last concluded with saying, Do you think the gentleman won't very well reward you for your trouble?

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in persuasion or entreaty, must have been visible to a curious observer; for he must have often seen, that when a father, a master, a wife, or any other person in authority, have stoutly adhered to a denial against all the reasons which a single man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the same sentiments by a second or third person, who hath undertaken the cause without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And

hence, perhaps, proceeds the phrase of seconding an argument or a motion, and the great consequence this is of in all assemblies of public debate. Hence, likewise, probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a serjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman, who spoke just before him, had been saying.

Instead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad abovementioned, who submitted to the persuasions of Mr. Dowling, and promised once more to admit Jones into his side-saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor creatures a good bait, saying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needless; for Jones, notwithstanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of those who consider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their spurs in the belly of their horse, imagine the spur and the horse to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beasts were eating their corn, or rather were supposed to eat it (for as the boy was taking care of himself in the kitchen, the hostler took care that his corn should not be consumed in the stable), Mr. Jones, at the earnest desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, were they sat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAPTER X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

Mr. Dowling, pouring out a glass of wine, named the health of the good Squire Allworthy; adding, If you please, sir, we will likewise remember his nephew and heir, the young squire: Come, sir, here's Mr. Blifil to you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare swear, will hereafter make a very considerable figure in his country. I have a borough for him myself in my eye.

Sir, answered Jones, I am convinced you don't intend to affront me, so I shall not resent it; but, I promise you, you have joined two persons very improperly together; for one is the glory of the human species, and the other is a rascal, who dishonours the name of man.

Dowling stared at this. He said, He thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. As for Squire Allworthy himself, says he, I never had the happiness to see him; but all the world talks of his goodness. And, indeed, as to the young gentleman, I never saw him but once, when I carried him the news of the loss of his mother; and then I was so hurried, and drove and tore with the multiplicity of business, that I had hardly time to converse with him; but he looked so like a very honest gentleman, and behaved himself so prettily, that I protest I never was more delighted with any gentleman since I was born.

I don't wonder, answered Jones, that he should impose upon you in so short an acquaintance; for he hath the cunning of the devil himself, and you may live with him many years without discovering him. I was bred up with him from my infancy, and

we were hardly ever asunder; but it is very lately only, that I have discovered half the villainy which is in him. I own I never greatly liked him. I thought he wanted that generosity of spirit, which is the sure foundation of all that is great and noble in human nature. I saw a selfishness in him long ago, which I despised; but it is lately, very lately, that I have found him capable of the basest and blackest designs: for, indeed, I have at last found out, that he hath taken an advantage of the openness of my own temper, and hath concerted the deepest project, by a long train of wicked artifice, to work my ruin, which at last he hath effected.

Ay! ay! cries Dowling; I protest, then, it is a pity such a person should inherit the great estate of your uncle Allworthy.

Alas, sir, cries Jones, you do me an honour to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his goodness once allowed me the liberty of calling him by a much nearer name; but as this was only a voluntary act of goodness, I can complain of no injustice when he thinks proper to deprive me of this honour; since the loss cannot be more unmerited than the gift originally was. I assure you, sir, I am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if the world, who are incapable of setting a true value on his virtue, should think, in his behaviour to me, he hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an injustice to the best of men; for I——but I ask your pardon, I shall trouble you with no particulars relating to myself; only as you seemed to think me a relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought proper to set you right in a matter that might draw some censure upon him, which I promise you I had rather lose my life, than give occasion to.

I protest, sir, says Dowling, you talk very much like a man of honour; but instead of giving me any

trouble, I protest it would give me great pleasure to know how you came to be thought a relation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your horses won't be ready this half hour, and as you have sufficient opportunity, I wish you would tell me how all that happened; for I protest it seems very surprising that you should pass for a relation of a gentleman, without being so.

Jones, who in the compliance of his disposition (though not in his prudence) a little resembled his lovely Sophia, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. Dowling's curiosity, by relating the history of his birth and education, which he did like Othello,

> ——Even from his boyish years,
> To th' very moment he was bade to tell:

the which to hear, Dowling, like Desdemona, did seriously incline.

> He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
> 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful!

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not divested himself of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed, nothing is more unjust than to carry our prejudices against a profession into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the horror of those actions which the profession makes necessary, and consequently habitual; but, in all other instances, nature works in men of all professions alike; nay, perhaps, even more strongly with those who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary business. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the slaughter of a fine horse; and though a surgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known

him compassionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hangman, who hath stretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his first operation on a head: and the very professors of human blood-shedding, who in their trade of war butcher thousands, not only of their fellow professors, but often of women and children, without remorse; even these, I say, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aside, often lay aside all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil society. In the same manner an attorney may feel all the miseries and distresses of his fellow creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned against them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been represented to Mr. Allworthy; and as to other matters, he did not show them in the most disadvantageous light; for though he was unwilling to cast any blame on his former friend and patron; yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. Dowling therefore observed, and not without reason, that very ill offices must have been done him by somebody; For certainly, cries he, the squire would never have disinherited you only for a few faults, which any young gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot properly say disinherited; for to be sure by law you cannot claim as heir. That's certain; that nobody need go to counsel for. Yet when a gentleman had in a manner adopted you thus as his own son, you might reasonably have expected some very considerable part, if not the whole; nay, if you had expected the whole, I should not have blamed you: for certainly all men are for getting as much as they can, and they are not to be blamed on that account.

Indeed you wrong me, said Jones; I should have been contented with very little: I never had any view upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune: nay I believe, I may truly say, I never once considered what he could or might give me. This I solemnly declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew in my favour, I would have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune of another man. What is the poor pride arising from a magnificent house, a numerous equipage, a splendid table, and from all the other advantages or appearances of fortune, compared to the warm, solid content, the swelling satisfaction, the thrilling transports, and the exulting triumphs, which a good mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not Blifil in the prospect of his wealth; nor shall I envy him in the possession of it. I would not think myself a rascal half an hour, to exchange situations. I believe, indeed, Mr. Blifil suspected me of the views you mention; and I suppose these suspicions, as they arose from the baseness of his own heart, so they occasioned his baseness to me. But, I thank Heaven, I know, I feel——I feel my innocence, my friend; and I would not part with that feeling for the world. For as long as I know I have never done, nor even designed, an injury to any being whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra dominibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;

Where ever low'ring clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

MR. FRANCIS.

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and, filling Dowling's glass likewise up to the brim, insisted on his pledging him. Why then, here's miss Lalage's health with all my heart, cries Dowling, I have heard her toasted often, I protest, though I never saw her; but they say she's extremely handsome.

Though the Latin was not the only part of this speech which Dowling did not perfectly understand; yet there was somewhat in it that made a very strong impression upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the impression from Jones (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong), it is certain he secretly approved as much of his sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong impulse of compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other opportunity of commenting upon this, especially if we should happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the course of our history. At present we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no sooner informed, by Partridge, that his horses were ready, than he deposited his reckoning, wished his companion a good night, mounted, and set forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

CHAPTER XI.

The disasters which befel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge.

No road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter.

These two circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track; and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible;—a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, sometimes, what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence, like that which is so frequently offered to the words 'infinite' and 'eternal;' by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present; for notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is in the right road to Heaven,

It is not, perhaps, easy for the reader, who hath never been in those circumstances, to imagine the

horror with which darkness, rain, and wind, fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry clothes, and other refreshments, to support their minds in struggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself, at last, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have missed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said, When they first set out, he imagined some mischief or other would happen.—Did not you observe, sir, said he to Jones, that old woman who stood at the door just as you was taking horse? I wish you had given her a small matter, with all my heart; for she said then you might repent it; and at that very instant it began to rain, and the wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some people may think, I am very certain it is in the power of witches to raise the wind whenever they please. I have seen it happen very often in my time; and, if ever I saw a witch in all my life, that old woman was certainly one. I thought so to myself at that very time; and if I had had any halfpence in my pocket, I would have given her some: for to be sure it is always good to be charitable to those sort of people, for fear what may happen; and many a person hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny.

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, could not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed

in his opinion? This was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his clothes.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as conclusive evidence of all he had asserted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, answered with a smile: This witch of yours, Partridge, is a most ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, distinguish her friends from others in her resentment. If the old lady had been angry with me for neglecting her, I don't see why she should tumble you from your horse, after all the respect you have expressed for her.

It is ill jesting, cries Partridge, with people who have power to do these things; for they are often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who provoked one of them, by asking her, when the time she had bargained with the devil for would be out; and within three months from that very day one of his best cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied with that; for a little time afterwards he lost a barrel of his best drink: for the old witch pulled out the spigot, and let it run all over the cellar the very first evening he had tapped it to make merry with some of his neighbours. In short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the poor man so, that he took to drinking; and in a year or two his stock was seized, and he and his family are now come to the parish.

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause. He told Mr. Jones, it would certainly be his turn next; and earnestly entreated him to return back, and find out

the old woman; and pacify her. We shall very soon, added he, reach the inn; for though we have seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I dare swear, if it was daylight, we might now see the inn we set out from.

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his clothes very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and, by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAPTER XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey, contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion.

They now discovered a light at some distance, to the great pleasure of Jones, and to the no small terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this light was a jack-with-a-lantern, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this light (or lights, as they now appeared), they heard a confused sound of human voices; of singing, laughing, and hallooing, together with a strange noise that seemed to proceed from some instruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of music! Indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now seized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the post boy, who

had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now, therefore, joined in petitioning Jones to return; saying, he firmly believed what Partridge had just before said, that though the horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a step forwards during at least the last half-hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his vexation, at the fears of these poor fellows. Either we advance, says he, towards the lights, or the lights have advanced towards us; for we are now at a very little distance from them; but how can either of you be afraid of a set of people who appear only to be merry making?

Merry-making, sir! cries Partridge; who could be merry-making at this time of night, and in such a place, and such weather? They can be nothing but ghosts, or witches, or some evil spirits or other, that's certain.

Let them be what they will, cries Jones, I am resolved to go up to them, and inquire the way to Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not such ill-natured hags as that we had the misfortune to meet with last.

O Lord, sir, cries Partridge, there is no knowing what humour they will be in; to be sure it is always best to be civil to them; but what if we should meet with something worse than witches, with evil spirits themselves?——Pray, sir, be advised; pray, sir, do. If you had read so many terrible accounts as I have of these matters, you would not be so fool-hardy.——The Lord knows whither we have got already, or whither we are going; for sure such darkness was never seen upon earth, and I question whether it can be darker in the other world.

Jones put forwards as fast he could, notwithstanding all these hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noises had issued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and woman were assembled, and diverting themselves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no sooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough voice from within demanded, who was there?—To which Jones gently answered, a friend! And immediately asked the road to Coventry.

If you are a friend, cries another of the men in the barn, you had better alight till the storm is over: (for indeed it was now more violent than ever): you are very welcome to put up your horse; for there is sufficient room for him at one end of the barn.

You are very obliging, returned Jones; and I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilst the rain continues, and here are two more, who will be glad of the same favour. This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have submitted to the utmost inclemency of the weather, than have trusted to the clemency of those whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor post-boy was now infected with the same apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one because he durst not leave his horse, and the other because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this history been writ in the days of superstition, I should have had too much compassion for the reader to have left him so long in suspence, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in person, with all his hellish retinue; but as these doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few, if any, believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such terrors. To say truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of

playhouses, who seem lately to have laid them by as rubbish, capable only of affecting the upper gallery ; a place in which few of our readers ever sit.

However, though we do not suspect raising any great terror on this occasion, we have reason to fear some other apprehensions may here arise in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him ; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairy-land, and to introduce a set of beings into our history, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, though many have been foolish enough to spend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent, therefore, any such suspicions, so prejudicial to the credit of an historian, who professes to draw his materials from nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader who these people were, whose sudden appearance had struck such terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the post-boy, and had a little surprised even Mr. Jones himself.

The people then assembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or, as they are vulgarly called, Gypsies ; and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier set of people than appeared to be here met together. The utmost mirth, indeed, showed itself in every countenance ; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country assembly is sometimes conducted with : for these people are subject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magistrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty, likewise, was nowhere to be seen, than what flourished in this barn. Here was, indeed, no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the guests require any. Here was good store

of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one present provided better sauce himself, than the best and dearest French cook can prepare.

Æneas is not described under more consternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum stupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he saw in this barn. While he was looking every where round him with astonishment, a venerable person approached him with many friendly salutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypsies himself. He was very little distinguished in dress from his subjects, nor had he any regalia of majesty to support his dignity; and yet there seemed (as Mr. Jones said) to be somewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inspired the beholders with an idea of awe and respect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that such ideas are incident to power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which, being accompanied with much comeliness of person, greatly recommended him at first sight to every beholder. These were, perhaps, a little heightened in the present instance, by that profound respect which he paid to the king of the Gypsies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the sweeter to his Gypseian majesty, as he was not used to receive such homage from any but his own subjects.

The king ordered a table to be spread with the choicest of their provisions, for his accommodation; and, having placed himself at his right-hand, his majesty began to discourse with our hero in the following manner:

Me doubt not, sir, but you have often seen some of my people, who are what you call de parties

detache; for dey go about every where: but me fancy you imagine not we be so considerable body as we be; and may be you will be surprise more, when you hear de Gypsy be as orderly and well govern people as any upon face of de earth.

Me have honour, as me say, to be deir king, and no monarch can do boast of more dutiful subject, ne nu more affectionate. How far me deserve deir good-will, me no say; but dis me can say, dat me never design any ting but to do dem good. Me sall nu do boast of dat neider: for what can me do oderwise dan consider of de good of dose poor people, who go about all day to give me always de best of what dey get? Dey love and honour me dárefore, because me do love and take care of dem; dat is all, me know no oder reason.

About a tousand or two tousand year ago, me cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider read nor write, dere was a great what you call,—a volution among de Gypsy; for dere was de lord Gypsy in dose days; and dese lord did quarrel vid one anoder about de place; but de king of de Gypsy did demolish dem all, and made all his subject equal vid each oder; and since dat time dey have agree very well: for dey no tink of being king, and may be it be better for dem as dey be, for me assure you it be ver troublesome ting to be king, and always to do justice: me have often wish to be de private Gypsy, when me have been forced to punish my dear friend and relation; for dough we never put to death, our punishments be ver severe. Dey make de Gypsy ashamed of demselves, and dat be ver terrible punishment; me have scarce ever known de Gypsy so punish do harm any more.

The king then proceeded to express some wonder that there was no such punishment as shame in other governments. Upon which Jones assured him to the contrary; for that there were many

crimes for which shame was inflicted by the English laws; and that it was indeed one consequence of all punishment. Dat be ver strange, said the king, for me know and hears good deal of your people, dough me no live among dem; and me have often hear dat sham is de consequence and de cause too of many of your rewards. Are your rewards and punishments den de same ting?

While his majesty was thus discoursing with Jones, a sudden uproar arose in the barn, and as it seems, upon this occasion: the courtesy of these people had by degrees removed all the apprehensions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their food, but to taste some of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his composition, and in its stead introduced much more agreeable sensations.

A young female Gypsy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honest fellow aside, pretending to tell his fortune. Now, when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the strong liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate desire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair Gypsy herself threw aside the delicacy and decency of her sex, and tempted the youth Partridge with express solicitations; but they were discovered in a very improper manner by the husband of the Gypsy, who, from jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confusion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accusation, and likewise the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His majesty, then turning towards Jones, said, Sir,

you have hear what dey say; what punishment do you tink your man deserve?

Jones answered, He was sorry for what had happened, and that Partridge should make the husband all the amends in his power: he said, he had very little money about him at that time; and putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately answered, He hoped his hoonur would not think of giving him less than five.

This sum, after some altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones, having stipulated for the full forgiveness of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his majesty, restraining his hand, turned to the witness, and asked him, At what time he had discovered the criminals? To which he answered, That he had been desired by the husband to watch the motions of his wife from her first speaking to the stranger, and that he had never lost sight of her afterwards till the crime had been committed. The king then asked, If the husband was with him all that time in his lurking-place? To which he answered in the affirmative. His Egyptian majesty then addressed himself to the husband as follows: Me be sorry to see any Gypsy dat have no more honour dan to sell de honour of his wife for money. If you had de love for your wife, you would have prevented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de whore dat you might discover her. Me do order dat you have no money given you, for you deserve punishment, not reward: me do order derfore, dat you be de infamous Gypsy, and do wear a pair of horns upon your forehead for one month; and dat your wife be called de whore, and pointed at all dat time; for you be de infamous Gypsy, but she be no less de infamous whore.

The Gypsies immediately proceeded to execute the sentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his majesty.

Jones greatly applauded the justness of the sentence; upon which the king, turning to him, said, Me believe you be surprise: for me suppose you have ver bad opinion of my people; me suppose you tink us all de tieves.

I must confess, sir, said Jones, I have not heard so favourable an account of them as they seem to deserve.

Me vil tell you, said the king, how the difference is between you and us. My people rob your people, and your people rob one anoder.

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to sing forth the happiness of those subjects who live under such a magistrate.

Indeed their happiness appears to have been so complete, that we are aware lest some advocate for arbitrary power should hereafter quote the case of those people, as an instance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a concession, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, that no limited form of government is capable of rising to the same degree of perfection, or of producing the same benefits to society with this. Mankind have never been so happy, as when the greatest part of the then known world was under the dominion of a single master; and this state of their felicity continued during the reigns of five successive princes.* This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any existence, unless in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulsion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one solid objection to absolute monarchy; the only defect in which excellent constitution seems to be, the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an absolute monarch: for this indispensably requires

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

three qualities very difficult, as it appears from history, to be found in princely natures: First, a sufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is possible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of wisdom to know his own happiness. And, 3dly, Goodness sufficient to support the happiness of others, when not only compatible with, but instrumental to his own.

Now if an absolute monarch, with all these great and rare qualifications, should be allowed capable of conferring the greatest good on society, it must be surely granted, on the contrary, that absolute power, vested in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no less a degree of evil.

In short, our own religion furnishes us with adequate ideas of the blessing, as well as curse, which may attend absolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes; for though the prince of the latter can have no power but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears from scripture, that absolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is, indeed, the only absolute power which can by scripture be derived from Heaven. If, therefore, the several tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it must be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkness; and these subordinate deputations must consequently come immediately from him whose stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude; as the examples of all ages show us that mankind in general desire power only to do harm, and, when they obtain it, use it for no other purpose, it is not consonant with even the least degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance

by only two or three exceptions out of a thousand instances to alarm our fears. In this case it will be much wiser to submit to a few inconveniences arising from the dispassionate deafness of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the passionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the Gypsies, though possibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; since we must remember the very material respect in which they differ from all other people, and to which, perhaps, this their happiness is entirely owing, namely, that they have no false honours among them; and that they look on shame as the most grievous punishment in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honest lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digression into which we were led at the close of the last chapter, to prevent our history from being applied to the use of the most pernicious doctrine which priestcraft had ever the wickedness or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the storm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majesty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and set out for Coventry; to which place (for it was still dark) a Gypsy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reason of his deviation, travelled eleven miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in quest of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he possibly get again into the saddle till past two; for post-horses were now not easy

to get; nor were the hostler or post-boy in half so great a hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil disposition of Partridge; who, being denied the nourishment of sleep, took all opportunities to supply its place with every other kind of nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled post: we will follow him, therefore, according to our custom, and to the rules of Longinus, in the same manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunstable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a smith, with great deliberation, shoed the post-horse he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before she should set out from St. Alban's; at which place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his lordship would stop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he most probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforesaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own house in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horses to meet him at St. Alban's. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and six had set out two hours before.

If fresh post-horses had been now ready, as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will guess, when we inform him

that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg since he had left the alehouse where he had first met the guide returning from Sophia; for with the Gypsies, he had feasted only his understanding.

The landlord so entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promise before given of furnishing the horses immediately, he assured Mr. Jones he would lose no time in bespeaking a dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the horses up from grass, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord: and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge, being admitted into the same apartment with his friend or master, began to harangue in the following manner:

Certainly, sir, if ever man deserved a young lady you deserve young Madam Western; for what a vast quantity of love must a man have, to be able to live upon it without any other food as you do? I am positive I have eat thirty times as much within these last twenty-four hours as your honour, and yet I am almost famished; for nothing makes a man so hungry as travelling, especially in this cold raw weather. And yet I can't tell how it is, but your honour is seemingly in perfect good health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your life. It must be certainly love that you live upon.

And a very rich diet too, Partridge, answered Jones. But did not fortune send me an excellent dainty yesterday? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-book.

Undoubtedly, cries Partridge, there is enough in that pocket-book to purchase many a good meal.

Fortune sent it to your honour very opportunely for present use, as your honour's money must be almost out by this time.

What do you mean? answered Jones; I hope you don't imagine that I should be dishonest enough, even if it belonged to any other person, besides Miss Western——

Dishonest! replied Partridge, Heaven forbid I should wrong your honour so much; but where's the dishonesty in borrowing a little for present spending, since you will be so well able to pay the lady hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your honour pay it again, as soon as it is convenient, by all means; but where can be the harm in making use of it now you want it. Indeed, if it belonged to a poor body, it would be another thing; but so great a lady to be sure can never want it, especially now as she is along with a lord, who, it can't be doubted, will let her have whatever she hath need of. Besides, if she should want a little, she can't want the whole, therefore I would give her a little; but I would be hanged before I mentioned the having found it at first, and before I got some money of my own; for London, I have heard, is the very worst of places to be in without money. Indeed if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might have thought it was the devil's money, and have been afraid to use it; but as you know otherwise, and came honestly by it, it would be an affront to fortune to part with it all again, at the very time when you want it most: you can hardly expect she should ever do you such another good turn; for *fortuna nunquam perpetuo est bona.* You will do as you please, notwithstanding all I say; but, for my part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a word of the matter.

By what I can see, Partridge, cries Jones, hanging is a matter *non longè alienum à scævolæ studiis.*—

You should say *alienus*, says Partridge.—I remember the passage; it is an example under *communis, alienus, immunis, variis casibus serviunt*.—If you do remember it, cries Jones, I find you don't understand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain English, that he who finds another's property, and wilfully detains it from the known owner, deserves, *in foro conscientiæ*, to be hanged, no less than if he had stolen it. And as for this very identical bill, which is the property of my angel, and was once in her dear possession, I will not deliver it into any hands but her own, upon any consideration whatever; no, though I was as hungry as thou art, and had no other means to satisfy my craving appetite: this I hope to do before I sleep; but if it should happen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou would'st not incur my displeasure for ever, not to shock me any more by the bare mention of such detestable baseness.

I should not have mentioned it now, cries Partridge, if it had appeared so to me; for I am sure I scorn any wickedness as much as another; but perhaps you know better; and yet I might have imagined that I should not have lived so many years, and have taught school so long, without being able to distinguish between *fas & nefas*; but it seems we are all to live and learn. I remember my old schoolmaster, who was a prodigious great scholar, used often to say, *Polly matete cry town is my daskalon*. The English of which, he told us, was, That a child may sometimes teach his grandmother to suck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpose, truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may change your opinion, if you live to my years: for I remember I thought myself as wise when I was a stripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. I am sure I always taught *alienus*, and my master read it so before me.

There were not many instances in which Par-

tridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himself could have been hurried out of his respect. Unluckily, however, they had both hit on one of these. We have already seen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear some passage or other in the foregoing speech. And now looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and disdainful air (a thing not usual with him) he cried, Partridge, I see thou art a conceited old fool, and I wish thou art not likewise an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced of the latter as I am of the former, thou should'st travel no farther in my company.

The sage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and as the vulgar phrase is, immediately drew in his horns. He said, he was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

As Jones had the vices of a warm disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his friends must have confessed his temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his enemies must at the same time have confessed, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the sea, whose swelling is more violent and dangerous after a storm is over, than while the storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the submission of Partridge, shook him by the hand, and with the most benign aspect imaginable, said twenty kind things, and at the same time very severely condemned himself, though not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his pride completely satisfied by Jones having owned himself in the wrong, which submission he

instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering voice, To be sure, sir, your knowledge may be superior to mine in some things; but as to the grammar, I think I may challenge any man living. I think at least, I have that at my finger's end.

If any thing could add to the satisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent shoulder of mutton, that at this instant came smoking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again mounted their horses, and set forward for London.

CHAPTER XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Alban's.

They were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London? To which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, I should be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road. Jones readily complied with the request; and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. Your honour, said he, may think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hundred pound bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it: but, for my part, I never was less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all

stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—That's my comfort; a man can die but once.

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered; for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman, all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an oath, That would not do. Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him; holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. In-

deed, sir, says he, I could have had no intention to shoot you; for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this.

At this instant, at about a hundred and fifty yards distance, lay another person on the ground roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horse, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him and told him, his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leaped up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out, Kill the villain, sir; run him through the body; kill him this instant.

Luckily however for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying-in of a sixth, in the utmost want and misery. The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off; saying, That he desired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alledged.

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honester means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and his family; adding, he wished he had more for his sake, for the hundred pounds that had been mentioned was not his own.

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action: some may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes to his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said, He should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropped tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home and would never afterwards commit such a transgression; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers having remounted their horses, arrived in town without encountering any new mishap. On the road, much pleasant discourse passed between Jones and Partridge, on the subject of their last adventure. In which Jones expressed a great compassion for those highwaymen who are, by unavoidable distress, driven, as it were, to such illegal courses, as generally bring them to a shameful death. I mean, said he, those only who

highest guilt extends no farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty of cruelty or insult to any person, which is a circumstance that, I must say, to the honour of our country, distinguishes the robbers of England from those of all other nations; for murder is, amongst those, almost inseparably incident to robbery.

No doubt, answered Partridge, it is better to take away one's money than one's life; and yet it is very hard upon honest men, that they can't travel about their business without being in danger of these villains. And to be sure it would be better that all rogues were hanged out of the way, than that one honest man should suffer. For my own part, indeed, I should not care to have the blood of any of them on my own hands; but it is very proper for the law to hang them all. What right hath any man to take sixpence from me, unless I give it him? Is there any honesty in such a man?

No, surely, cries Jones, no more than there is in him who takes the horses out of another man's stable, or who applies to his own use the money which he finds, when he knows the right owner.

These hints stopped the mouth of Partridge; nor did he open it again, till Jones having thrown some sarcastical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the inequality of fire-arms, saying, A thousand naked men are nothing to one pistol; for though it is true, it will kill but one at a single discharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himself.

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END OF VOL. XX.

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